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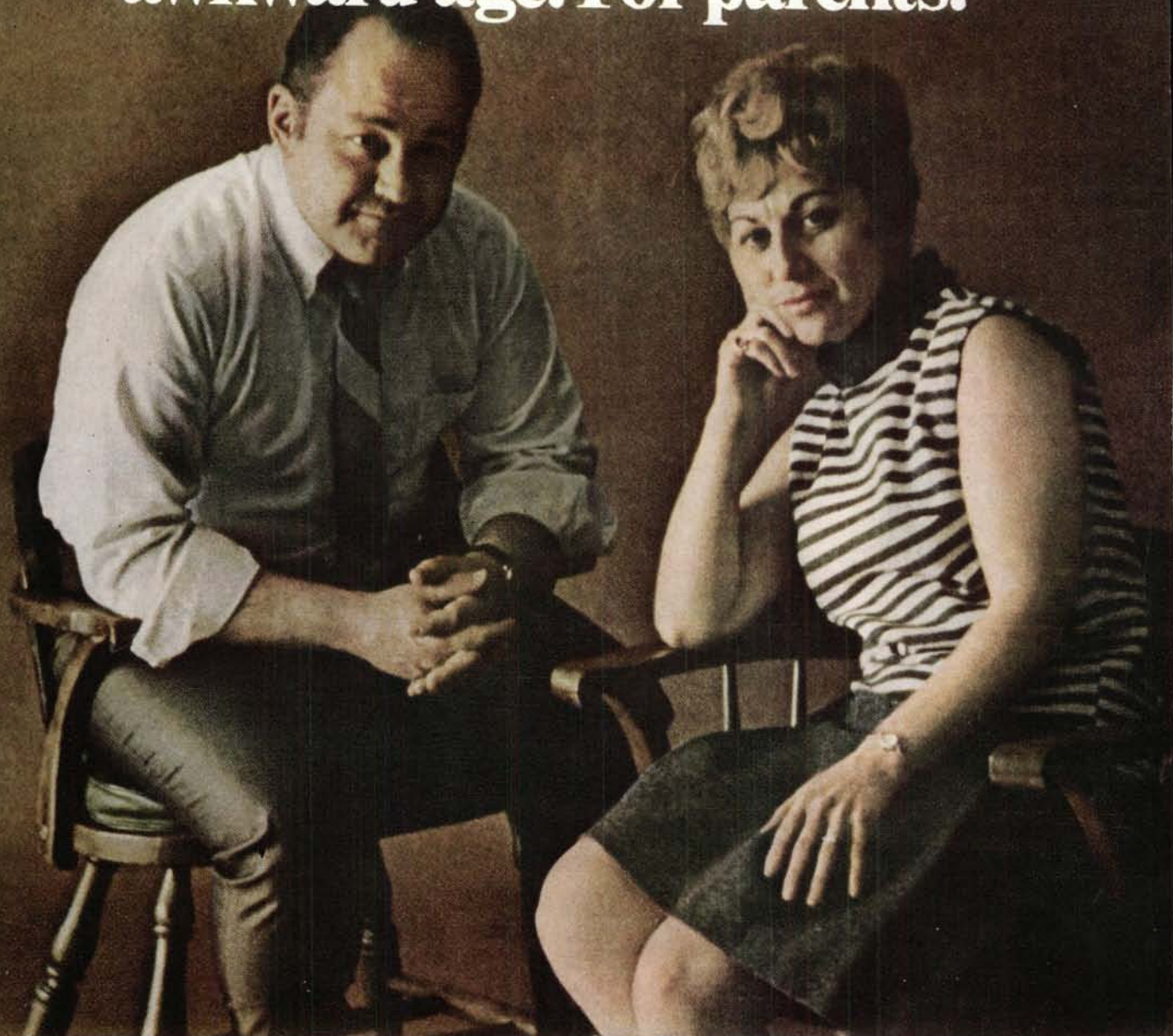
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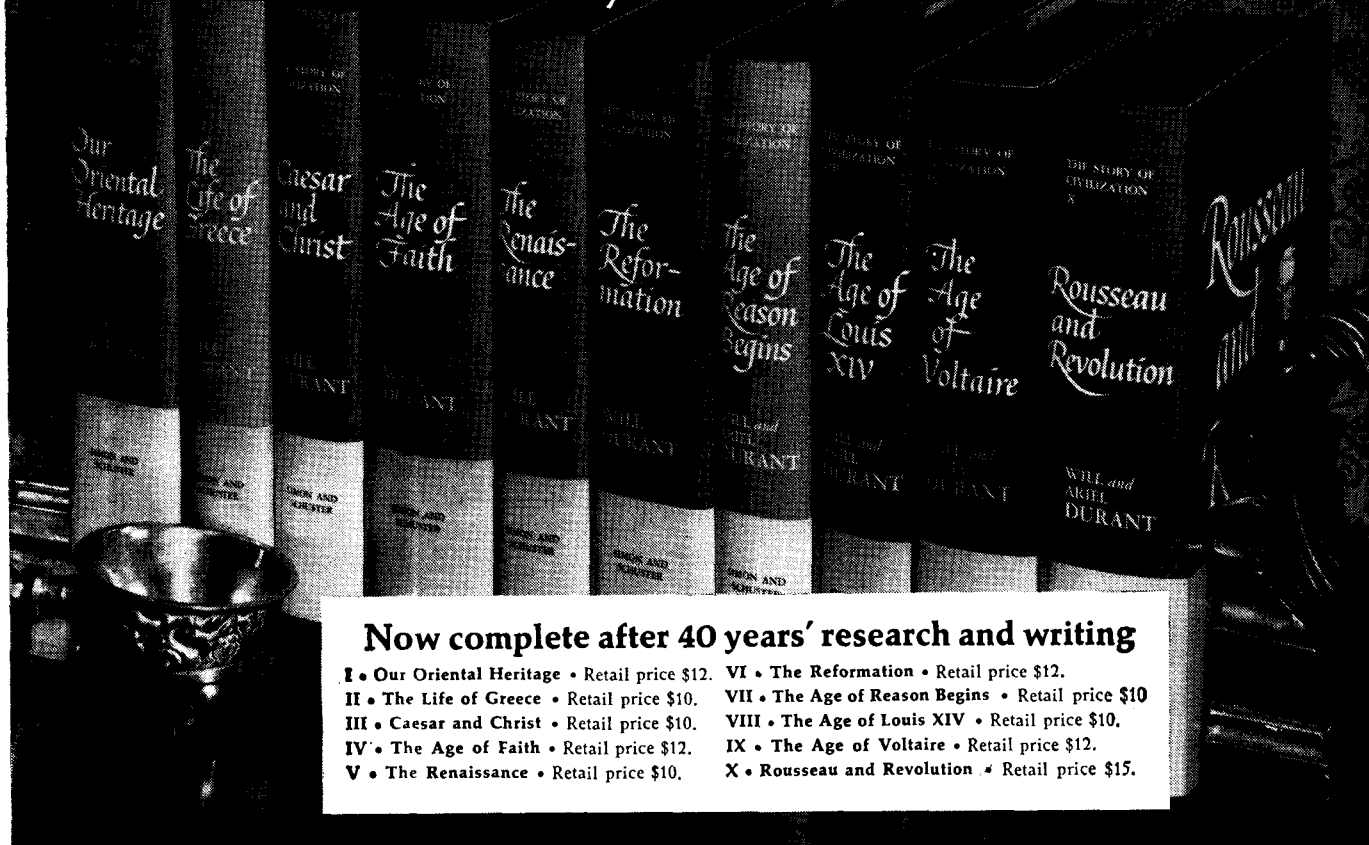


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Coming in the Atlantic:

We have been working hard to keep our promise to present a modest *Atlantic* atlas of the American media baronies, and if the facts will sit still for a few days, it will appear in July. Research on such seemingly available data as the size and the income of important newspaper and broadcasting groups and chains proves to be difficult to assemble. Strange as it may seem, some of the barons aren't quite sure how big they are from one week to the next—which makes the undertaking more interesting and, one hopes, all the more worthwhile.

Also coming:

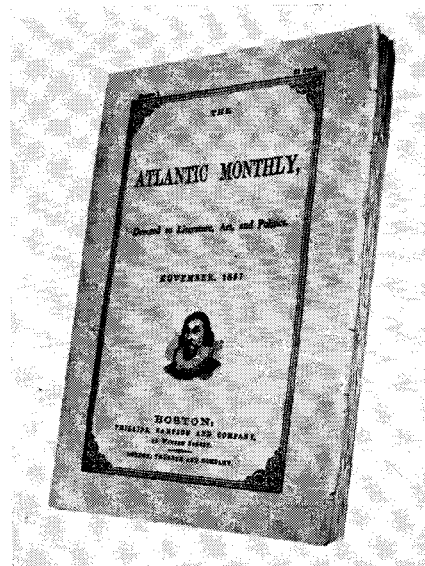
What never would happen at Harvard happened after all. Events preceding

and following "The Big Bust at University Hall" are analyzed by Professor Nathan Glazer and others.

"Background to Apocalypse" is a penetrating—and ultimately scathing—examination of The Living Theater and all that bag by the talented critic Richard Gilman.

"A Primer on Speculative Techniques in the Stock Market," to appear in two parts, provides some very useful guidance for bewildered would-be investors.

Times change, and as you can see by comparing this issue's cover, designed by Adrian Taylor, with that of the first *Atlantic*, November, 1857, so do magazines.



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When a military man attacks the military, that is news. When the military man happens to be a Medal of Honor winner, a former Commandant of the U.S. Marines and member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, it is an event. So we discovered after publishing General David M. Shoup's remarkable article "The New American Militarism" in the April *Atlantic*. The General's somber indictment was featured on the major television and radio newscasts and on front pages across the country. It provoked editorials, almost all of them approving, in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Boston Globe*, and many other newspapers. As the Senate Foreign Relations Committee opened a hearing, its chairman, Senator William Fulbright, advised Secretary of State William Rogers to read the article. (The Secretary did.)

The Pentagon, of course, did not like the article; General Shoup and Marine Colonel James A. Donovan, who helped him compose the article, have received rebukes from old military comrades. Among the critics, the editors of the *New Republic* thought the General's attack centered too much on the career military and did not sufficiently take into account the extent to which the "civilian warriors"—the operations planners of the CIA, for example, and the civilian advocates of "counter-insurgency" activities overseas—have helped to "militarize" America's economy and its foreign policy since World War II.

The *New Republic's* comment is well taken; the military alone cannot be blamed for policies and programs endorsed and

in many cases originated by the civilian leaders of government, finance, and industry in the past twenty-five years. But General Shoup was talking about the part of the story he knows best, and from the direct experience of nearly forty years of soldiering.

The widespread reaction to General Shoup's warning was due not merely to the rank and reputation of the man who issued it. The article appeared at a time when more and more Americans are ready to take seriously the threat of the growing "military-industrial complex" as described by President Eisenhower more than nine years ago. This is no simple conflict of military with civilian interests; it is a far more complex, more pervasive danger of policy saturation and economic imbalance that increasingly make military options the choice over diplomatic options abroad, while at home billions that must somehow be applied to our appalling social, urban, transport, and pollution problems continue instead to be consumed by a defense budget now swollen to \$80 billion a year. The thesis here is that this is no way to run a great country; and that means that you will be hearing much more about the subject in months to come.



REPORTS:

WASHINGTON

The morning that the President announced his modified "Safe-guard" anti-ballistic-missile program, there was a gathering in the offices of Senator Edward M. Kennedy, a leader of the opposition to the ABM, to review Kennedy's statement on the matter. Nixon said about what Kennedy and his people had expected him to say, but it was a complicated subject, and Kennedy's assistants placed calls to some of the outside consultants, whose advice had been sought ever since the issue came up. Room 431 of the Old Senate Office Building is something of a magnet to those who aspire to shadow cabinet status, so in due course Richard N. Goodwin, the intellectual gun-for-hire who happened to be in town, dropped by as did others in the Kennedy orbit. The ABM was the President's "first major decision"—so billed by his press agents—and the Kennedy response was important.

On being "nonpolitical"

Whenever there is a question of public policy, Ted Kennedy must have a statement on it. To the newspapers (if this is any guide to anything), a Kennedy statement has greater political weight, greater specific gravity, than the pronouncements of any of the other outs: Hubert Humphrey, Eugene McCarthy, Edmund Muskie. The Kennedy statement on the ABM had a certain style and rhetoric that has become typical of the established opposition, in Congress and out of it, when confronted with an act (or nonact) of the Nixon Administration. That is to say, it was a moderate

statement by any standard, written with a tone that befitted not only a Kennedy but a Kennedy who is assistant Democratic leader of the Senate. There was no hint of partisanship (Nixon's name was not mentioned in the text), and Kennedy's aides offered the thesis that his cooperation with Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky in the fight against the ABM reflected Kennedy's judgment that the ABM issue was not "political"; it had nothing to do with politics. It was carefully explained that Ted Kennedy did not want to become entrapped as Robert Kennedy had in the debate about Vietnam, whereby every time he spoke out against the war, it was assumed that he was pursuing a political vendetta against Lyndon Johnson.

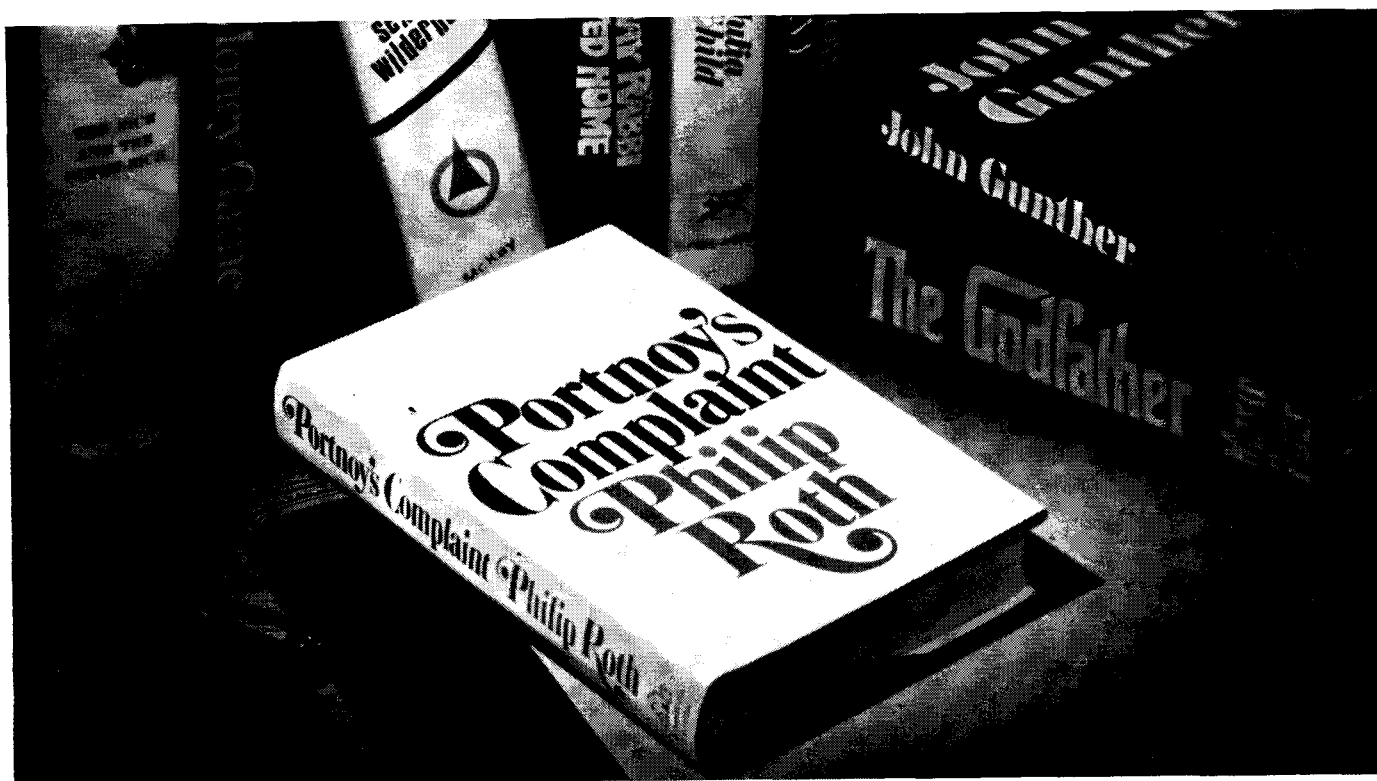
Accordingly, the senator was caused to say in his March 14 statement that the Administration "had missed a number of important opportunities to advance our common cause in the world." There were eight tightly written criticisms of the Nixon proposals, and the statement ended with a recommendation of a Gaither-like commission to inquire into our national priorities (everyone seems to have forgotten that the Gaither Report found the Russians gaining . . .). It was an exceedingly sophisticated document, mitigated not a whit by the realization that Kennedy has on call virtually the entire MIT-Harvard political-scientific complex. But it was not exactly a call to arms, or a summons to the barricades. The analysts in Washington, to borrow a phrase from Ho Chi Minh, insist that the objective conditions in America do not yet permit rebellion.

It is another way of saying that Richard Nixon has yet to hear the

sound of tumbrils in Pennsylvania Avenue; he seems to feel the natives are not restless. It may yet happen, but the gray young men in the White House believe it will not; if everyone keeps cool. Nixon politics, believe it or not, is the politics of atmosphere ("existential," as the cliché has it), which one supposes is only natural for a man who was once described by an aide as "a guy who creates himself as he goes along." There is a somnolence in the Capital that has the unmistakable smell of the Eisenhower years, and to say that is not necessarily to sneer; we have moved some distance since 1961. It is a mark of the degree to which Washington has been isolated from America in the three brief months since Lyndon Johnson took his leave. There was no mistaking the trouble the country was in with Lyndon Johnson in town, symbolizing the disaffection, exacerbating it with his very presence, alienating everyone around. Those who live here now wonder if the sounds of the cities, the blacks, and the young are penetrating the sealed windows of the White House. The suspicion is that they are, they truly are, but there is no indication except private assurances—that they are.

Hovering

It is a strange phenomenon, discontent at about every point on the compass. It is only that the comfortable white middle class receives so little notice in the heavyweight newspapers and magazines that the resentment at high taxes is so often overlooked; congressmen know it from their mail. There is bitterness and anger at what ordinary people regard as an American plutocracy. Taxes on every level grow, and ser-



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Washington

vices deteriorate; the water is befouled, the air is clogged, the schools decline, and the government waxes fatter. These are no longer merely the concerns of the special-interest groups or Ralph Nader; they are the concerns of ordinary people.

Somewhere there must be a connection between this and the criticism of the American military, although there is an unfortunate tendency to equate Washington or Cambridge attitudes with attitudes elsewhere. There is not, as far as anyone can judge, any imminent grass-roots revolt against lieutenant colonels. Still, in a town as traditional and conservative as Libertyville, Illinois, the town where Adlai Stevenson maintained a farm, the most respectable of the citizenry were upset over the deployment of an ABM-missile site six miles from downtown. They were not upset enough about it to demonstrate against it, but they organized meetings and wrote letters to the local newspaper: this, in a town which places patriotism literally next to a belief in God. Then the citizen reads of so moderate a senator as Stuart Symington reversing his position, denouncing the war, ABM, the military-industrial complex, and the defense budget, and wonders perhaps if matters have not changed since World War II. Where have all the John Waynes gone?

And hovering over all of it, the American economy, inflating at just under 5 percent a year, a cornucopia out of control—or nearly so. The Federal Reserve Board raises the rediscount rate to 6 percent, a move almost certain to create unemployment. Who is hit by unemployment? The blacks, last to be hired and first to be fired, which brings us round to the people who have been demonstrating and protesting for three—is it four? five? ten?—years. But we know all about them now. The only question is when they will return to the streets, and how the Nixon Administration will deal with that. The country is ready for a reaction, a state of mind which the White House will surely take into account. A highly developed sense of cool is important, but will it be enough? It won't.

The tone of the Administration

was set by the President-elect during the interregnum. It was all very low-key, no raised voice and no sweeping policy statements; as a matter of fact, no statements period, sweeping or otherwise. Mr. Nixon was said to feel that until the nastiness that infected the public dialogue was cooled, no business was possible. It was a more subtle point than merely the understandable wish of a new President to gain the confidence and good opinion of his people. It was a belief that no business was possible until the fever was broken, and calm restored to the land. One way to clear the atmosphere was to stand mute, at least in public, on the theory that while silence would uplift no one, neither would it be an irritant. It was a decision which may in the end rank as the first major move, or non-move, of the Administration. The President behaved diffidently from the outset, and his associates (with the exception of Melvin Laird, the Wisconsin congressman who was named Defense Secretary) followed suit. Miss Willie Mae Rogers, of the Good House-keeping Institute, came one day and left the next; Walter J. Hickel, initially savaged for his handling of the great oil leak off the Monterey Coast, drew raves after a fortnight. Robert Finch, who may turn out to be the strong man of the Administration, says little and by most accounts performs admirably. But no one knows what Finch, Attorney General Mitchell, HUD Secretary Romney, or any of the others are performing at. It is disconcerting.

No shopping list

So on his eighty-fourth day in office, the President quietly slipped a mini-State of the Union message up to the Hill. It was an odd document, affirming that Vietnam and inflation were his first priorities, and declaring that the remainder would not carry "large price tags." In the field of social legislation, the operative lines were: "We now have a hodge-podge of programs piled on programs, in which too often the pressure to perpetuate ill-conceived but established ones has denied needed resources to those that were new and more promising." That passage is not entirely clear, but was a faithful declaration of one of Nixon's favorite campaign themes: that now was

not the time to devise new laws, but to give life to the old ones. In sharp departure from custom, the domestic message was not a shopping list of major legislative proposals. Nixon's proposals ranged from increasing social security to reorganizing the Post Office. Unspecific in the extreme, the message spoke of "new measures" for this, programs to "increase the effectiveness" of that. "No extravagant promises," the President said, and stuck to his word: "This Administration will gladly trade the false excitement of fanfare for the abiding satisfaction of achievement."

But beyond the sanctimonious verbiage, there was a certain admirable realism. The simple truth appears to be that the White House does not know precisely what to do about our major ills, what with the economy in very serious difficulty and—probably more important—the lack of agreed solutions. It is very difficult to quarrel with the priorities: Vietnam first and the economy second. It is a plausible argument that the country cannot move ahead, as another President put it, until those two matters are resolved. The rest of it waits in the wings. No President ever entered office with fewer promises to keep (and, judging from the first three months, less determination to keep them).

The cities need more money, but how should it be distributed and to whom and for what? The blacks are in rebellion, but what to do about that? The alienation of the young continues apace. There will be no One Hundred Days or even a Three Hundred and Sixty-Five Days of legislative miracle in this Administration. "We are still recovering from Kennedy's 100 Days, and Johnson's 100 Days, and even FDR's 100 Days," a White House assistant says crisply. He was asked if he could name one absolutely essential piece of domestic legislation, and he replied that he could not; is our dilemma one that can be solved by new laws?

Partly because there is so little that can be held on to, partly because a number of people here suppose that Nixon is correct in aspiring to decontaminate the atmosphere before proceeding to visible substantive matters, there is a tendency to wait and see. (Most people concede that, whatever the other merits, it is a sound political strategy but one that is certain to bring prob-



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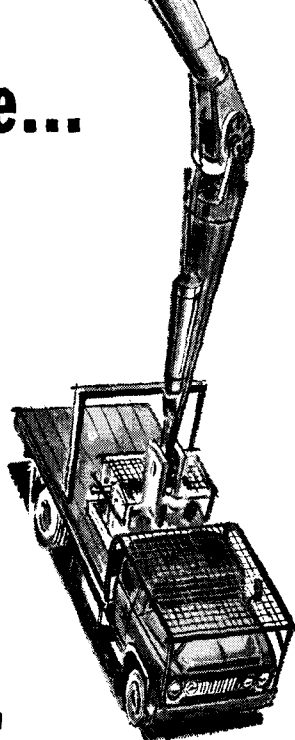
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Washington

lems home to roost in the cities this summer, or in Vietnam by September.) If the estimate is that Vietnam lies at the heart of the matter, then is it not wise to expend energies on that, and hope for a solution which will restore some measure of decency to America's international life? As this is written, the President and his associates have convinced most skeptics here that they mean business on Vietnam; they mean to get out. They say that as a matter of policy; it has been concluded that the war is unwinnable. More important, well-informed persons in the Administration are now predicting substantial troop withdrawals this year, with possibly a cease-fire (or at least a very much lower level of violence, which in translation means many fewer American casualties) by late 1969 or early 1970. With Vietnam on the front burner, other matters move to the rear. That was what was meant to happen to ABM, and probably would have happened except for the extraordinarily maladroit testimony of Melvin Laird, which opened the question of Soviet intentions, first-strike capabilities, and the curious SSg, the monster weapon the Russians are said to have deployed. At any rate, on the principal matter of Vietnam, the President's friends and colleagues say the negotiating approach is different from that of the Johnson Administration. Kissinger is no Rostow, Rogers no Rusk. Have trust. Wait.

Where is the maestro?

Those are the chords, but where is the maestro? He is an almost invisible presence in Washington now, which is not to say that he does not govern but that he is not seen to govern. After the overwhelming presence of Lyndon Johnson (one recalls now with an odd fondness the 115 press releases distributed in one weekend in 1965 at the LBJ Ranch in Texas; they were meant to demonstrate the dominance of the Johnson presidency, even when it came to rest aside the Pedernales), the new style here has tended to disorient the professionals, which is partly to say the press and those to whom the press speaks. The White

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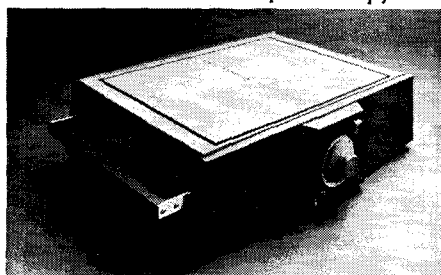
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Washington

House now is like city hall in a small suburban town: it is possible to talk to just about anybody (save the President and Kissinger), and it is almost certain that one will walk away with an empty notebook; either that or a notebook filled with empty thoughts. Beyond that, there are no randy anecdotes, no backstairs gossip, and no cozy two-hour chats with newspapermen; and no courtiers either.

Now it is all very businesslike, buttoned-up and corporate; it is a team which moves Forward Together. When a journalist wondered aloud one day in April whether Secretary Rogers and Secretary Laird were engaged in a struggle "for the mind of Richard Nixon," the response was a sharp negative. Rogers and Laird, in office seventy-five days, did not know their own minds; much less were they engaged in a struggle for Richard Nixon's. The Administration has settled in, but it does not control.

So Washington is in the eye of a hurricane whose force is gathering elsewhere. Save for his press conferences, the President has not appeared on national television. He has made no major speeches, lest the Eisenhower eulogy be reckoned a major speech, and his one comment on our domestic crisis was a rather mild letter of support for the Reverend Theodore Hesburgh, the president of Notre Dame, who talked tough to demonstrating students on his campus. In keeping with the policy of no recrimination, Nixon Administration officials do not criticize their predecessors; privately, however (at this writing it truly is private), they seethe over the conditions of the American presence in Vietnam (no progress has been made—and none was apparently really contemplated—in turning the war over to the Vietnamese; de-Americanizing it as it were), and over the administrative tangle throughout the bureaucracy. One has to see this bureaucracy to believe it: Secretary Rogers and Undersecretary Richardson entered the State Department with five personal assistants between them, a cadre barely sufficient for the Federal Trade Commission, let alone the State Department. Henry Kissinger

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Washington

has moved into that vacuum, and to the extent that the levers of power are being touched at all, it is Kissinger of the White House who is touching them.

"Such trouble"

The rest is all behind the scenes, and what has confused and puzzled everyone here is the silence of the critics. They seem tired of strife and disharmony, weary of politics itself. The liberal establishment awaits events, with only an occasional whiff of grapeshot from Tom Wicker. There is no confidence that anyone knows the proper solutions to the problems which bedevil us. All that is known is that out there in the campo there are millions who are dissatisfied, a society which has gone wrong; in Washington today, the principal topic of conversation is *Portnoy's Complaint*.

The gulf is great. It is possible to take lunch with Raymond K. Price, one of the President's speech writers and idea men, and listen to a reassuring (and plausible) estimate of the situation in America, a confident belief that matters are moving well, that the public will permit the Administration time to try to put things right. In the afternoon, back at one's office, the telephone rings and it is Adam Walinsky, one of the most kinetic of Robert Kennedy's bright young men, who says in the opening minutes of what turns out to be a forty-five-minute conversation: "I think we're in such trouble you wouldn't believe!" One has to know Walinsky, and the rhythm of his speech, to convey the apocalypse: "*Such trouble . . . you . . . wouldn't believe!*" He goes on to speak of the war, 300 dead a month, the talks in stalemate, more promises, less action, and *are these the lessons we are teaching our children?* How much time do you give them? Walinsky thinks that Nixon has already passed beyond the boundary of decency. He measures the days now in dead.

Walinsky and Curtis Gans, leaders of the New Democratic Coalition, issue a statement: "It is now exactly a year since President Johnson announced the first steps toward de-escalation and settlement of the

war in Vietnam. It is four years since the first combat units of American Marines went ashore. It is eight years since the small civil war began to turn into a major international conflict; four years since the Viet Cong, the North Vietnamese, and their Soviet and Chinese allies began to match us deed for deed, weapon for weapon, or the deadly spiral of escalation; and just over a year since the Tet offensive showed, for all the world to see, the bankruptcy of a foolish policy and a failed adventure."

But very few listen to the NDC in Washington now. It is not a major movement, but something born of the fire in Chicago. Or something else: Vietnam perhaps. The town is silent, in spring, waiting for summer, something to turn up.

Ward S. Just

AUSTRALIA

On long-distance flights, airlines compete for first-class passengers with sumptuous menus and little gifts—slippers, socks, perfume. Qantas, the Australian airline, also had a surprise in store for us: an S-shaped plastic hook, Woolworth style, attached to a piece of cardboard which contained the following printed instructions:

About your Serviette

We have designed your serviette so that you can attach it easily to the neckline of your clothes. Before fixing it in position, all you need do is push the narrow end of the clip attached to this card through the buttonhole which has been made in one of the corners of the serviette. (See illustrations). We hope you will find this aid helpful.

If you wish, you may keep the clip as a small souvenir of your flight with Qantas. You'll find it makes an ideal hanger for clothes when placed at the top of a car window.

I never had a mental image of Australia. With most countries, whether one has been there or not, one tends to associate some picture or symbol, however naïve: geishas for Nippon, bullfighters for Spain, and so on. But Australia was a blank in my mind—kangaroos are not people, and the convict ships are as remote as the Pilgrim Fathers. But that plastic hook and the napkin

with the hole in it did the trick for me: they became a symbol of something in the Australian character which is both touching and putting off—goodwill devoid of grace, a down-to-earth pragmatism that can be aesthetically offensive, a culture that is deliberately, almost defiantly, suburban.

Filling Space

Australia is a suburban continent. Its cities spread shapelessly like ink on blotting paper, because there is such a vast amount of empty space available. The continent has an area thirty-two times the size of Great Britain, inhabited by less than twelve million people. On the British Isles you have to share a square mile with five hundred other people, in Australia with three. Australians have the biggest housing plots per capita in the whole world. Melbourne has a quarter of the population of London, but covers an area twice as big, which means that a Melbourne family occupies eight times more living space than a London family.

Seventy to 80 percent of Australians own their own houses. The average house has more than five rooms, with less than one person to each room. It is a single-floor bungalow, mass-produced in weatherboard, red brick, or asbestos cement. It has a front lawn and a small garden, possibly with a couple of gum trees. It may look shabby or posh according to the suburb in which it stands. Ninety-three and one half percent of the population of Sydney, and 92 percent of the population of Melbourne, live in suburbs outside the municipal boundaries. To paraphrase Parkinson's Law, cement tends to expand to fill the available space.

If one of the dominant features of Australian life is suburbanization, another is urbanization. Less than 15 percent of the population live in rural areas, and less than 5 percent are actually engaged in farming. Australians enthuse about the bush, but they live in cities. They are in fact the most highly urbanized nation in the world.

So the continent holds two world records: first, in cramming nearly everybody into the towns; second, in providing them with such lavish amounts of living space per head that the towns keep bursting at the

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Australia

seams and spilling their contents further and further away from the center into the blue yonder. The first process precipitates urbanization, the second suburbanization; the first concentrates, the second dilutes. If you were to draw the map of Australia in the manner of an astronomical chart, the big towns would not be stars but spiral nebulas.

Staying home

Needless to say, the gradual shift of people from the center to the periphery is noticeable in European and American cities, too; but in Australia it has been carried to such extremes that the very concept of the city is beginning to lose its meaning, and "urban civilization" is replaced by "suburban civilization." In Melbourne or Sydney, it may take an hour to get from one's suburb to the center. As a result, these capital cities, each with a population of well over two million, have no night life—which, after all, is an integral part of urban civilization. King's Cross, the Piccadilly Circus of Sydney, is long before midnight as dead as an abandoned gold-digger town.

A social survey in a representative suburban housing estate showed that 98 percent of the residents never go out in the evening except on Saturdays. Eighty-five percent watch television daily for all or part of the evening, their TV sets turned on for an average of close to thirty hours per week—four hours per day. And Australian television has to be seen to be believed. The week we arrived, Mr. Arthur Cowan, general manager of the Federation of Australian Commercial Television Stations, bluntly declared in a speech: "We know that there is no real demand among viewers for cultural programs"—by which he meant "classical music, art, and sculpture." And the Australian writer Keith Dunstan reported: "Five radio stations out of six and three television stations out of four give us nothing but football on Saturdays."

The survey just quoted included a questionnaire; one of the questions was what the subject would do if he were suddenly given ten thousand dollars to spend. Only 6 percent "mentioned the idea of a trip." And

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Australia

when housewives were asked what they would do if they had more domestic help, only 17 percent "had the idea of going out more."

Why? The answer is perhaps that in the dreary confines of suburbia there is nowhere to "go out" to except the petrol station. In spite of the immensity of its open spaces and ocean beaches, Australia can give the visitor a feeling of claustrophobia. Or perhaps one should put it the other way around and say that a suburbanized culture tends to be affected by agoraphobia—a fear of the open spaces of the mind. The simplest defense against this danger is conformism, which in the Australian middle classes has been carried to even more stifling extremes than in the United States. By a perverse twist of history these two continents, pioneered by the most adventurous, "rugged individualists," produced the most philistine societies of our century (with South Africa as a runner-up). And paradoxically, conformism breeds loneliness. The thin-lipped "yes" of conformity is not an advanced form of human communication; nor is its loud-mouthed, matey variant. Australian crowds have a smell of loneliness—you can feel it in the bus, in the pub, at the races, on the beach.

So, I am told, has Australian sex. Since I had no firsthand experience of it, I have to quote a social worker, the Reverend Roger Bush, reporting in the Sydney *Sunday Mirror* on "a problem rife in the tidy wilderness of suburbia." The problem is wife-swapping. The Reverend describes the case histories of four couples in a suburban neighborhood, who for six months swapped wives regularly every couple of weeks by drawing lots, until their marriages went to pieces. All four men belonged to "the white-collar, junior executive classes." "They've had no decent form of entertainment available in their own social groups and not been able to afford the long treks to the bright lights for entertainment. They are the victims of the poverty of their own existence in the affluent society. . . . I have already counseled the victims of wife-swapping arrangements from seven different Sydney suburbs, and I know of other cases which have occurred

in the smaller cities of New South Wales."

No doubt it will turn out to be a short-lived epidemic like the Hong Kong flu. Another curiosity is the "hambone"—a male striptease act performed at private parties, and, according to Craig McGregor's excellent *Profile of Australia*, even as a public show at King's Cross—though I do not know whether it still exists. At the same time, the vice squad wages an all-out war against homosexuality. Judging by official statements, it is a major problem in Australian society and probably will remain one so long as it remains punishable among consenting adults.

"Populate or Perish"

This, roughly, is the somewhat depressing picture which many visitors form after a few weeks in Australia. But although I believe it to be a truthful picture as far as it goes, it is nevertheless superficial because it fails to take into account the radical change the continent is undergoing. Its effects are as yet scarcely noticeable, but they are bound to transform the Australian profile within the next two or three decades.

The nature of this transformation can be summed up in a few figures. In 1947, when the Australian government embarked on its mass immigration policy, the country had a population of seven and a half million. In the next twenty years, Australia took in more than two million immigrants, only a third of whom were British; two thirds came from the Continent. In 1947, 90 percent of the population were of British origin. Today the proportion has fallen well below 80 percent, and in another twenty years it is expected to fall to 60 percent. In other words, by 1990 four out of every ten Australians will be of Italian, Greek, German, Maltese, Hungarian, Polish, or Turkish origin. From an ethnically uniform continent Australia is being rapidly transformed into a cosmopolitan mosaic.

The mass immigration program, with a present intake of 150,000 people per year, aims at a population of around thirty million by the end of the century. It is guided by the slogan "Populate or Perish." Its psychological origins date back to the early war years when Australians discov-

ered with a shock the vulnerability of their underpopulated continent. The invasion of New Guinea brought the Japanese to their doorstep; even more traumatic were the effects of a minor Japanese air attack on Darwin, and the ineffective shelling of Sydney by Japanese submarines. At the Evian Conference on the refugee problem in 1938, Australia refused to take in any German Jews threatened by extermination, with the frank statement: "As we have no real racial problem, we are not desirous of importing one." After the war, its attitude changed to the opposite extreme. Australia accepted 170,000 refugees from D.P. camps in Europe, and embarked on a mass campaign to woo immigrants from all over Europe. Even the White Australia policy is no longer enforced quite so rigidly; there are some 12,000 Asians studying at Australian universities, and some 30,000 Asians have become permanent residents or even citizens.

Waiting

The formidable process of self-transformation in which the continent is engaged raises equally formidable problems. But so far the average Australian seems either to be unaware of them or to ignore them with a shrug. The immigrants keep pouring in; their presence, amounting to one in five, is felt everywhere. The attitude of the true-bred Australian is not hostile; he just pretends that they are not there, with the slightly embarrassed look people have when traveling with strangers in an elevator.

I visited some of the dismal immigrant hostels: Nissen huts in former army camps, where new arrivals are housed until they find more permanent accommodation—which may take anywhere from six months to two years. These hostels are for the vast majority of immigrants their first experience of their future country, and they come as an ugly shock. Some are well run, others less so, but all have the depressing atmosphere of an army camp. An Australian senator, J. P. Ormond, denounced them as "disgusting and degrading." This is certainly not what the immigrants expected—nor what they were led to expect by the alluring handouts of Australia House.

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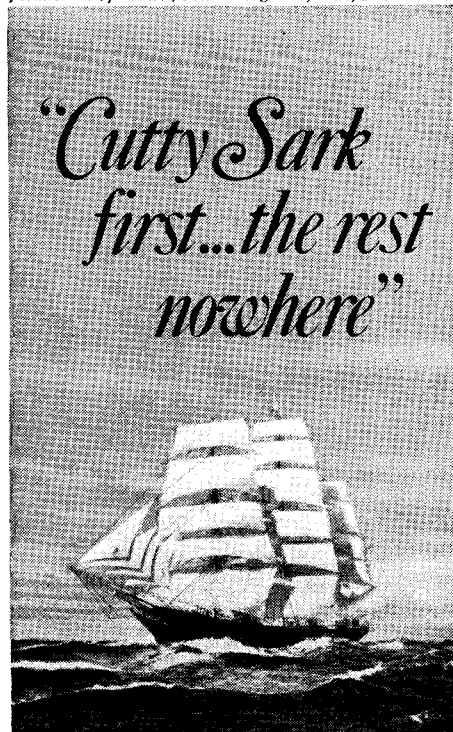
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Australia

lies of agricultural laborers from Southern Europe or of unskilled workers from British industrial slums had lived in even worse conditions. This may be true, but psychologically even a hovel of one's own may seem preferable to a concentration camp without barbed wire. This comparison is less frivolous than it may seem, because most immigrants on arrival have no alternative but to go to a hostel—and, what is worse, without knowing when they will be able to get out of it.

The cause of this misery is the housing shortage. Only 4 percent of housing in Australia is "publicly owned" (the equivalent of British council houses and flats), as compared with 25 percent in the United Kingdom. The average waiting time for a family cottage varies from two to four years, according to the area; and far from giving priority to immigrants, different states require different periods of residence before an immigrant can even put his name on the waiting list.

If, on the other hand, a man with a family tries to buy a house from a private owner, there are various public organizations which may assist him with a loan, provided he can pay a cash deposit of at least \$2400, and in Sydney or Melbourne closer to \$3600. But few among the hostel population have that much capital (immigrants from the United Kingdom arrive on the average with less than \$720, after having sold their possessions at home), and while they are in the hostel, they can save very little.

Wages are high, but so is the cost of living. A toolmaker with wife and three children, who may earn \$54 a week, has to pay \$28 a week for his family's board and lodging in the hostel. According to the 1961 census, only 14 percent of immigrants succeed in buying a house within the first five years of their arrival. The others stay in a hostel for one or two years, then move into a rented house or flat, which may cost about \$28 per month in the cheap inner suburbs. About a third of the immigrants are trapped there forever.

All this refers to the lower-income classes among immigrants—but about 90 percent belong to this category,

and less than 10 percent to the professional and semiprofessional classes (among the British, 16.4 percent). A large proportion arrive by "assisted passages," which means that the fare for adults over nineteen is only about \$24 per head, while any amount of children travel free. This, of course, means an immense investment on the part of the Australian government, and it is a surprising lack of foresight that no commensurate effort has been made to provide housing for the people they were so anxious to attract. Largely as a consequence of this, in the year 1966, 18,300 people, among them 10,500 Britons, returned to their country of origin; some statisticians put the number of returners as high as 16 percent of the annual intake.

An interesting sidelight on the reasons why Britons emigrate was recently provided by an opinion poll. Apart from the answers one would expect—general dissatisfaction with conditions at home, hope for material betterment, and so on—one curious factor emerged: the "last-straw effect." Families may for several years vaguely talk of emigrating until some trivial grievance—a penny added to the price of beer or a leaking pipe—precipitates the decision. Then they take the plunge, without proper preparations.

Melting caldron?

Oddly enough, the Italian and Greek immigrants find it generally easier to settle down than the British. They move in with relatives or friends in the little Italys and other ethnic enclaves in the poorer suburbs; conditions may be cramped, but nevertheless preferable to the Nissen hut, and they can start right away saving up for a house. They are also traditionally more enterprising in various trades, from cafés and grocery shops to market gardening. According to the 1961 census, 20 percent of Italians and Greeks were employers or self-employers as against 12 percent of U.K. immigrants (what's happened to the Nation of Shopkeepers?).

On the other hand, these ethnic enclaves have a tendency to turn into ghettos, with all the ugly possibilities which that implies. The city areas in which they congregate, such as Melbourne's inner suburbs, consist of old derelict buildings not



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Australia

much better than slums. According to a recent survey, a third of all students in forty-two inner suburban schools were immigrants, many of whom were unable to speak English well enough to receive proper tuition. Yet only two of the schools were able to assign special teachers to help these children. The child then "leaves school with a smattering of information and a superficial knowledge of English which will probably keep him behind a sales counter for the rest of his life," or, alternatively, doing the types of menial chores which true-bred Australians are less and less willing to do.

Similar handicaps await young apprentice craftsmen, whose qualifications are not accepted in Australia and who are thus forced into semiskilled or unskilled occupations. As for the liberal professions, only British and some American degrees are recognized; doctors, dentists, vets, engineers from the Continent have to follow courses and sit for examinations *after* their arrival, with no certainty that they will pass. Skilled tradesmen are up against the same barriers; most of them are recognized in Australia as assistant tradesmen only.

The overall effect of these restrictive provisions is a kind of "unnatural selection" which works against the badly needed professionals and in favor of unskilled and semi-skilled laborers, who are not always of the most desirable human material. If this policy continues, Australia will soon have a large proletariat of foreign origin superimposed on the suburban idyll. Instead of a melting pot it may become a caldron.

Asian or Western?

Thus the "Populate or Perish" program is itself beset with perils. To aim at thirty million by the end of the century means to quadruple the population within a span of fifty years, a rather unique experiment even in the age of the population explosion. Taking an optimistic view, some of the difficulties I mentioned may be no more than teething troubles; but the problem of the Australian future goes deeper

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St. Germain-en-Laye you'll see the Renaissance chateau where Mary, Queen of Scots lived from the age of 6 until 16. Before you abandon yourself to the beautiful outdoors, enter the castle to get a look at the famous Sainte-Chapelle and the oldest existing portraits of French royal family. See the Salle de Mars where Molière and his company did their routines for Louis XIV. Then step outside to linger among the charming gardens. You'll especially enjoy the Grande Terrasse that runs in front of the castle. Lined with lime trees a century old, it gives you a vast panorama of the Seine Valley all the way to Paris.

Vallee de Chevreuse

Leave Paris the same way you did for Versailles only continue a few miles farther. The Chevreuse Valley gives you a delicious sampling in miniature of everything you'll find on the Ile de France. Visit the Château de Dampierre, dating from the Middle Ages. It houses some of the world's most famous paintings, in addition to the present Duc de Luynes. Farther up the valley stop at Rambouillet, to see the 14th century Château de Rambouillet where Catherine de Médicis and Henri IV both lived. At the end of the Valley is the National Sheepfold. Not far from there is the Ferme de Mocusouris where

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Return to Paris via Monfort l'Amaury, an enchanting 15th century village built on a small hill and surrounded by exquisite countryside.

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than that. The search for identity has become a fashionable phrase, but in Australia it is a real problem and a haunting one. It has two related aspects, one internal, the other external.

Looking inward, there is a general uncertainty whether the desirable aim is the melting pot, out of which the third generation of immigrants is supposed to emerge recast to fit the Australian way of life, or whether it is preferable to aim at unity-in-diversity, by preserving the cultural identity of the various groups in the ethnic mosaic. And should the mosaic include Asians, such as Hong Kong Chinese and Fiji Indians? The American and Canadian precedents are much discussed, but are more confusing than helpful.

Turning to the world outside, the question arises whether Australia is an Asian country—and if not, what else? Nominally, Australians are still “British subjects,” although the government is bringing in legislation to alter their status to “Australian Citizen and British Subject.” But as the *Bulletin* wrote recently, “What does British subject mean? The answer is—nothing at all. We are not subjects of Great Britain. We do not share either the duties or the privileges of the people of that kingdom.”

However, to Australians this is not a question of international law, or even of national pride, but of security and survival. As another leading Melbourne paper wrote: “The old certainties have begun to dissolve, and Australia is now being swept swiftly and erratically towards an Asia in which the domination of Western power can no longer be taken for granted. The final retreat has sounded for Britain’s garrison forces in Malaysia and Singapore, and the British Fleet, for generations the guardian of Australia’s aimless isolation, is sailing for home. A new hesitancy now runs through American policy. . . . Australia can no longer trust its security and its survival to the presumed patronage of powerful friends. . . . Australia must now dare to stand with and by its nearest Asian and Pacific neighbours.”

That sounds nice, but how can you become an Asian country if you discriminate against Asian immigrants? On that question the paper remains silent, and the politicians

remain silent, although to a large extent the problem of Australian identity hinges on it. In an age of increasing racial and ethnic tensions it is a terrifying decision to make—and it can only be made by the Australians themselves; all pious liberal advice from outsiders tends to oversimplify the problem and to ignore the bitter realities of group psychology. One cannot help sympathizing with the predicament of a nation which, descended from truculent forebears, tried to cultivate peacefully its little gardens on an inhospitable continent, and to create a suburban idyll in an unidyllic age.

Arthur Koestler

CANADIAN NORTH

December 8, 1953, was a historic date for Canada. The Prime Minister, Louis St. Laurent, spoke in the House of Commons on a bill to create a Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources to administer and develop Canada’s Northland. He noted: “It has been said that Great Britain acquired her empire in a state of absence of mind. Apparently we have administered these vast territories in an almost continuing state of absence of mind.”

The “vast territories” to which St. Laurent referred were the parts of Canada left after the provinces had been carved out of the country’s land mass. Today there are two of them: the Yukon Territory to the west, and the Northwest Territories east of the Yukon. They lie north of the 60th parallel (the northern limits of the Prairie Provinces and of agriculture), cover 1,511,979 square miles or 40 percent of Canada’s land surface, and contained a peak population of 25,100 in 1951. Here, in earlier days, the triumvirate of church, state, and commerce held the land for Canada. The Anglican and Catholic missions, the Mounties, and the Hudson’s Bay Company (whose initials were alleged to stand for “Here Before Christ”) held sway over most of the territories, while a few mines produced gold, silver, and uranium, and the Indians and Eskimos carried on traditional pursuits like fur-trapping. To most Canadians, the vaguely defined “North” was a land

of ice and snow, peopled by strong Mounties, happy, smiling Eskimos, mad trappers, and characters from the novels of Jack London and the poems of Robert Service.

Rush

The Klondike Gold Rush of 1896 focused fresh attention on Canada’s northern territories; until then they had been thought of as nothing but a wasteland. This was the first gold rush in the era of mass media. The screaming headlines (“A Ton of Gold”) in the popular press conjured up a picture of a rich Eldorado, just waiting to be exploited, and helped to create the concept of the North as a “rich treasurehouse of mineral wealth.” This cliché clouds rational discussion of development to this day.

The Klondike Gold Rush ended almost as soon as it began. By about 1904, the footloose gold-seekers had rushed away to Fairbanks and Nome in Alaska. The large companies moved in with dredges and other capital-intensive methods of mining. The population dropped, the government contracted, and Yukon mining towns like Dawson went into decline. Silver and copper mining began on a limited scale. White men who did not work in the mines or for the government led an independent, frontier life, prospecting, hunting for meat, trapping for furs, panning a little gold, fishing. No one starved in the Yukon. Mutual aid and the “golden rule” were practiced not only from a sense of frontier idealism, but from necessity, for each man had to help the other in a hostile land.

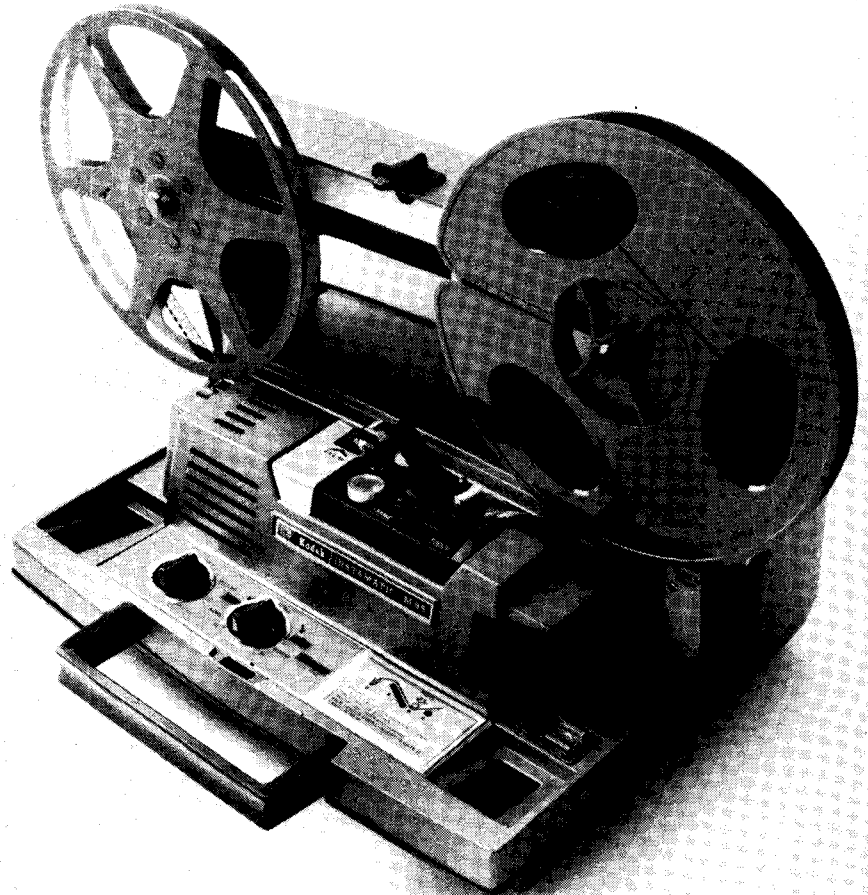
In 1942, another “rush” populated the Yukon. In that year the Japanese invaded the Aleutians. As a defensive measure, the United States built the Alaska Highway to provide an interior land link between the state of Washington and Alaska. Airports were built along the route to ferry planes to Russia. About 30,000 troops and civilians crowded into the Whitehorse area, and the Yukon Territory boomed again. The war also touched the Northwest Territories in the form of air bases thrown up on the tundra. The base for this boom was even more fragile than gold, for the Japanese were soon dislodged from the Aleutians, and the shifts in war strategy relegated

the Northwest and Alaska to a remote garrison spot. By the end of the war, the Yukon was again in the doldrums. Shacks and barrack buildings cluttered up the lower townsite of Whitehorse, around whose fringe lived a large squatter population. But there were improvements: new roads began to take the place of the river as the main means of communications, for they were open all year and offered a cheap method of getting "in" and getting "out."

True North

Then, in 1953, the Canadian government officially discovered the North. In typically British fashion, the act that set up the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources was as vague as it was all-encompassing. It gave the federal government carte blanche to do what it wanted in the areas north of the 60th parallel. A number of motives were behind Ottawa's move to develop its Northland. Canada had emerged from the war as a world power, and its primary products, some of which came from the North, were in great demand to rebuild shattered economies. The war also had made Canada aware of the military importance of the North. During World War II, the North had been part of a through route for airplanes sent to Russia. The cold war turned it into an advance position, a possible station for the interception of manned bombers and missiles. The Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line was hurriedly erected in 1955 as an electronic fence to warn the settled southern areas of North America of impending attack. There was concern that the United States might claim Northern Canada unless that country established "effective occupancy." Britain had transferred the Arctic Islands to Canada in 1880 (although its claim to the area was tenuous, to put it mildly). The desire to assert sovereignty was another reason for Canada's move north—though no country had actually coveted Canada's North. Canadians talked of the "true North, strong and free": the image of Northernness is deeply imbedded in the Canadian consciousness despite the fact that the majority of the population lives in cities, or huddles along the American border.

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The Canadian North

A humanistic reason was also apparent. While the happy Eskimos, rubbing noses and swapping wives, were a popular legend, the reality was something else again. Life expectancy of Northern native peoples was low, infant mortality was high, the fur trade subject to wide fluctuations, and general living conditions miserable. Canada, moving onto the international scene, was newly sensitive to the opinion of other countries in a postcolonial world concerning its treatment of its native peoples. There was a strong official desire by the federal government to rescue the Indians and Eskimos from the arbitrary forces that stunted their potential and shortened their lives. Nineteen fifty-nine was the first year in which the Canadian government was able to announce that no Eskimo had died of starvation—no mean feat considering that their population that year of 10,000 was scattered over a vast area with scant resources.

The period between 1954 and 1964 was a "decade of development"

in the North. There was some attempt to equate the "opening up" of the Canadian North with that of the American West. In the American West, the land and conditions that the pioneers left behind were not vastly different from those they encountered as they traveled west. They had tools and a culture that worked tolerably well in most parts of the interior, and at the end of the West was California. They went ahead of government. Free land and the promise of a better life lured them on. Canada reversed the process. The American West was a little man's frontier, or at least a place where an individual could wrest a living from the soil. The physical and spatial limits of the Canadian North ensure that it will be a corporate frontier—a land where large amounts of capital and skilled workers will be needed to develop any resource. At the Great Canadian Oil Sands operation in northern Alberta, six men (with shift reliefs) operate two massive diggers that do the work of thousands of pick and shovel laborers. The Northern prospector who travels rough in the bush and "finds new mines" is a folk figure of the North as the frontiersman was of the West. Above the prospectors, airplanes carrying sophisticated electronic equipment search for minerals by identifying magnetic anomalies.

"Ottawa in the bush"

When Canada decided to "open up" and develop its North, it was the central government that sent out its representatives in strength. Instead of a rush into an unknown land by individuals seeking a better life, the government went in to make life safe for Eskimos and other Northern Canadians. In doing so, they had to dispatch large numbers of civil servants who exemplified the middle-class way of life.

Like a father welcoming a prodigal son, the government showered benefits on the newly discovered North, regardless of the desires of the local people or the capacity of the territories to sustain a modern society or economy. Roads, schools, houses, public buildings, sewer and water systems were built in a great construction boom. Between 1956 and 1966, the federal government spent \$614 million north of the 60th parallel. The top summer popu-

lation of both territories was 43,120 in 1966; this included a number of summer transients and many civil servants. In 1967, 9127 people were employed there full time or part time by the government.

The message soon came out loud and clear. The government had rushed into the North shouting about its valuable mineral resources and its other riches. It had raised great expectations about the North without knowing exactly what was there. The individual who failed in the American West cut his losses and pushed on. But what could a government do? The government had created an "Ottawa in the bush," and established middle-class, industrial standards for performance in a barren land. There was no coordination of activity. Each government agency acted as a separate entity. One government agency built houses for Indians in Dawson, and another closed them down for health reasons. The Yukon Children's Aid Society, run on a volunteer basis and a small budget, was replaced by the Territorial Department of Welfare, whose budget in 1967-1968 was \$810,000.

But few people went north to stay. They went north to "clean up and clear out." In 1963, Dawson contained a population of 750, of whom a third were poor by any standard. Whitehorse, the capital of the Yukon Territory, has a less stable economy even than Dawson. Its main base is government, although it is also a transportation and tourist center. The territories rely heavily on non-renewable resources, and sectoral shifts affect large numbers of people. In 1966, the Yukon Consolidated Gold Corporation, the last of the large companies, closed down when the gold was worked out; it had provided employment for 350 to 500 people. Even the government was not a stable employer. The Canadian Army handed over administration of the Alaska Highway in 1964 to the Department of Public Works, which is scheduled to hand over its responsibilities to the Territorial Government. Each transfer sees fewer people employed for the increasingly capital-intensive operations.

The Yukon Territory presents an example of "economic overfit"—a structure adapted to the needs of Southern Canada, and built up without regard to the realities of the

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North. The scene is reminiscent of an incident in a Buster Keaton movie, *The Navigator*, where the comedian, alone with his girl on a liner, attempts to boil two eggs in a caldron designed for hundreds. More and more time, money, and energy is spent on keeping things going and on fixed costs. In 1967, the federal and territorial governments spent about \$123 million in the territories, and received revenues of about \$34 million.

The dilemmas of a dual economy have arisen. Whites, in the main, are affluent: native peoples are poor. The Eskimos and Indians have moved into the settlements, abandoning their traditional ways in favor of hanging around town, relying on welfare and casual jobs. The Canadian government at this time does not have a Northern development policy, if "policy" means a coherent set of rational alternatives that aim at specific economic and social goals that can be attained within the limits of the North. On the one hand, the government has been promoting the idea of the rich North. On the other, they are faced with jobless Eskimos and Indians who do not fit into the wage economy.

Too much, too soon

The frantic promotion of recent years has helped conceal the deep disquiet that many Canadians feel about what is happening "north of sixty." Primary products do not provide a secure base for economic development—price changes, substitutes, the discovery of new resources, instability of an isolated labor force all make reliance on lead, zinc, copper, or other single commodities questionable. The Canadian government is attempting to rationalize its large expenditures of public funds on Northern development as an investment that will be repaid with interest in the future: it insists that the resources belong to the people of Canada.

In the Yukon, in 1968, a new mine was going into production with a government contribution of \$25 million for power facilities, roads, townsite, and other "ancillary facilities." This mine will produce lead and zinc for the Japanese market on an eight-year contract. In the Northwest Territories, the government has

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The Canadian North

just entered into a consortium to search for oil and minerals in the Arctic Islands. The original promoter tried to raise \$30 million for the venture on the market. He could not, and the government put up \$9 million of the \$20 million needed, in return for 45 percent interest. One government representative sits on the board of directors of the consortium—hardly a true government-private-enterprise partnership.

The conflict between economic, social, and political goals so common in the precolonial period of many developing nations has appeared then in Northern Canada. The government's theme is that new mines and oil wells (if they are found and brought into production) will provide employment for Eskimos and Indians (if they are willing to work in such enterprises).

The construction of the prisons at Whitehorse and Yellowknife best illustrates the dilemma of trying to run a free-enterprise world in a welfare state. The prison at Whitehorse cost over a million dollars, and is referred to by local whites as "the Walled-off Astoria." It represents the most modern approach to the rehabilitation of prisoners. The federal government built the prison, and then handed it over to the territorial government to run. The operating costs come to about \$400,000 a year. Since a major source of the territory's revenue (apart from federal government subsidies) comes from the sale of liquor, there is some sort of rough justice in that money is being spent in rehabilitating people who may have been jailed because of the influence of drink. Drinking

has become a problem in the North, and for traditional peoples, life in a modern jail may be more attractive than working in Northern mines.

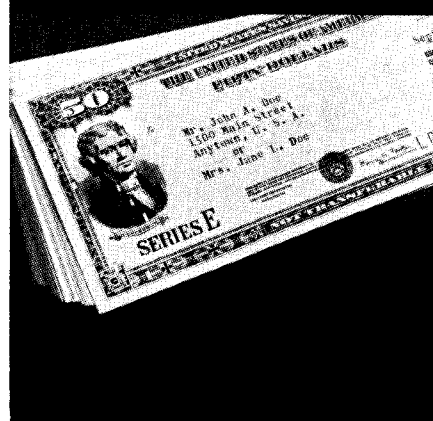
In 1966 the Department of Northern Affairs and National Resources became the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. The introduction of the word "Development" indicated a more positive approach by the federal government to the problems of the North. But the inclusion of the administration of Indians touched on sensitivities, for in the past the Department has been tarred with the epithet "colonial" despite efforts to transfer power and responsibility to Northerners and Indians. Both territories (like Canada's Indians) are the direct responsibility of the Canadian government under acts of the Parliament of Canada. They get most of their revenue from the federal government, and are governed by appointed commissioners of the territories.

Too little, too late

The Yukon was just about to get representative and responsible government at the time the Gold Rush bubble burst. The Yukon Territorial Council of seven members is elected, but has no power to introduce money bills. The Northwest Territories Council numbers twelve, with the Commissioner sitting in Council also. Seven members are elected, five appointed, and this Council, like the Yukon's, has no power to bring in money bills. Of late, both Councils have been making noises about independence—the power to introduce money bills and control of resources are the pivots of the demand for independence. The Minister of Indian Affairs and Northern Development is currently struggling with some sort of system that provides financial autonomy for the territories and a measure of independence.

The Canadian government, stumbling along in the overfit shoes of the British colonial tradition, refuses to consider provincial status for the territories. If the initial thrust for development can be summed up as "too much, too soon," the political situation may be summed up as "too little, too late." Trouble looms, as in Alaska, over resources—the revenue and ownership of the "vast

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THE RITZ CARLTON
BOSTON

mineral wealth." The mines in the North are producing wealth. The three-year tax exemption for new mines encourages a quick looting operation. Young Eskimos and conservationists are claiming that the North is being looted. And the North, despite its immensity and harshness, is a land in delicate balance: its ecology is being disturbed by oil and mineral searches and operations.

Among the whites in Canada's North, one word keeps cropping up. This is "outside." It sums up the human dimension of the Canadian North. The people, before 1953-1954, white, Indian, and Eskimo alike, were all locked in when freeze-up came. "Outside" is never precisely defined by Northerners, but it usually means Southern Canada, where food and fuel are cheaper, the climate is milder, amenities are more varied, and opportunities are greater. It is a place desired and feared. "Inside" may be climatically severe and have limited opportunities and amenities. It is safe, if not without some new stresses and strains which industrialization and urbanization have brought. There is talk now of the "good old days" of the golden rule and the simple, friendly life.

And all around, the great land sits in silence. Man in the North realizes his own significance—and his own insignificance. The North is a land of instant feedback—the land sets the limits and soon shows up any foolish act. In the North, the neolithic and the postindustrial exist side by side. In this residual part of Canada, the last part of the country to be reached and discovered, all the processes of the Industrial, Democratic, Welfare, and Electronic Revolutions have been crammed into about fifteen years. Canadians may never be able to live in the North—but they have to learn how to live with it.

Jim Lotz

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Ward S. Just is a writer and editor for the *Washington Post*; his "Notes on Losing a War" appeared in the January *Atlantic*. Arthur Koestler, author of *Darkness at Noon* and *The Ghost in the Machine*, was recently in Australia. Jim Lotz is associate director of the Canadian Research Center for Anthropology at St. Paul University in Ottawa.

Gather a Bouquet

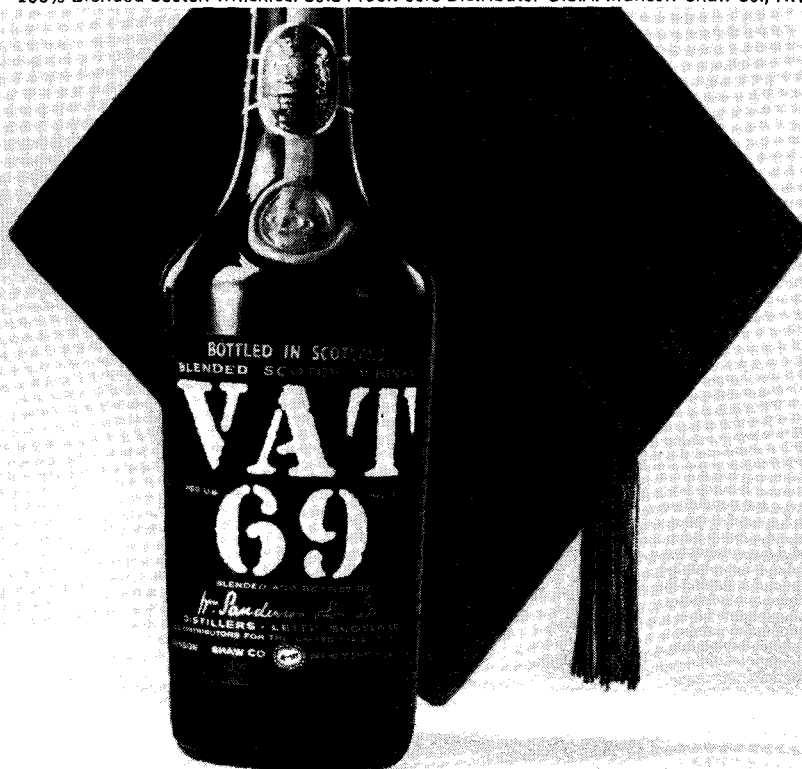


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THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY



THE MAIL:

General Shoup

SIR: I cannot thank you enough for publishing the astonishing article "The New American Militarism" by General David M. Shoup in your April issue.

At this time when we are thinking particularly of General Eisenhower's warning about military and industrial power and when we are horrified at the Administration's plunge, however much it is disguised, into the anti-ballistic-missile vortex, General Shoup's admonition that "militarism is in full bloom in America" impels protest.

I have witnessed how a small community can become mobilized and effective overnight because of a local catastrophe (our oil slick). May the people of this country rouse themselves and become the propelling force behind a genuine national move away from military solutions toward constructive conciliatory alternatives.

CONSTANCE CANN
Santa Barbara, Calif.

SIR: I am the editor of *Air Force/Space Digest*, the magazine described so vividly and yet so inaccurately in the article by General David M. Shoup and Colonel James Donovan. In the interest of fairness, may I suggest that the authors have not exercised the degree of thoroughness of research called for in their self-appointed role as public commentators.

Certainly no other publication in our field has exhibited the degree of social consciousness which characterizes *Air Force/Space Digest*. We have concerned ourselves with the problems of the inner city. We endorsed and supported Department of Defense programs which provide

remedial education and training for the disadvantaged. We have explored ways in which systems-oriented technology and management can be utilized in the solution of the serious social problems which plague our society. In the case of the Vietnam War, we have published articles which questioned both its management and its basic rationale.

We do believe, of course, that there is a heavy requirement for a strong national defense posture in a world that continues to be dangerous. But we see no conflict between this view and the quite obvious need for determined action to repair the social and economic fabric of our society. We disagree with the divisive approach of those who would set either need above the other. We believe, as set forth in the Constitution, in the dual national obligation to ensure domestic tranquillity and, at the same time, to provide for the common defense.

General Shoup and Colonel Donovan have searched for a scapegoat, in the ugliest traditions of McCarthyism. In civilized discourse, that is always a sorry spectacle.

JOHN F. LOOSBROCK
Washington, D.C.

SIR: In General Shoup's attempt to excuse "some of the credibility difficulties experienced by the Johnson Administration over its war situation reports and Vietnam policy," he failed to heed a fundamental principle of management; namely, that the chief executive officer is fully responsible for his actions. He cannot be excused for errors in judgment due to inadequate, erroneous, or deceptive information from his subordinates or staff.

Thus the Johnson Administration

is fully accountable for any and all Vietnam credibility gaps which occurred as a result of its tenure in office.

C. LANKFORD WALKER
Athens, Ga.

SIR: Although many clear-thinking, concerned Americans were aware of everything General Shoup pointed out and more, hearing it from an "insider" has made an impact that no civilian can match. If we as a society are ever going to turn the corner, now is the time. Building oceanographic and fishing vessels can keep shipfitters employed just as well as building submarines and destroyers. The country and mankind owe General Shoup a great debt.

GEORGE G. GIDDINGS
Lansing, Mich.

SIR: Amusingly, General Shoup cites as a particularly sinister example of the Machiavellian habits into which he feels the military has fallen the fact that the Navy "actually had attack plans [directed against North Vietnam] ready even before" the Tonkin Gulf incident. Granted, it is highly unusual that any arm of the government is found to be prepared in face of a crisis; however, is this to be condemned?

Unforgivably, the General indulged in quite a bit of poorly disguised self-praise. One learns from his essay that "the men who rise to the top of the military hierarchy have usually demonstrated their effectiveness," that they are "physically and intellectually above average among their peers," and that they are "top-caliber men." It is commonly known that not all of our military leaders have been Grants or Lees. We've had our share of Haigs—and, one might add, Shoups—although

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this may be overstating the case. Perhaps. But if memory serves, General Shoup was in a position of influence and command during the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Undoubtedly, he would disclaim any responsibility for the needless death of hundreds of Cubans by pointing out that the final and tactically stupid decision to deny effective air support to the landing was the responsibility of that revered civilian John F. Kennedy. And he would be right. What men of General Shoup's stripe have failed to realize is that it may be that war has become too serious a business to be left in the hands of the civilians.

JAMES I. RIDLEY
South Daytona, Fla.

The Case For Black Studies

SIR: Dean Pentony's foray into the *terra incognita* of black studies in the April *Atlantic* is kindly and illuminating. But I believe he has missed some of its main features, and underestimated others, in the fashion of early voyagers.

For example, the dean sees black studies as a needed though awkward addition to present curricula and practices. How, the dean asks, can the university most readily accommodate the rising demand for black studies?

A more nearly correct interpretation, in my judgment, is to hear the clamor as one for a basically black educational experience. This experience might differ in almost every important respect—standards, program content, selection of faculty—from the basically white educational experience offered by the majority of our institutions of higher education.

The shape and direction of a basically black educational experience are a long way from clear at this stage. Black intellectuals are struggling with the difficulties of an educational polity based on blackness rather than the "Western tradition." Their efforts cannot be expected to have coherence and depth at the beginning, nor even widespread agreement among the founding fathers of this new kind of educational approach. But a consensus begins to emerge among them on some important points: there is a valid black culture, awaiting discovery and definition, though its lineaments are

today far from clear; white faculty members *are* as infected by racism as other middle-class groups; the continuing colonial relationship between blacktown and whitetown requires examination and criticism from a black viewpoint; the resources of a basically black educational experience need to be brought to the aid of suffering black communities in both the North and South.

There is also a growing belief that much of what passes for objective scholarship in the white-dominated university is bogus and directed to sustaining the interests of the majority. A great deal of social science—for example, sociology—is irremediably tainted by white presuppositions; and economics is little more than an elaborate defense of the present organization of white privilege.

In short, Dean Pentony has not contemplated the possibility, except obliquely, of basically black colleges and universities, some public, some private. He has only considered increments to conventional institutions.

I must not be understood as depreciating Dean Pentony's goodwill. He merely does not go to the logic of his own insight: "One of the most important roles that the black scholar can play is to share in the discovery and articulation of . . . [a] normative inner order of the black community." Dean Pentony thinks that such an epic quest by blacks can be conducted in institutions that have systematically ignored or misrepresented them. Most of the black scholars I know consider this an impossibility in its own terms. They think that something genuinely new is called for, recognizing at the same time that no institution is more pig-headed about change than higher education.

They are right on both counts.

W. H. FERRY
Santa Barbara, Calif.

The *Atlantic* welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

SIR: In "The Case for Black Studies," DeVere E. Pentony attributes to "some of the black community" a "hunch" that commitment to integration will condemn American blacks to a permanent division between the "talented tenth" and the 90 percent "left in poverty and psychological degradation, doomed to an almost motiveless, hopeless existence, forever on the dole, forever caught in hate of self and of others."

By his uncritical use of this perception, Mr. Pentony seriously compromises his case. In point of fact, the median income of black families in the larger cities of his part of our country [West Coast] was 84 percent that of whites in 1967; in 1959, it had been 65 percent. In the same period, the proportion of Negro families in metropolitan areas with incomes over \$8000 (1967 dollar value) rose from 17 percent to 29 percent. Negro women in the professional and managerial and the clerical and sales employment categories now earn slightly more than their white counterparts in the central cities of the SMSA's.

Admittedly, less heartening statistics abound: admittedly, we have no measure for "hate of self and of others"; admittedly, recent actions by the Nixon Administration warn the integrationist against complacency. Nonetheless, it is flatly false that anything like 90 percent of Negroes live in poverty.

Mr. Pentony's article illustrates the burgeoning on our campuses of a black mystique that is strikingly similar to the feminine mystique in its causes, its moralistic emphasis on a separate cultural tradition, and its effect of subordinating individual to category. Like the suburban housewife, the black student too often finds that meeting the standards set or accepted by his peers leaves him little if any leeway to explore other means for demonstrating his personal worth.

It is as grossly improper for a college administrator to underwrite these pressures by his actions or inactions as it would be for him to acquiesce in a de facto mandate for coeds to major in home economics. If he supports a black studies program, he should also vigorously support curricular and vocational counseling oriented toward integration.

JANE NEWITT
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

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Advice and Consent

SIR: Regarding *Portnoy's Complaint*, my question to both Philip Roth and Theodore Solotaroff (see "The Journey of Philip Roth," April *Atlantic*) is when ever will the precocious "good" Jewish boy get over his bar mitzvah, his erotic fantasies, and his caricatured mother and grow the hell up. Chicago 1957 was not much different from Cornell in the same era. The veterans were in force, and Newark, the Bronx High School of Science, and representatives from similar exotic tribes from other parts of the country were in evidence. The gallows humor which Solotaroff praises eventually becomes an excuse for awareness and pseudogrowth.

In all of Roth there is more style than content. There is no development, there is no maturity. I can only think of him as a highly stylized sophomore of the 1950s. Until he can show development and growth, manhood and meaning, his writing is equivalent to clinical case histories waiting for the Grand Therapist in the Sky to make it all better.

Roth and many other present writers would not know a hero (non-military) if they fell over him. The validity of some of the new writings by black authors is that they are really grappling with the issues of manhood and presenting to the public struggles of heroic proportions. Portnoy is no hero; I wonder if Roth will ever be able to find one.

SANDRA KUTEN
Newton, Mass.

SIR: It is an indication of the changing situation in which American police must operate these days that the very week in which your March issue (including my article on San Francisco's Police Community Relations Unit) reached the newsstands, the San Francisco Police Department learned it had been awarded a major two-year financial grant by the American Institute for Research to study attitudes within the police department. And the city also received a quarter of a million dollars from the Ford Foundation to support its newly created crime commission. In the same week, unfortunately, the lieutenant heading the Police Community Relations Unit found it necessary to depart his post on sick leave, and new leadership must be sought.

For police, the most important thrust to the future may be the AIR study, which will reach about 350 men on the San Francisco force directly, in a program intended to bring greater comprehension of ghetto attitudes and problems, with an increased understanding which may modify hostilities. It is hoped that assaults on police, together with abusive language and antagonisms to which they are being subjected from minorities and students, can also be affected in the attitude-development studies. The program aims at reducing the polarization between blacks and whites in the San Francisco community. But it will be a long educational process.

MARY ELLEN LEARY
Piedmont, Calif.

SIR: The review of my book *Voyage to Atlantis* in the April, 1969, issue of the *Atlantic* calls, I believe, for some author's comment.

Spoof and error regarding my work on Atlantis have become favorite amusements of the *Atlantic*; note two previous articles. Healthy skepticism and debate are welcome, but your reviewer has approached the book with a closed mind and dismissed the possibility of the reality of Atlantis out of hand. Her response has taken the form of personal ridicule, and her supposed review of the book is hardly relevant to its subject matter. Ten out of the twelve sentences contain major errors of fact. But the point here is not that she got her facts wrong or that she disagrees with a particular theory but that her attitude dictated an irrational response.

As a result, the *Atlantic* stands with those who dismissed out of hand the existence of Troy and the possibility that Europeans had set foot on North American shores before 1492.

I believe that we can learn much of ancient history by observing interlocks of historical record with legend and by approaching ancient history prepared to accept all kinds of evidence for what it is worth so as not to miss elusive kernels of truth.

The compartmentalized academic system does not usually permit scholars to pursue broad lines of endeavor. No wonder that Atlantis and the palace of Thera were discovered not by trained archaeologists but by scientists in other fields.

One need not accept all of the evidence which I have presented in support of Galanopoulos' Atlantis theory, but the number of highly respected scholars who accept a large part of it is impressive. Too often scientists have shunned myths as having no place in the scientific method. We see a change today.

JAMES H. MAVOR, JR.
Woods Hole, Mass.

There is no useful way of replying to a letter that complains of errors but neglects to specify them.

The Editor

SIR: I was surprised to discover in the April *Atlantic* a short story by Peter Hayes entitled "The Muse of Newark," which originally appeared in the *Harvard Advocate*, October, 1967, and was copyrighted by us at the time. I suppose we could look upon this second printing as a vindication of Harvard's literary taste, because the story was awarded the Dana Reed Prize that year given annually for the best piece of writing to appear in a university publication.

JAMES ATLAS
President, The Harvard Advocate
Cambridge, Mass.

Yes.

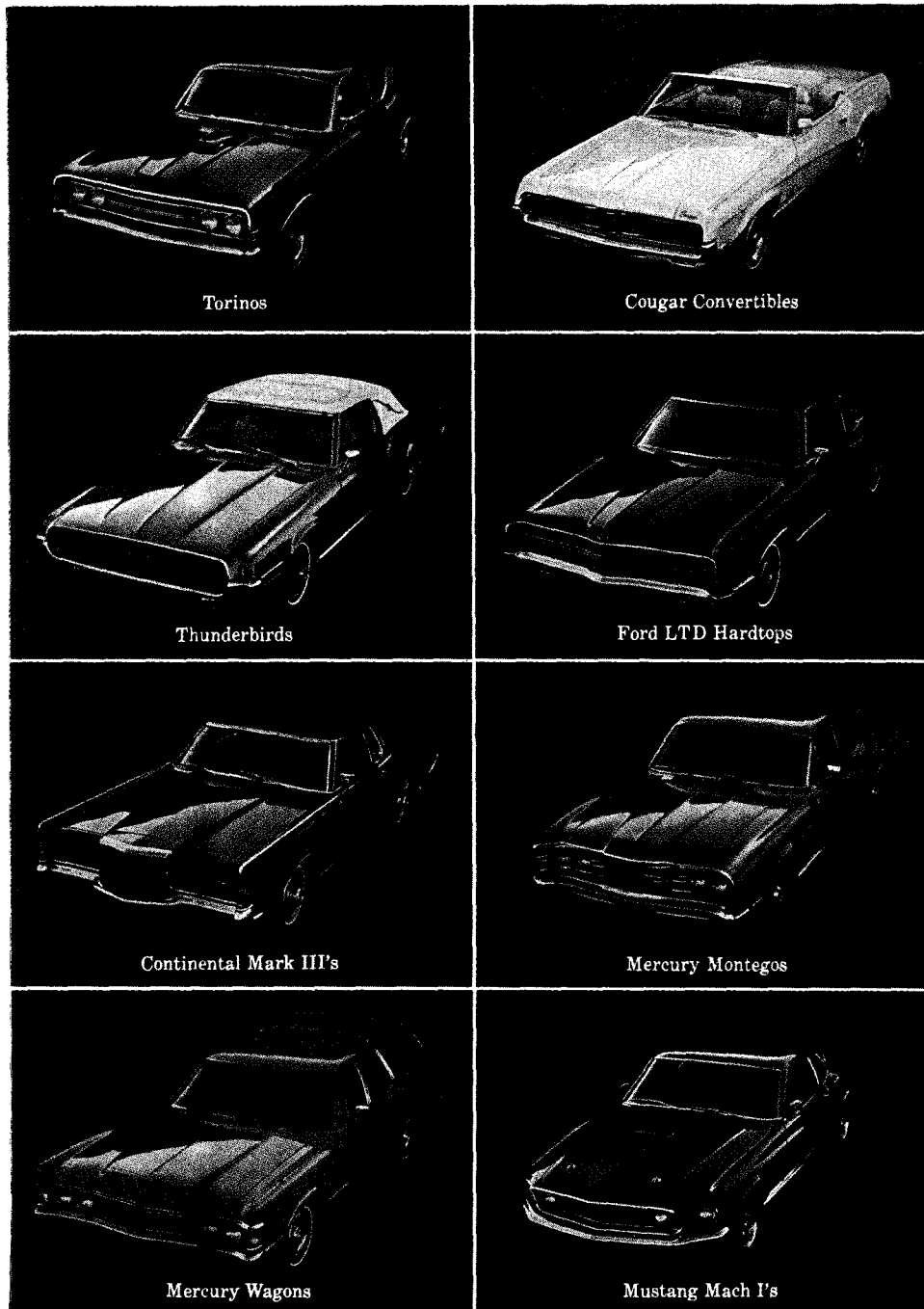
The Editor

SIR: A small but potent error crept into my report on the Paris negotiations (*Atlantic*, May). The overriding fact about the NLF, I meant to say, is that they "have made it to Paris." Not that they "have made it in Paris." As the rest of the paragraph indicates, the NLF, simply by getting to participate in the Paris Talks, have gained what is to them an important victory. They have achieved a certain international and diplomatic status. Their performance at Paris is another matter. So far they have not "made it in Paris."

ROSS TERRILL
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: The April issue of the *Atlantic* includes a letter I wrote to you concerning the article by Sidney Hook on student radicals. I was identified as campus minister, Hollins College, Hollins, Virginia. I am the United Methodist campus minister at Virginia Polytechnic Institute in Blacksburg, Virginia.

HUBERT T. DAVIS
Blacksburg, Va.



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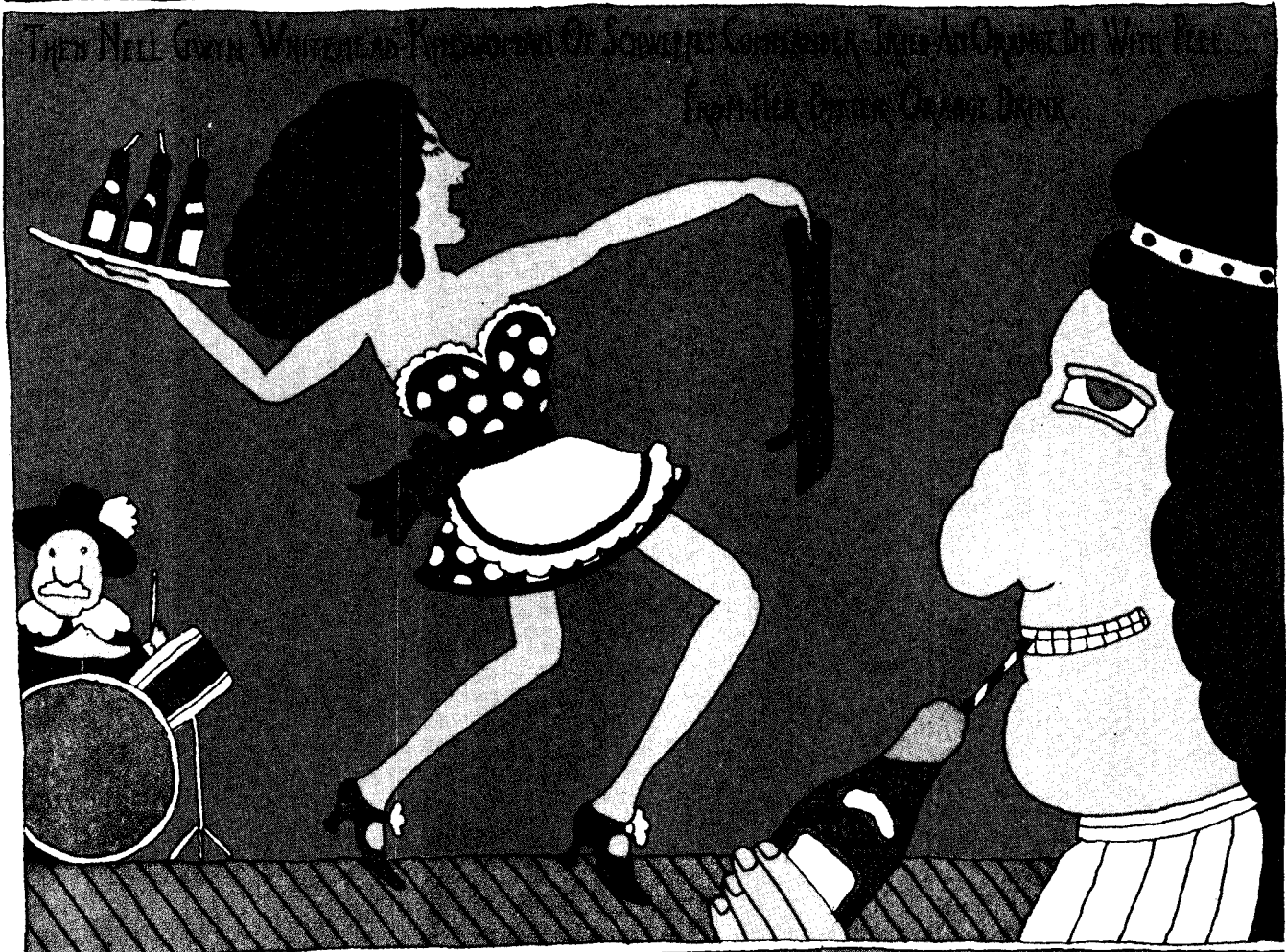
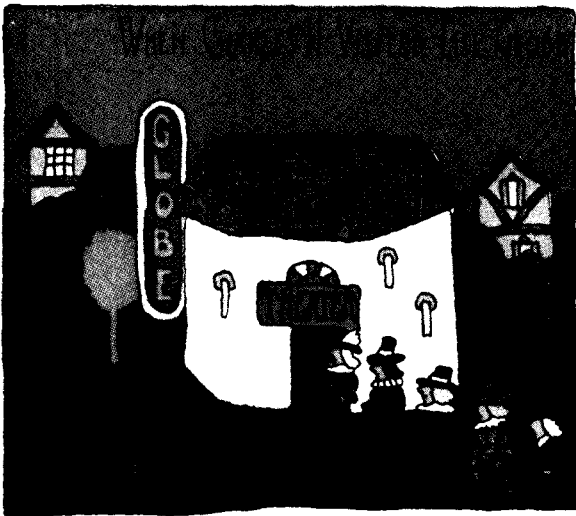
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BLACK STUDIES: TROUBLE AHEAD

by Eugene D. Genovese

The universities owe to black America what they owe to white America: an atmosphere of freedom and dissent for the pursuit of higher learning. So says a thoughtful historian, who warns that the legitimate and constructive tasks of black studies programs can be subverted by indifference to principle or political cynicism.

No problem so agitates the campuses today as that posed by the growing pressure for black studies programs and departments. The agitation presents special dangers since it can be, and sometimes is, opportunistically manipulated by the nihilist factions of the radical white student movement. For the most part, black students have shown considerable restraint in dealing with dubious white allies and have given strong indication of being much more interested in reforming the universities than in burning them down. The black student movement, like some parts of the white radical student movement and very much unlike others, represents an authentic effort by young people to take a leading role in the liberation of an oppressed people and, as such, exhibits impressive seriousness and developing sophistication. The political forms that the agitation takes and the deep frustrations from which it stems nonetheless open the way to reckless elements among black, as well as white, student militants.

The universities must now choose between three courses: a principled but flexible response to legitimate black demands; a dogmatic, repressive adherence to traditional, liberal, and essentially racist

policies; and a cowardly surrender to all black demands, no matter how destructive to the university as an institution of higher learning or to American and Afro-American society in general. This last option, which has been taken in a notable number of places, ironically reflects as much racism in its assumptions and implications as the second, and it takes little skill in prophecy to realize that its conclusion will be a bloodbath in which blacks are once again the chief victims. Yet, the debate over black studies proceeds without attention to the major features of the alternatives; it proceeds, in fact, in a manner that suggests the very paternalistic white racism against which so many blacks are today protesting.

The demand for black studies and for special black studies departments needs no elaborate explanation or defense. It rests on an awareness of the unique and dual nature of the black experience in the United States. Unlike European immigrants, blacks came here involuntarily, were enslaved and excluded from access to the mainstream of American life, and as a result have had a special history with a profoundly national-cultural dimension. Unlike, say, Italo-Americans, Afro-Americans have

within their history the elements of a distinct nationality at the same time that they have participated in and contributed immensely to a common American nationality. Despite the efforts of many black and some white scholars, this paradoxical experience has yet to be explored with the respect and intellectual rigor it deserves.

This essential justification for black studies, incidentally, raises serious questions about the demands by white radicals for "ethnic studies" and for special attention to people from the "third world," especially since the term "third world" is, from a Marxist and revolutionary point of view, a reactionary swindle. These demands, when sincere, have their origin in a proper concern for the fate of Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans, Asians, and other ethnic groups in a white-racist culture, but the study of the attendant problems does not, at least on the face of it, require anything like an approach similar to that of black studies. For the most part, the discrimination against these groups is largely a class question, requiring sober analysis of class structure in America; for the rest, much of the racism directed against these minorities can be traced directly to the by-products of the enslavement of blacks by whites and the ideology derived therefrom. In any case, the issues are clearly different, for the black question is simultaneously one of class and nationality (not merely minority ethnic status), and it is therefore a disservice to the cause of black liberation to construct a politically opportunist equation that can only blur the unique and central quality of the black experience in the United States.

The duality of the black experience haunts the present debate and leads us immediately into a consideration of the ideological and political features of the black studies programs. It is, at best, irrelevant to argue, as De Vere E. Pentony does in the April, 1969, issue of the *Atlantic*, that all professors of history and social science bring a particular ideology and politics to their classroom and that a black ideological bias is no worse than any other. There is no such thing as a black ideology or a black point of view. Rather there are various black-nationalist biases, from left-wing versions such as that of the Panthers to right-wing versions such as that of Ron Karenga and other "cultural nationalists." There are also authentic sections of the black community that retain conservative, liberal, or radical integrationist and antinationalist positions. Both integrationist and separatist tendencies can be militant or moderate, radical or conservative (in the sense generally applied to white politics in relation to social questions). The separatists are riding high today, and the integrationists are beating a retreat; but this has happened before and may be reversed tomorrow.

All these elements have a right to participate in the exploration of black historical and cultural themes. In one sense, the whole point of black studies programs in a liberal arts college or university ought to be to provide for the widest and most vigorous exchange among all these groups in an atmosphere of free discussion and mutual toleration. The demand for an exclusively black faculty and especially the reactionary demand for student control of autonomous departments must be understood as demands for the introduction of specific ideological and political criteria into the selection of faculty and the composition of programs. Far from being proposals to relate these programs to the black community, they are in fact factionally based proposals to relate them to one or another political tendency within the black community and to exclude others. The bloody, but by no means isolated, feud between black student factions on the UCLA campus ought to make that clear.

One of the new hallmarks of white racism is the notion of one black voice, one black experience, one black political community, one black ideology—of a black community without an authentic inner political life wracked by dissension and ideological struggle. In plain truth, what appears on the campuses as "what the blacks want" is almost invariably what the dominant faction in a particular black caucus wants. Like all people who fight for liberation, blacks are learning the value of organizational discipline and subordination to a firm and united line of action. Sometimes, the formulation of particular demands and actions has much less to do with their intrinsic merits or with the institution under fire than with the momentary balance in the struggle for power within the caucus itself. This discipline presents nothing unprincipled or sinister, but it does present difficult and painful problems, which must be evaluated independently by those charged with institutional and political responsibility in the white community.

The pseudo-revolutionary middle-class totalitarians who constitute one temporarily powerful wing of the left-wing student movement understand this dimension, even if few others seem to. Accordingly, they support demands for student control as an entering wedge for a general political purge of faculties, a purge they naïvely hope to dominate. These suburban putschists are most unlikely to succeed in their stated objectives of purging "reactionaries," for they are isolated, incoherent, and without adequate power. But they may very well help to re-establish the principle of the campus purge and thereby provide a moral and legal basis for a new wave of McCarthyism. The disgraceful treatment of Professors Staughton Lynd and Jesse Lemisch, among many who have been recently purged from universities by both liberal and right-wing pressure, has already set a tone of renewed repression, which some fanatical and unreasoning left-wing militants

are unwittingly reinforcing. If black studies departments are permitted to become political bases and cadre-training schools for one or another political movement, the door will be open for the conversion of other departments to similar roles; that door is already being forced in some places.

Those blacks who speak in harsh nationalist accents in favor of all-black faculties, departmental autonomy, and student power open themselves to grave suspicions of bad faith. The most obvious objection, raised sharply by several outstanding black educators in the South, concerns the systematic raiding of black colleges by financially stronger white ones. The shortage of competent black specialists in black history, social science, and black culture is a matter of general knowledge and concern. Hence, the successful application of the all-black principle in most universities would spell the end of hopes to build one or more distinguished black universities to serve as a center for the training of a national Afro-American intelligentsia. One need not be partial to black nationalism in any of its varieties to respect the right of black people to self-determination, for this right flows directly from the duality of their unique experience in the United States. Even those who dislike or distrust black nationalism as such should be able to view the development of such centers of higher education as positive and healthy. If there is no place in the general American university for ideological homogeneity and conformity, there is a place in American society for universities based on adherence to a specific ideology, as the Catholic universities, for example, have demonstrated.

Responsible black scholars have been working hard for an end to raiding and to the scattering of the small number of black professors across the country. Among other obstacles, they face the effort of ostensibly nationalist black students who seek to justify their decision to attend predominantly white institutions, often of high prestige, by fighting for a larger black teaching staff. The outcome of these demands is the obscurantist nonsense that black studies can and should be taught by people without intellectual credentials since these credentials are "white" anyway. It is true that many black men are capable of teaching important college-level courses even though they do not have formal credentials. For example, the Afro-American tradition in music, embracing slave songs, spirituals, blues, jazz, and other forms, could probably be taught best by a considerable number of articulate and cultured, if sometimes self-taught, black musicians and free-lance critics who are largely unknown to the white community. But few good universities have ever refused to waive formalities in any field when genuine intellectual credentials of a nonacademic order could be provided. What has to be resisted firmly is the insanity that claims, as in one recent

instance, that experience as a SNCC field organizer should be considered more important than a Ph.D. in the hiring of a professor of Afro-American history. This assertion represents a general contempt for all learning and a particular contempt for black studies as a field of study requiring disciplined, serious intellectual effort—an attitude that reflects the influence of white racism, even when brought forth by a black man.

The demand for all-black faculties rests on the insistence that only blacks can understand the black experience. This cant is nothing new: it forms the latest version of the battle cry of every reactionary nationalism and has clear antecedents, for example, in the nineteenth-century German Romantic movement. To be perfectly blunt, it now constitutes an ideologically fascist position and must be understood as such. The general reply to it—if one is necessary—is simply that the history of every people can only be written from within and without. But there is a specific reply too. However much the black presence has produced a unique and distinctly national Afro-American experience, it has also formed part of a broader, integrated national culture. It would be absurd to try to understand the history of, say, the South without carefully studying black history. Any Southern historian worth his salt must also be a historian of black America—and vice versa—and if so, it would be criminal to deny him an opportunity to teach his proper subject. Certainly, these remarks do not add up to an objection to a preference for black departmental directors and a numerical predominance of blacks on the faculty, if possible, for every people must write its own history and play the main role in the formation of its own intelligentsia and national culture. These measures would be justified simply on grounds of the need to establish relations of confidence with black students, for they involve no sacrifice of principle and do not compromise the integrity of the university. But preference and emphasis are one thing; monopoly and ideological exclusion are quite another.

We might mention here the problem of the alleged "psychological need" of black people to do this or that or to be this or that in order to reclaim their manhood, re-establish their ostensibly lost dignity, and God knows what else. There is a place for these questions in certain kinds of intellectual discussions and in certain political forums, but there is no place for these questions in the formation of university policy. In such a context they represent a benevolent paternalism that is

Eugene Genovese is professor of history at Sir George Williams University in Montreal and has this year been teaching history at Yale University.

neither more nor less than racist. Whites in general and university professors and administrators in particular are not required to show "sympathy," "compassion," "understanding," and other manifestations of liberal guilt feelings; they are required to take black demands seriously—to take them straight, on their merits. That is, they are required to treat political demands politically and to meet their responsibility to fight white racism while also meeting their responsibility to defend the integrity and dignity of the university community as a whole.

Only if the universities have a clear attitude toward themselves will they be able to fulfill their duty to the black community. Our universities, if they are to survive—and their survival is problematical—must redefine themselves as institutions of higher learning and firmly reject the role of cadre-training schools for government, business, or community organizations of any kind. Blame for the present crisis ought to be placed on those who, especially after World War II, opened the universities to the military, to big-business recruitment, to the "fight against Communism," to the CIA, and to numerous other rightist pressures. If Dow Chemical or ROTC belongs on a college campus, so does the Communist Party, the Black Panthers, the John Birch Society, the Campfire Girls, or the Mafia for that matter. Students have a clear political right to organize on campuses as Democrats, Republicans, Communists, Panthers, or whatever, provided their activities are appropriate to campus life, but the universities have no business making special institutional arrangements with this or that faction off campus and then putting down other factions as illicit. And government and business represent political intrusions quite as much as do political parties. The same is true for the anachronistic and absurd practice of having American universities controlled by boards of trustees instead of by their faculties in consultation with the students. In short, the black studies question, like the black revolt as a whole, has raised all the fundamental problems of class power in American life, and the solutions will have to run deep into the structure of the institutions themselves.

What the universities owe to black America is what they owe to white America: an atmosphere of freedom and dissent for the pursuit of higher learning. Black people have largely been excluded in the past, for the atmosphere has been racist, the history and culture of black people have been ignored or caricatured, and access to the universities themselves has been severely circumscribed. Black studies programs, shaped in a manner consistent with such traditional university values as ideological freedom and diversity, can help to correct this injustice. So can scholarships and financial assistance to black students and special facil-

ities for those blacks who wish to live and work with some degree of ethnic homogeneity. But no university is required to surrender its basic standards of competence in the selection of faculty or the admission of students. If not enough black students are equipped to enter college today, it is because of atrocious conditions in lower education. The universities can take a few steps to correct this injustice, but the real fight must take place elsewhere in society and must be aimed at providing black communities with the financial resources, independence, and autonomy necessary to educate their people properly from the earliest appropriate ages. There are limits to what a particular institution like a university can do, and it dare not try to solve problems that can be solved only by the political institutions of society as a whole. And above all, no university need surrender its historical role and essential content in order to right the wrongs of the whole political and social system; it need only reform itself to contribute to a solution of the broader problems in a manner consistent with its character as a place of higher learning with limited functions, possibilities, and responsibilities.

Black studies programs have two legitimate tasks. First, they can, by their very nature, provide a setting within which black people can forge an intelligentsia equipped to provide leadership on various levels of political and cultural action. Black studies programs themselves can do only part of this job. For that reason many able and sophisticated sections of the Black Student Alliance organizations wisely call on their brothers and sisters to participate in these programs but also to specialize in medicine, engineering, sociology, economic analysis, or in fact any scientific or humanistic field. They know that only the emergence of a fully developed intelligentsia, with training in every field of knowledge, can ultimately meet the deepest needs of the black community. In this respect, notwithstanding strong elements of nihilism in their own organizations, their seriousness, maturity, discipline, and realism stand in striking contrast to the childish anti-intellectualism of those bourgeois whites who currently claim to speak for the radical student movement and who impose upon it their own version of generational revolt.

Second, black studies can help immeasurably to combat the racism of white students. The exclusion of whites from the faculty and student body of the black studies programs would therefore defeat half the purpose of the programs themselves. Undoubtedly, there are problems. To the extent that black students view these courses as places of refuge where they can rap with their brothers, they are certain to resent the white presence, not to mention a possible white numerical predominance among the student body. Black students who want an exclusively black setting are entitled to it—in a black university. They are not entitled to tear any

institution apart to suit their present mood. The universities owe black people a chance to get a liberal or technical education, but that debt can only be paid in a way consistent with the proper role of the university in society. Beyond that, no university may safely go. If it tries, the result can only be the end of any worthwhile higher education. The inability of so many radical whites to grasp this obvious point is especially galling. It ought to be obvious that the elite schools will protect themselves from this kind of degradation, even if they continue to accept the degradation that accompanies complicity with the war machine and with big business. It is the others—the ones serving the working-class and lower-middle-class youth—that will perish or be transformed into extensions of low-grade high schools. Universities must resist the onslaught now being made against them by superficially radical bourgeois students who have exploited the struggles over black studies programs

to advance their own tactical objectives. Fortunately, these elements do not speak for the radical student movement as a whole but represent only a tendency within it; the internal diversity of organizations like SDS, for example, far exceeds the level revealed in the press.

No matter how painful some of the battles are or will become, the advent of black studies programs represents a momentous step toward the establishment of relations of equality between white and black intellectuals. But, if these programs are to realize their potential in support of black liberation and in the fostering of genuinely free and critical scholarship, our universities must resolve honestly the questions of limits and legitimacy. Those who blindly ignore or cynically manipulate these questions, and the reforms they imply, corrupt the meaning of black studies and risk the destruction of institutions necessary to the preservation of freedom in American life.

Out of three or four in a room

by Yehuda Amichai

Out of three or four in a room
One is always standing at the window.
Forced to see the injustice amongst the thorns,
The fires on the hill.

And people who left whole
Are brought home in the evening, like small change.

Out of three or four in a room
One is always standing at the window.
Hair dark above his thoughts.
Behind him, the words.
And in front of him the words, wandering, without luggage.
Hearts without provision, prophecies without water
And big stones put there
And staying, closed, like letters.
With no addresses; and no one to receive them.

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THE KITCHEN

I was there again last night; not, I need hardly say, deliberately—if I had my own way I would never want to think of that house or that city, let alone revisit them. It was the usual pattern. I was in Cork on some family business; my business required that I should walk past the house; and, as usual, although it was the deep middle of the night, the kitchen window upstairs was dimly lit, as if by a lamp turned low, the way my mother used always fix it to welcome my father home from night duty. She usually left a covered saucepan of milk beside the lamp. He would put it on the stove to heat while he shook the rain from his cape all over the red tiles of the kitchen, hung his uniform on the back of the door, and put on a pair of slippers. He welcomed the hot milk. It rains a lot in Cork, and the night rain can be very cold. Then, as happens in dreams, where you can walk through walls like a pure spirit and time gets telescoped, it was suddenly broad daylight, I was standing in the empty kitchen, and that young man was once again saying to me with a kindly chuckle, “So *this* is what all that was about?” It was five past three in the morning when I sat up and groped wildly for the bedside light to dispel the misery of those eight dismissive words that I am apparently never going to be allowed to forget, even in my sleep.

It is a graceless lump of a house, three stories high, rhomboidal, cement-faced, built at the meeting point of a quiet side street curving out of an open square and a narrow, noisy, muddy, sunless street leading to one of the busiest parts of the city. Every day for over twenty years I used to look down into this narrow street from the kitchen window—down because of the shop beneath us on the

ground floor, occupied in my childhood by a firm of electrical contractors named Cyril and Eaton. Theirs was a quiet profession. Later on, when the shop was occupied by a bootmaker, we could hear his machines slapping, thumping, and buzzing below us all day long.

My guess is that the house was built around 1870; anyway it had the solid, ugly, utilitarian look of the period. Not that my father and mother ever thought it ugly. They would not have known what the word meant. To them, born peasants, straight from the fields, all that the word “beautiful” meant was suitable, or useful, or prolific, and all “ugly” meant was useless or worthless—a field that grew bad crops, a barn that leaked, a cow that gave poor milk. So, when they told us children, as they often did, that we were now living in a beautiful house, all they meant was that it suited our purposes perfectly. They may also have meant something else. Because they had been told that the house had originally been put up by a builder for his own use, they considered it prime property. It was as if they had come into possession of land owned by a gentleman farmer for generations. Few things are more dear to the heart of a peasant than a clean pedigree. Its beauty keeps history at bay.

Not, of course, that they owned the house, although they sometimes talked dreamily about how they would buy it one day. Landless people, in other words people of no substance, they had already gone to the limit of daring by renting it for £26 a year, a respectable sum in those days for a man like my father—an ordinary policeman, rank of constable, earning about thirty bob a week. Their purpose in renting so big a place was to eke out his modest income by taking in the steady suc-

by Sean O’Faolain

cession of lodgers who were ultimately to fill the whole house, with the sole exception of the red-tiled kitchen, where the six of us lived, cooked, idled, or worked. I do not count as rooms the warren of attics high up under the roof where we all, including the slavey (half-a-crown a week and her keep), slept with nothing between us and the moon but the bare slates. We were far from well off. Still we were not really poor. Perhaps because we knew no better, we were contented.

During some forty years this was my parents' home: for even after my brothers and I grew up and scattered to the corners of the compass, and my mother grew too old to go on keeping lodgers, and my father retired, they still held on to it. So well they might! I was looking at my father's discharge papers this morning. I find that when he retired at the age of fifty his pension was £48. 10s. 8d. a year. Fortunately he did get a part-time job as a caretaker of a garage at night, which brought him in another £25. 5s. 5d. a year. Any roof at ten bob a week was nicely within his means. It must also have been a heartbreak to his landlord, who could not legally increase the rent.

One day, however, about a year before I left home—I was the last of us to go—my father got a letter which threatened to end this agreeable state of affairs. When he and my mother had painstakingly digested its legal formalities, they found to their horror that the bootmaker downstairs had, as the saying goes, quietly bought the house “over their heads,” and was therefore their new landlord.

Now, forty odd years in a city, even in so small a city as Cork, can go a long way toward turning a peasant into a citizen. My father, as a lifelong member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, then admirably called The Force, had over the years imbibed from his training and from the example of his officers, who were mostly Protestants and Gentlemen, not only a strong sense of military, I might even say of imperial, discipline but a considerable degree of urban refinement. My mother had likewise learned her own proper kind of urban ways, house pride, such skills as cooking and dressmaking, and a great liking for pretty clothes. At times she even affected a citified accent. When they read this letter and stared at one another in fright, they might, at that moment, have been any two peasants from Limerick or Kerry peering timidly through the rain from the door of a thatched hovel at a landlord or his agent or some villainous land-grabber driving up their brambled breen to throw them out on the side of the road to die of cold and starvation. The kitchen suddenly became noisy with words, phrases, and names that, I well knew, they could not have heard since their childhood—evictions, bum bailiffs, forcible entry, rights of way, actions for trespass, easements, appeals, breaches of covenant, the Land Leaguers, the Whiteboys, Parnell and Captain Boycott, as if the bootmaker

downstairs slept with a shotgun by his bed every night, and a brace of bloodhounds outside his shop door every day.

Nothing I said to comfort them could persuade them that their bootmaker could not possibly want to evict them; or that, far from being a land-grabber, or even a house-grabber, he was just an ordinary, normal, decent hardworking businessman, with a large family of his own toiling beside him at his machines, who, if he wanted anything at all, could not conceivably want more than, say, one extra room where he could put another sewing machine or store his leather. And, in fact, as he patiently explained to my father, that was all he did want; or perhaps a little more—two rooms, and access for his girls to our private W.C. on the turn of the stairs. He must have been much surprised to find himself thereby thrown headlong into the heart of a raging land war.

I left home that year so I cannot tell if there was or was not litigation at this first stage of the battle. All I knew for certain is that, after about a year and a half of argufying, both parties settled for one room and access to the W.C. The rest I was to gather and surmise from their letters to me. These conveyed that some sort of growling peace descended on everybody for about three years, toward the end of which my father died, my mother became the sole occupant, and the bootmaker, seeing that he now had only one tenant over his head, and that with expanding business he was even more cramped for space than before, renewed his request for a second room.

At once, the war broke out again, intensified now by the fact, as my mother saw it, that a bloody villain of a land-grabber, and a black Protestant to boot, was trying to throw a lonely, helpless, ailing, defenseless, solitary poor widow-woman out on the side of the road to die. The bootmaker nevertheless persisted. It took him about two more years of bitter struggle to get his second room. When he got it, he was in possession of the whole of the second floor of his house with the exception of the red-tiled kitchen.

Peace returned, grumbling and growling. Patiently he let another year pass. Then, in the gentlest possible words, he begged that my mother might be so kind, and so understanding, as to allow one of his girls, and only one, to enter the kitchen once a day, and only once, for the sole purpose of filling a kettle of water from the tap of her kitchen sink. There was, to be sure, he agreed, another tap downstairs in his backyard—a dank five-foot-square patch of cement—but it stood outside the male workers' outdoor W.C., and she would not, he hoped and trusted, wish any girl to be going out there to get water for her poor little cup of tea? I am sure it was the thought of the girl's poor little cup of tea that softened my mother's heart. She royally granted the humane

permission—and at once began to regret it.

She realized that she had given the black villain a toehold into her kitchen and foresaw that the next thing he would want would be to take it over completely. She was right. I can only infer that as the bootmaking business went on expanding, so did the bootmaker's sense of the value of time. At any rate he was soon pointing out to my mother that it was a dreadful expense to him and a hardship to his staff to have to close his shop for an hour and a half every day while his workers, including his family, trudged home, in all weathers, some of them quite a long distance, for their midday meal. If he had the kitchen they could eat their lunch, dry-shod and in comfort, inside half an hour. He entered a formal request for the kitchen.

Looking back at it now, after the passage of well over a quarter of a century, I can see clearly enough that he thought he was making a wholly reasonable request. After all, in addition to her kitchen my mother still possessed the third floor of the house, containing three fine rooms and a spacious bathroom. One of those rooms could become her kitchen, another remain her bedroom, and the third and largest, which she never used, would make a splendid living room, overlooking the square, with its pleasant enclosure of grass and shrubs, and commanding an open view up to the main thoroughfare of the city—all in all as desirable an apartment, by any standards, as thousands of home-hungry Corkonians would have given their ears to possess.

Unfortunately, if I did decide to think his request reasonable, what I would have to forget, and what he completely failed to reckon with, was that there is not a peasant widow-woman from the mountains of west Cork to the wilds of Calabria who does not feel her kitchen as the pulse and center of her being as a wife and a mother. That red-tiled kitchen had been my mother's nest and nursery, her fireside where she prayed every morning, her chimney corner where she rested every night, the sanctum sanctorum of all her belongings, a place whose every stain and smell, spider web and mousehole, crooked nail and cracked cup made it the ark of the covenant that she had kept through forty years of sweat and struggle for her lost husband and her scattered children.

If she lost her kitchen, what would she do when the Bottle Woman came, to buy empty bottles at a halfpenny apiece? This was where she always brought her to sit and share a pot of tea and argue over the bottles and talk about the secret doings of Cork. Where could she talk with the Dead Man, collecting her funeral insurance at sixpence a week, if she did not have her warm, red-eyed range where he could take off his damp boots and warm

his feet in the oven while she picked him dry of all the gossip of the narrow street beneath her window? She had never in her life locked the front door downstairs except at night. Like the door of any country cottage, it was always on the latch for any one of her three or four cronies to shove open and call out to her, "Are ye there, can I come up?"—at which she would hear their footsteps banging on the brass edgings of the stairs while she began to poke the fire in the range, and fill the kettle for the tea, or stir the pot of soup on the range in preparation for a cozy chat. All her life her neighbors had dropped into her kitchen. They would be insulted if she did not invite them into her kitchen. She would not have a crony in the world without her kitchen.

Knowing nothing of all this, the bootmaker could argue himself hoarse with her, plead and wheedle with her to accept the shiniest, best-equipped, most modern kitchenette, all run by electricity, all white and gleaming, two stories up from the hall door, to him a marvelous exchange for this battered old cave downstairs, where she crouched over a range called the Prince Albert, where the tiles were becoming loose, where he could see nothing to look at but a chipped sink, one chair, a table, one cupboard, a couple of old wooden shelves, and a sofa with the horsehair coming out of it like a mustache. He might just as well have said to a queen, "Give me your throne, and I'll leave you the palace."

While as for proposing that she could keep her old kip of a kitchen if she would only let him make a proper kitchen upstairs for himself, his family, and his workers . . .

"Aha, nah!" she would cry at me whenever I visited her; and the older and angrier she became the more did her speech revert to the flat accent of her flat west Limerick, with its vanishing versts of greasy, limestone roads, its rusty reeds, its wind-rattling alders, and its low rain clouds endlessly trailing their Atlantic hair across the sodden plain. "Is it to take me in the rear he wants to now? To lock me up in the loft? To grind me like cornmeal between the upstairs and the downstairs? A room? And then another room? And after that another? And then what? When he'd have me surrounded with noise, and shmoke, and shmells, and darkness and a tick-tack-turrorum all day long? My mother, and my grandmother before her, didn't fight the landlords, and the agents, and the helmeted peelers with their gray guns and their black battering rams for me to let the flag down now! It's a true word, God knows it, them Proteshtants wouldn't give you as much as a dry twig in a rotten wood to light your pipe with it. Well I remember the time ould foxy-whiskers, Mister Woodley the parson, died of the grippe away back in Crawmore, and my uncle Phil stole out the night after his funeral to cut a log in his wood! While he was sawing it, didn't the moon come out from behind a cloud, and who do

you think was sitting on the end of the log looking at him out of his foxy eyes? Out of my kitchen I will not stir until ye carry me out on a board to lie in the clay beside my poor Dinny. And not one single minit before!”

Which was what happened, exactly six years later.

All in all, from start to finish, my mother's land war must have lasted nearly fourteen years. But what is fourteen years to an old woman whose line and stock clung by their fingernails to their last, sour bits of earth for four centuries? I am quite sure the poor bootmaker never understood to the day of his death the nerve of time he had so unwittingly touched.

After the funeral it was my last task to empty the house, to shovel away—there is no other word for it—her life's lares and penates to a junk dealer for thirty shillings. When it was all done, I was standing alone in the empty kitchen, where I used to do my homework every evening as a boy, watching her cooking, or baking, or making, or mending, or my father cobbling a pair of shoes for one of us, or sitting at his ease, smoking his pipe, in his favorite straw-bottomed chair, in his gray constabulary shirt, reading the racing news in the pink *Cork Evening Echo*. As I stood there I suddenly became aware that a young man was standing in the doorway. He was the bootmaker's son.

Oddly enough, I had never spoken to his father, although years ago I had seen him passing busily in and out of his shop, always looking worn and worried. But I had once met this son of his in the mountains of west Cork—fishing? shooting?—and I had found him a most attractive young fellow. He came forward now, shook hands with me in a warm, manly way, and told me how sorry he was for me in my bereavement.

“Your mother was a grand old warrior,” he said, in genuine admiration. “My father always had the greatest respect for her.”

We chatted about this and that for a while. Then, for a moment we both fell silent. He looked curiously around the bare walls, chuckled tolerantly, shook his head several times, and said, “So *this* is what all that was about?”

At those eight words, so kindly meant, so good-humored, so tolerant, and so uncomprehending, a shock of weakness flowed up through me like defeat until my head began to reel and my eyes were swimming.

It was true that there was nothing for either of us to see but a red-tiled floor, a smoke-gray ceiling, and four tawny distempered walls bearing some brighter patches where a few pictures had hung and the cupboard and the sofa used to stand. The wall to our right had deposited at its base a scruff of distemper like dandruff. The wall to our left gaped at

us with parched mouths. He smiled up at the fly-spotted bulb in the ceiling. He touched a loose tile with his toe and sighed deeply. All that about all this? For fourteen bloody years! And yet, only a few hours before, when I had looked down at her for the last time, withdrawn like a snail into her shriveled house, I had suddenly found myself straining, bending, listening as if, I afterwards thought, I had been staring into a tunnel of time, much as I stared now at him, at one with him in his bewilderment.

I thought I had completely understood what it was all about that morning years ago when they read that letter and so pathetically, so embarrassingly, even so comically revealed the terror and the power of time. I had thought the old bootmaker's mistake had been his failure to understand the long fuse he had so unwittingly lighted. But now—staring at this good-humored young man who, if I had said all this to him, would at once have understood, and have at once retorted, “But even so!”—I realized that they, and that, and this, and he, and I were all caught in something beyond reason and time. In a daze I shook hands with him again, thanked him again for his sympathy, and handed him the keys of victory. I was still dazed as I sat in the afternoon train for Dublin, facing the mile-long tunnel that burrows underneath the city out to the light and air of the upper world. As it slowly slid into the tunnel, I swore that I would never return.

Since then I must have gone back there forty times, sometimes kidnapped by her, sometimes by my father, sometimes by an anonymous rout of shadowy creatures out of a masked ball, and sometimes it is not at all the city I once knew but a fantastically beautiful place with great squares and pinnacled, porphyry buildings, and snowy ships drawing up beside marble quays, but always, whatever the order of my guides, captors, or companions, I find myself at the end alone in a narrow street, dark except for its single window, and then, suddenly, it is broad daylight and I am in our old kitchen hearing that young man say in his easy way, “So *this* is what all that was about?”, and I start awake in my own dark, babbling, clawing for the switch. As I sit up in bed, I can never remember what it was that I had been babbling, but I do understand all over again what it was all about. It was all about the scratching mole. In her time, when she heard it she refused to listen, as I do when I hear her velvet burrowing, softer than sand crumbling or snow tapping.

She was a grand old warrior. She fought her fight to a finish. She was entirely right in everything she did. I am all for her. Still, when I switch on the bulb over my head, I do it only to banish her, to evict her, to push her out of my house that I have built for myself, and I often lie back to sleep under its bright light lest, in the dark, I should hear her whispering to me again.



How sophisticated was America's diplomatic handling of the *Pueblo* crisis? What were the strategic options, and how do they relate to the downing of a U.S. reconnaissance plane in early April?

INTERNATIONAL CONFLICT FOR BEGINNERS

by Roger Fisher

Governments necessarily consider the consequences of their decisions. They compare, crudely or carefully, the expected results of making a given decision with the expected results of not making it. The standard way of exerting influence is to try to alter the government's perception of some of these expected results. Two sets of results are involved, one on each side of the choice that is open.

On each side of that choice some consequences are likely to be favorable to the government and some unfavorable. The effective pressure upon a government to decide one way or the other depends upon the difference between the perceived net "payoff" of making the decision weighed against the perceived net "payoff" of not doing so. Although these payoffs are almost never subject to quantitative valuation, it is useful to try to sketch out to the best of our ability a balance sheet as it would look to the government we are trying to influence, if that government prepared one.

As an example, consider the choice facing the government of North Korea in February, 1968, after it had seized the United States Navy's electronic reconnaissance vessel *Pueblo* and its crew in waters off the coast of North Korea. The United States government, insisting that the ship had been illegally seized on the high seas, demanded the immediate return of the ship and the crew. To the government of North Korea the choice, presented in terms of a balance sheet, may have looked something like the following:

I. NORTH KOREA'S CHOICE JUST AFTER THE PUEBLO SEIZED (“we” = North Korea)

*If we return the ship
and crew*

(+) Almost no risk of military reprisal

(−) We admit the seizure was wrong

We yield to U.S. military blackmail

We look incompetent

We accept the legitimacy of spy boats

*If we keep the ship
and crew*

(−) Some risk of military reprisal

(+) We gain intelligence from ship and crew

We show U.S. to be powerless

We divert U.S. from Vietnam

We support war against U.S.

We intimidate South Korea

We tend to split South Korea from U.S.

We direct attention to U.S. spying

We can always return ship and crew later

If that is anything like a fair estimate of the choice as it looked to the government of North Korea, it is not surprising that the ship was kept

despite the United States's demand for its return. The lefthand column constitutes what we have been calling the offer—the consequences that result from making the desired decision. From the North Korean point of view it was not an attractive offer. The righthand column constitutes what we have been calling the threat, yet from the North Korean point of view it looked pretty attractive.

The normal first reaction is to try to exert influence by making the threat side less attractive. In the *Pueblo* case the United States sent naval ships toward Korea in a "show of force." The United States endeavored to increase North Korea's fear of military reprisals, should they keep the ship and crew. But this was a difficult task. It was not the lack of U.S. military capability in the area which North Korea was relying on to prevent military reprisals; it was the fact that North Korea held the crew as hostages. The North Korean government had undoubtedly assessed the risk of our retaliation before they seized the *Pueblo*, and there was little that the hasty movement of U.S. naval vessels in the area would do to change that risk.

A well-considered program for trying to exert influence on North Korea would look at the whole balance sheet as it appeared to them and consider what might be done to change the decision we were seeking and to change the consequences which they might expect to follow from making or not making that decision. In such an analysis the possible changes on the offer side of the balance sheet usually hold out greater unexplored opportunities for influence than those on the threat side.

There are various ways of exerting influence by making it appear more attractive to another government to do what we would like it to do. Before turning to the general problem, let us consider what might have been done in the case of the *Pueblo*.

The analytical task is to construct a hypothetical or target balance sheet which we think might cause North Korea to make the decision we would like it to make. We should also sketch out a separate balance sheet for ourselves and determine whether the potential benefit to us of trying to exert this influence is worth the costs.

The approach is illustrated by the following suggestions, which were prepared just after the *Pueblo* was seized:

II. PROGRAM: A POSSIBLE SCHEME DESIGNED TO INFLUENCE NORTH KOREA

Change the demand:

- Suggest that the crew be returned without prejudice to North Korea's position and that the disposition of the ship await a full settlement of the dispute.

Change the threat:

- Remove any threat of immediate military attack by words and by withdrawing U.S. naval ships from the area.

- Identify the threat if the dispute continues as being that the United States is likely to embark on a long-term program of building up the military strength of South Korea.

Change the offer:

- Recognize the incident as one involving issues of fact and law with something to be said for each side.
- Treat the dispute as one of many to be settled peacefully.
- Play down urgency.
- Indicate a willingness to apologize for any intrusion that did occur.
- Promise to discipline any officers if we find that an intrusion into North Korea's waters, whether deliberate or careless, did take place.
- Offer to discuss the general problem of reducing conduct regarded by either side as unduly provocative, including possible limitations on electronic surveillance.

The hope would be that if the United States pursued such a program, this would, in a few weeks, confront the North Korean government with a choice which looked quite different from the one they faced when they decided not to return the ship and crew immediately upon the demand of the United States. It might then appear to be roughly as follows:

III. TARGET BALANCE SHEET NORTH KOREA'S CHOICE AFTER THE PROGRAM (*"we"* = North Korea)

<i>If we return the crew</i>	<i>If we keep the crew</i>
(+) No risk of military reprisal	(—) An increased risk of U.S.-South Korean buildup
We look generous (men are being returned by agreement, not under threat)	Increased risk of close cooperation between United States and South Korea
Our seizure has been partially vindicated	We risk justifying increased U.S. overflights, and so on
We can keep the ship with some legitimacy	We risk criticism from U.S.S.R., Poland, and from neutrals
We already have all the intelligence data we can get from the crew	(+) We maintain our stance as a tough David standing up to Goliath
U.S. accepts some responsibility	We can always return the crew later
U.S. spy-ship provocations are less likely in the future	
(—) We may look soft	
We give up hostages which might be a future bargaining counter	

If we had confronted North Korea with such a choice, we might have reasonably expected it to decide to return the crew. Before concluding that

we should initiate such a program, however, we would have to strike our own balance sheet and consider the pros and cons, along the following lines:

IV. OUR CHOICE: SHOULD WE ADOPT THE SUGGESTED PROGRAM? (“we” = the U.S.)

<i>If we follow the proposed program</i>	<i>If we do not</i>
(+) There is a good chance the crew will be returned and the dispute settled peacefully	(-) The crew will probably remain in North Korea indefinitely
If not, we will at least appear reasonable to many people	The dispute is likely to use up a good deal of time and effort
(-) We may look soft to the world	The dispute might flare up (but we can probably prevent that)
We probably give up any chance of getting the ship back	Some domestic pressure will exist for the government to escalate the dispute
In substance, we let North Korea “get away with it”	(+) We do not have to make any decisions now
South Korea may get upset	We can always do something later if we decide to
We will have to be more careful of our reconnaissance ships in the future	

Faced with such a choice, the United States government might reasonably decide either way. Perhaps the fate of some eighty crewmen would not be so crucial considering the casualties being suffered in Vietnam, and the United States would conclude not to initiate the suggested program designed to obtain the return of the men. What is being argued here is not the wisdom of the suggested program but rather two things: that this kind of analysis helps one think clearly about such a problem, and that a government's choice can be radically and often easily affected by actions designed to change the “offer”—the consequences to them of doing what we want them to do.

Further, it is *not* being suggested that such an analysis is a substitute for detailed knowledge or historical understanding of the people concerned. Quite the contrary. As is apparent from the example, this form of analysis directs attention to questions of national attitude and interest which are likely to affect a government's decision and should help formulate those questions in a way which will make it easier for experts to be of help to decision-makers.

In this era of nuclear weapons and deterrence,

the Department of Defense has become quite sophisticated about making threats. We have no comparable sophistication regarding the making of offers. This is true despite the fact that the process of exerting influence through offers is far more conducive to international peace than the process of exerting influence by threats.

Change the beneficiary

One way to improve the impact of an offer is to focus on the beneficiary of the offer and his relationship to those we are asking to make the decision. We may be able to improve the effectiveness of the offer by changing those upon whom it has its primary impact. It may be possible, for example, to have the beneficial consequences of a decision fall on those who are more closely involved in the decision. When we attempt to exert influence on a government, we often consider the other country as a single unit. Instead we should look to those within the country who will be making the decision. The offer to all Rhodesians of “free participation in a political democracy” if they would return to constitutional government was not much of an offer to those who had the power to make a decision, the Ian Smith government. They were not going to be better off in terms of power. An offer addressed to them should probably have dealt with ways of lessening their fear of a takeover by an illiterate black majority. When we have identified those to whom the offer is being made, we want to be sure that it appeals to them.

Make the offer more attractive

The primary way to improve our offers is to make them look better to the government we are trying to influence. I have used the word “offer” to designate the entire set of consequences to the adversary government of making the decision we want them to make. As we have seen, there are costs as well as benefits to them in this set; there are minuses as well as pluses in the offer. They will presumably be losing some things by changing their minds and by making the decision we want them to make. As the example about North Korea showed, we can change the substance of the offer both by improving the advantages they see in making the decision and also by reducing or alleviating some of the costs to them of going along with us, costs which also fall on the offer side of the balance sheet.

In April, 1965, the United States offered one billion dollars in aid to both Vietnams if peace

Roger Fisher teaches law at Harvard University. A longer version of this article will appear in his book of the same title, due this month from Harper & Row.

could be restored. But the idea of a one-billion-dollar U.S. aid program may not have seemed attractive to the North Vietnamese. Political leaders who saw themselves as risking their lives in furtherance of national independence, socialism, and anticolonialism may have regarded the prospect of extensive and indefinite economic involvement by a capitalist country in the affairs of Vietnam as more of a threat than a promise. By using their terms, their language, and by changing the style of this offer, we might have made it much more attractive to them. We could, for example, have turned one billion dollars over to the Asian Development Bank to be used for reconstruction and development in all of Vietnam, it being understood that North Vietnam, if it wished, could consider its share as compensation for damage done by American bombers and artillery fire. The entire program could have been set up to be administered by Asians. Such a scheme would have been far more attractive to North Vietnam and therefore would have exerted, for the same dollar price, far more influence.

This example demonstrates that if we are going to offer the donkey some turnips, we had better be sure he likes turnips. We need to have at least some perception of an adversary's values. We ought not to assume that they are a mirror image of ourselves, oriented to the things we would like in the same circumstances.

Reduce the disadvantages of making the decision

Perhaps more important to the adversary are the minuses in the offer: the disadvantages to them of going along with the decision we want. One way to improve the offer is to lessen the costs the adversary will incur by making our decision. It is not sympathy for an adversary but common sense that we should make it as easy and attractive as possible for him to do what we would like him to do.

A government is often deterred from making the decision we want by the high political costs anticipated from making it. Where there are costs in continuing its present course, but also costs in changing its mind, inertia may exaggerate the effect of the costs of change. The *Pueblo* example given above suggests the desirability of working out all the reasons which another government may have for not deciding the way we would like it to decide, and of then seeing what we can do to minimize those costs.

Make our offers more credible

In addition to changing the substance or content of an offer, we can exert influence by making it appear more likely that what we say will happen will in fact happen. As to any statement about the

future, there is necessarily some element of uncertainty. To the extent that we are seeking to exert influence by holding out attractive consequences for a government if it should make the decision we want it to make, the more certain we can make those consequences the more successful we will be. We will increase the impact of our offers if we make them more credible.

Much of our national defense budget has been devoted to the problem of making our threats credible. We have spent billions of dollars on nuclear weapons for the sole purpose of convincing other governments that we have both the capability and the intention of implementing a threat of nuclear retaliation. There is voluminous literature on threats. The distinction has been explored between threats narrowly defined and "warnings," consequences which will result naturally or which we will be compelled by self-interest to impose and which are therefore more credible.

On the other hand, little attention has been devoted to the problem of making our offers credible, the problem of convincing another government that the alleged advantages of their making a decision we would like them to make will really materialize. Government officials and critics ought to pay more attention to this element of policy if only because it has been so neglected. Moreover, the credibility of offers may be even more critical than the credibility of threats.

For one thing, even a small chance of having to pay a great cost is an adequate basis for a governmental decision, whereas a small chance of a fairly large benefit is not. A threat may be effective even though it is not highly probable that it would be implemented. It is easy for a political leader to justify, to his government and his own domestic audience, taking a course of action because there was a 20 or 30 percent chance that, if he did not, the country would be heavily bombed. A country can be deterred from doing something by a small risk of disaster. The consequences of the course of action that was avoided remain uncertain. No one knows for sure what would have happened. This uncertainty protects the government which can easily defend its decision to avoid the risk.

Political leaders are not, however, prone to take action on a small chance—a bet—that it will produce very good consequences. Ho Chi Minh might have believed that if the North Vietnamese stopped fighting and withdrew, there was a small chance, but a good one, of a highly favorable outcome: the United States would honor its promise to withdraw completely within six months. But no matter how favorable the outcome, so long as the chance of it appeared small, it would be politically indefensible for him to take that chance. He would not be able to go back to his people and say, "We accepted the American promise because we figured there was a 30 percent chance we could get what we wanted at

no further cost. It was a sound bet under the circumstances. It was a worthwhile risk to take. It just didn't go our way." A government wants to be highly certain that if it makes a decision in order to derive some benefits, those benefits are going to materialize.

Some ways to make our offers credible

One way to increase the perceived probability of our implementing an offer is to increase the objective probability. By making a commitment from which we cannot back down we can show an adversary that we will have to come through on the offer. Even if the North Vietnamese believed that President Johnson was personally committed to the

offer of a billion dollars in aid, they probably correctly believed that a different Administration would feel less bound. They might have thought the offer incredible because it would be difficult to get it through Congress in the event of peace. If we had actually appropriated the money for distribution when peace was established (perhaps with the interest to be paid to us in the interim), it could not only have been more attractive because of Asian administration; it would have been far more credible. North Vietnam would have known that if peace came, we could not prevent the implementation of the offer. By committing ourselves, we would have exerted more influence.

Specificity increases the credibility of an offer. For one thing, a specific offer shows that we have thought about what we would be prepared to do and have worked out the details. It is a demonstration of our present intentions. Greater specificity also demonstrates greater commitment, and therefore makes for greater credibility. The political cost to us of backing out of a specific promise is greater than that of backing out of a loose or ambiguous one. The more explicit the promise, the more difficult it is to find excuses for nonperformance. By being specific, we are buying influence at the cost of flexibility. By becoming committed, however, we demonstrate to the adversary that we are serious about the offer.

A general offer to make sure that the rights of a white minority in Rhodesia are protected does not carry as much weight as a draft treaty or a specific constitution that the government of Great Britain would be willing to sign. An offer to pay a specific sum of money on a particular day carries much more conviction than an offer to pay a fair amount at an appropriate time. On Vietnam, President Johnson contributed to the credibility of his offers by being more specific than he might have been. The words "one billion dollars" added credibility to an offer of economic assistance after the war. To say we would get out in six months increased the credibility of our statement that if peace could be restored, United States troops would be withdrawn. Not only does "six months" show we have thought about our offer, it shows we are more committed. It becomes more costly politically for the United States to fail to produce on that offer. Therefore it is more credible, and exerts more influence. An offer to withdraw our troops "in due course" would not exert much influence.

It is costly to bluff. Bluffing about an offer is more damaging than bluffing about a threat. It is easier to re-establish a reputation for carrying out threats. Any failure to exert influence by a threat can be followed by action demonstrating that this time the threat was not a bluff. If we fail to implement one threat, we can always implement one later. Also, bluffing on one threat may not lead an adversary to conclude we will bluff again. Backing down on



Drawings by Robert Osborn

the implementation of one threat may in fact make it less likely that we will fail to implement a later threat. One could argue that because the Soviet Union "backed down" when faced with a United States quarantine of Cuba, it destroyed its credibility and that the United States could safely ignore any threats the Soviet Union might make about its response if the United States should try to impose a comparable quarantine on the North Vietnamese port of Haiphong. One could make the argument, but it is not convincing. The Soviets' ability to make a credible threat may even have been strengthened by their prior yielding. They can now say, and we may believe them, that having backed down once they cannot afford to back down a second time. It is not easy, however, to re-establish a reputation for honoring one's promises. Having been caught bluffing and having acquired a reputation for broken promises, we may not get opportunities to demonstrate that we are now sincere. If we go into a store and say, "I gave you a bad check last week but this one is good," the proprietor may not give us the opportunity to prove we are right.

Give them the benefits sooner

Governments are concerned about the time when the consequences of making a decision are going to materialize. Changing the timing of an offer may be an important way to exert influence. Governments are notoriously shortsighted; they apply a high discount rate. They are much more interested in what is going to happen next week than in what is going to happen next year. The more quickly they can expect the benefits of making a decision to come home to them, the more influence will those benefits exert. We should try to advance the delivery date of remote benefits so they appear more immediate, and therefore more important, to the adversary. And we should try to postpone, if we cannot eliminate, the drawbacks as they see them of making the decision. The high discount rate in government decision-making means that a distant benefit must be large indeed to justify incurring an immediate cost. We should try to reverse this effect. Following the example of commercial salesmen ("Fly now—pay later"), we should try to make the benefits precede the costs: an offer of immediate benefits for future costs. To do so involves some risk that the costs, when they fall due, will somehow be evaded, just as there is a risk that the installment buyer will skip town and fail to make his payments. But the fact that there is a significant default rate on credit sales does not mean that credit selling is a bad business. In fact, it is highly profitable.

Give them a fading opportunity

Part of the offer designed to influence an adversary to make a decision should encourage him to

make the decision now rather than later. Unless there are persuasive reasons for acting today, the tendency is always to wait and see. To make a given decision today is to give up the opportunity to get a better deal later. To postpone a decision leaves open the option to decide tomorrow and in the meantime to try to attempt to get better terms. The only cost is one day's delay. In most international conflicts the stakes are high. Benefits to be gained by improving the terms are likely to exceed the cost of waiting one more day. This tendency is likely to recur day after day.

Those who control the agenda exert influence not only by formulating the questions but by affecting the timing of decisions to be made on them. Part of our offer should make it much more attractive to the adversary to decide today than to delay. We should try to present an adversary government with a fading opportunity. They ought to perceive the decision which we are asking them to make as an opportunity which they will lose if they fail to act soon.

One advantage of offers over threats is that they can more easily be withdrawn before the adversary makes his choice. Rather than stating a price which is good forever, we should try to arrange offers or opportunities for decision which have an automatic expiration time. There is a great difference between saying "We are always willing to negotiate" and saying "We invite you to send a representative at the ministerial level to meet our representative in Columbo at 11 A.M. local time on Monday the twenty-fifth of this month." The first offer is unlikely to be withdrawn. It provides no reason for accepting it on one day rather than the next. To the contrary, there is reason to postpone a decision, hoping that something better may turn up. An offer that does not expire is like an option that is good indefinitely. It tends not to induce a decision but rather to induce delay while one explores the possibility of better terms. Delay offers something to gain and nothing to lose. On the other hand, an offer that expires by its own terms is an opportunity that knocks and may not knock again. A fading opportunity undercuts the argument within the other government that by failing to decide they can keep their options open.

Though we want to present another government with a reason for deciding now rather than postponing the decision, there are drawbacks to confronting an adversary with a public ultimatum. Either the political cost of giving in to our ultimatum or the precedent which that would establish might be enough to prevent the decision. This problem, however, can be at least partly solved by having the time limits set by a neutral third party, by secret communications, by ambiguity about the deadline, or by constructing the deadline so that it appears to result from facts outside anyone's control.

PORTFOLIO:



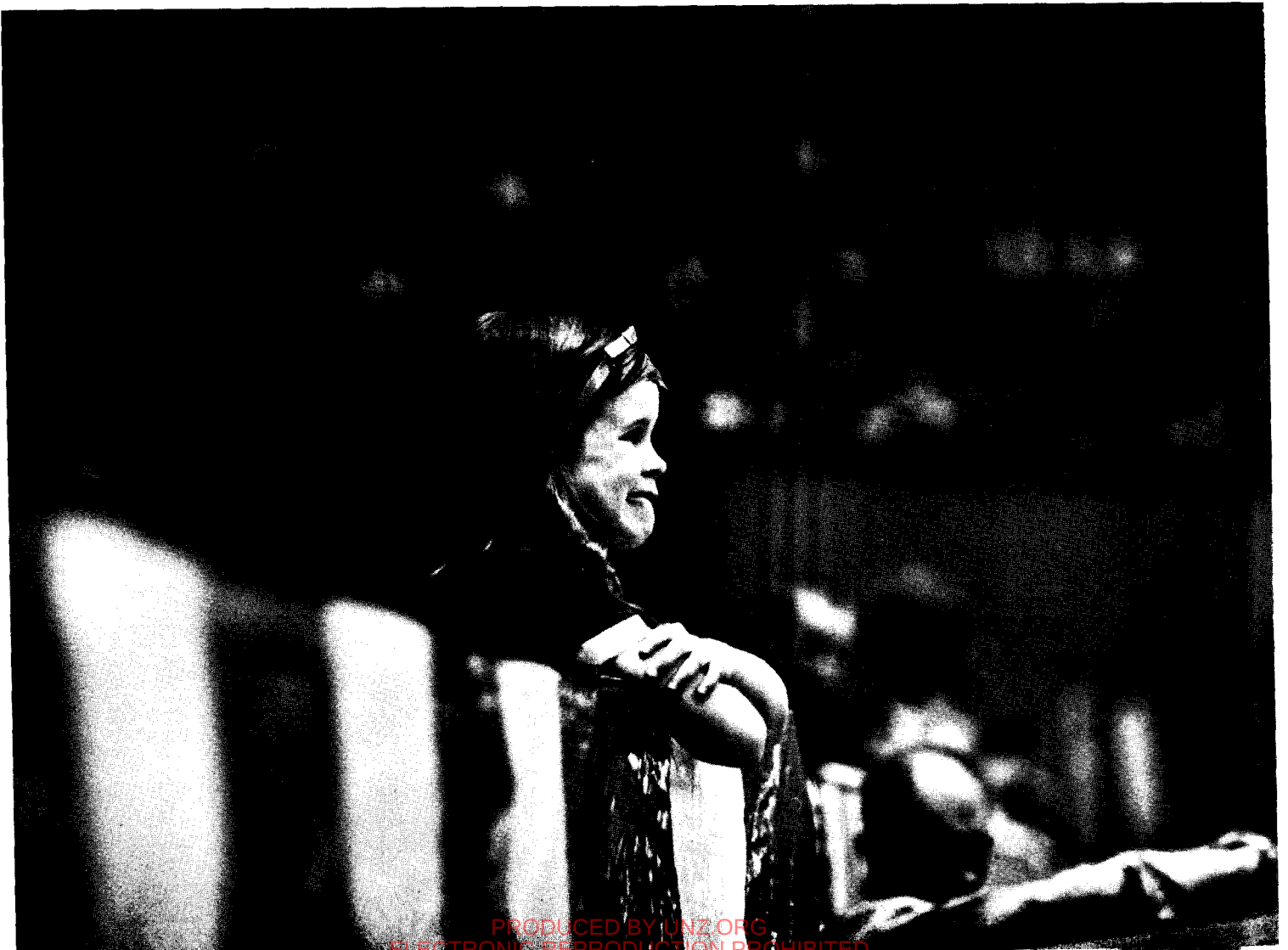
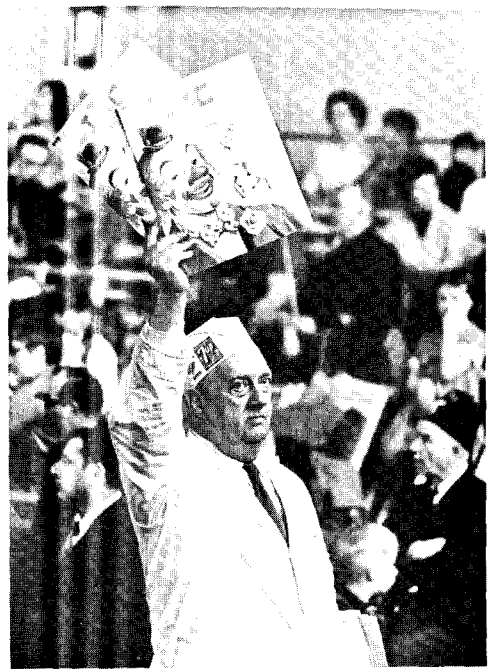
Someday perhaps it will be gone, another victim of the great blanderizer, television. But today the traveling circus still tours the country in many forms and sizes. In this portfolio of photographs Elliot Fenander, a high school teacher of English in Williamstown, Massachusetts, revives old sights and sensations: performers at work and at rest, spectators in thrall, the sequin glitter and menagerie smells, the sweet-sad sense of childhood passing, of illusion unmasked.







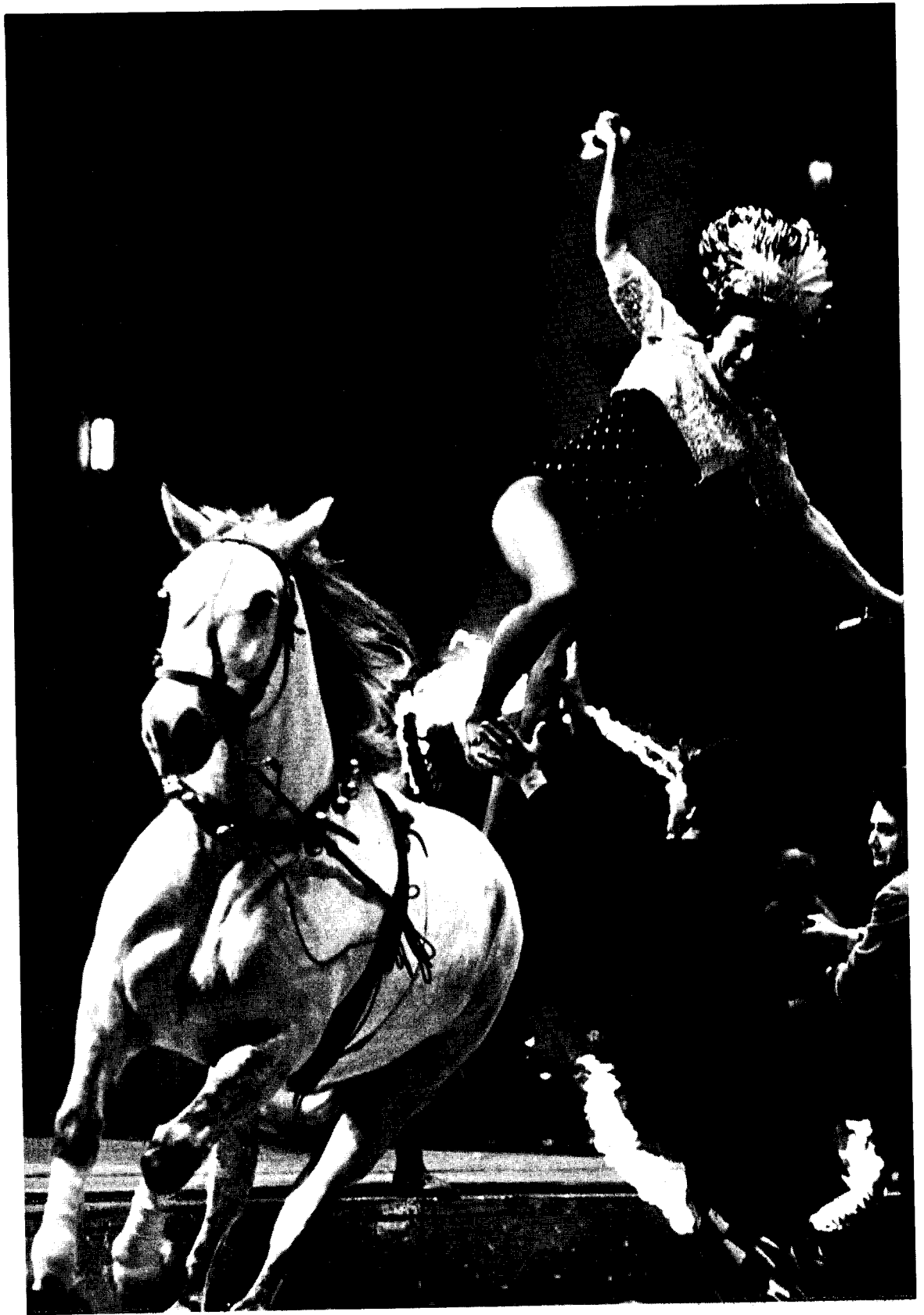
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SEVEN DOUBLE DACTYLS

by
George Starbuck

HIGH RENAISSANCE

"Nomine Domini,
Theotokopoulos,
None of these prelates can
Manage your name.

"Change it: appeal to their
Hellenophilia:
Sign it 'El Greco'; I'll
Slap on a frame."

MONARCH OF THE SEA

Jiminy Whillikers,
Admiral Samuel
Eliot Morison,
Where is your ship?

I am the HMS
Historiography's
Disciplinarian;
Button your lip.

SAID

Agatha Christie to
E. Phillips Oppenheim,
"Who is this Hemingway,
Who is this Proust?"

"Who is this Vladimir
Whatchamacallit, this
Neopostrealist
Rabble?" she groused.

SAID

J. William Fulbright to
Mario Savio,
"Kid, you got promise, but
For the long haul

"Try to look owlsh and
Semibespectacled;
Cultivate pipes and a
Know-nothing drawl."

SAID

Dame Edith Evans to
Margaret Rutherford,
"Séance? Oh really, my
Dear, if there *be*

"Nonhypothetical
Extraterrestrial
Parapsychologists,
They can call me."

SAID

J. Alfred Prufrock to
Hugh Selwyn Mauberly,
"What ever happened to
Senlin? Ought-nine."

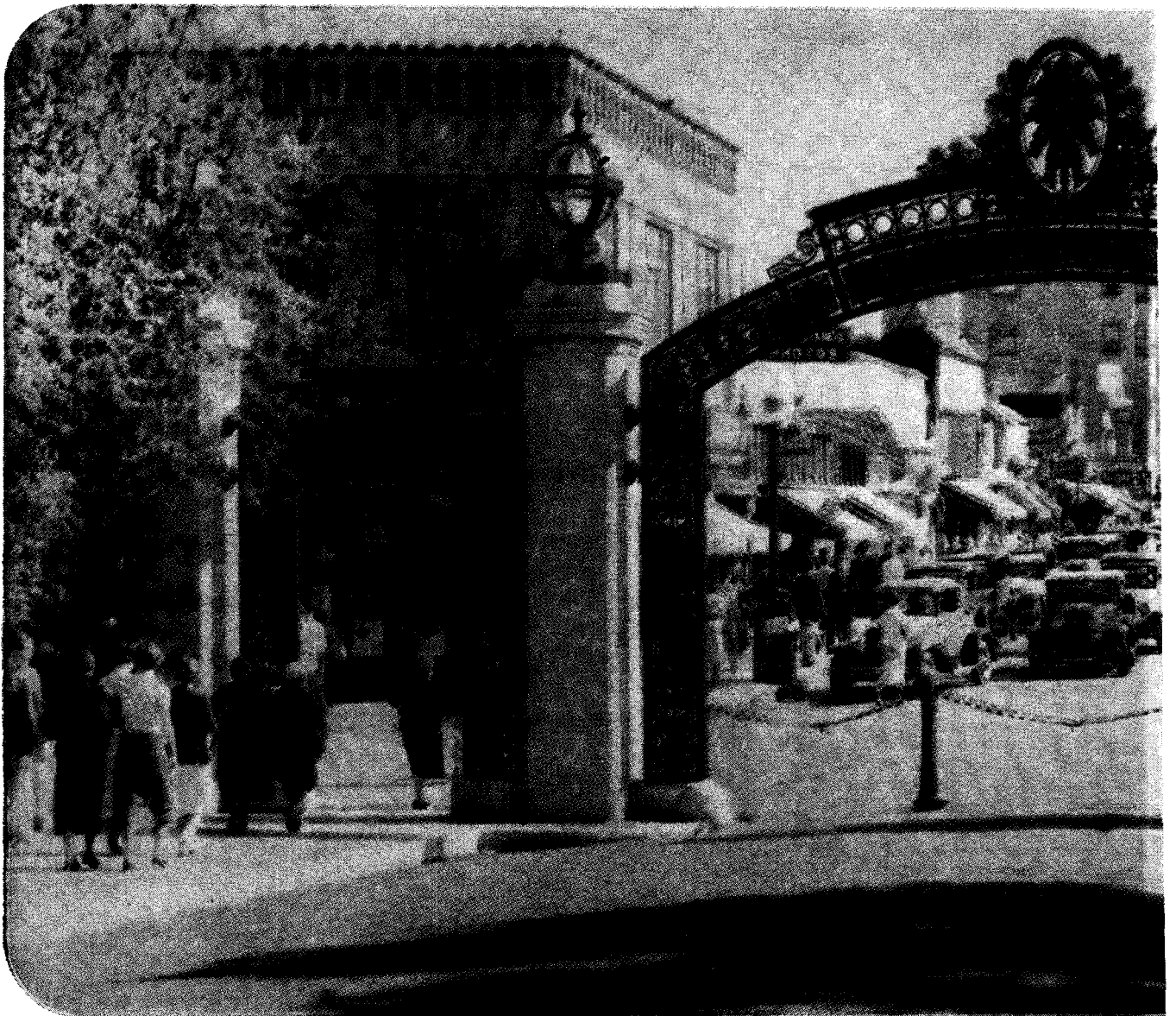
"One with the passion for
Orientalia?"
"Rather." "Lost track of him."
"Pity." "Design."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

Higgledy-piggledy,
Philip of Macedon
Gave his young son an un-
Breakable horse.

Lacedaemonian
Pusillanimity
Followed therefrom as a
Matter of course.

BERKELEY IN THE AGE OF INNOCENCE



by John Kenneth Galbraith

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In a loving look backward, the Harvard economics professor and author of *The Affluent Society* and *The New Industrial State* recollects college days of a benignity long gone. The essay was written for a book being edited by Irving Stone and to be published by Doubleday later this year to mark the centennial of the University of California at Berkeley.



Courtesy of Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

One day in the autumn of 1930 I was gazing at the notice board in the post office of the main men's residence at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, Canada. It was usually an unrewarding vision, but on this day it advertised a number of research assistantships at the Giannini Foundation of Agricultural Economics at the University of California. The annual stipend was \$720 for unmarried scholars. I copied down the details and applied. Sometime later I received a letter from George Peterson, associate professor of agricultural economics, saying that I had been selected. I was surprised, and so were my professors, who detested me and thought the people at Berkeley were crazy. I quickly accepted; in that second year of the Great Depression the monthly salary of \$60, if not princely, was by far the best offer of any kind I had. In fact, it was the only offer of any kind I had.

From that day on, the University of California has engaged my affection as no other institution—educational, public, or pecuniary—with which I have ever been associated. One Sunday afternoon last summer, with my wife and oldest son (who had been an assistant at the University of California Law School), I strolled across the California campus—over Strawberry Creek, by the Campanile, down by the Library, out Sather Gate. I was taught, as were most of my generation, that no one should allow himself the weak luxury of sentiment or even emotion. To this day when I write “Love” at the end of a letter, I remind myself that it is only an affectation, in all respects a matter of form. I was suddenly overwhelmed by the thought that I loved this place—the paths, trees, flowers, buildings, even the new ones. I was deeply embarrassed.

In the thirties, for some reason related either to the eccentricities of the California crop year or to the climate, the University of California opened in August. Accordingly, in July of 1931 I borrowed \$500 from an aunt, one of the few members of our

rural family still to command such capital, and set sail for California. I boarded the steamer which plied between Port Stanley, on the north shore of Lake Erie, and Cleveland, where, by prearrangement of our local jeweler and oculist, I met his nephew, who had a graduate fellowship at California in astronomy. At five o'clock the following morning we set out in the 1926 Oakland automobile which my companion had acquired for this trip. The car was in terrible condition and almost immediately got worse. To save money he had bought a five-gallon gasoline tin and a one-gallon container for oil so that we could stock up on these products whenever, as happened in those days, our path led us through a region being ravaged by a price war. Such at least was the theory. About thirty miles out of Cleveland my friend stopped to check the gas (the gauge was broken) and look at the oil. The car absorbed the whole five gallons of gasoline and the whole gallon of oil. For the rest of the trip we averaged around a quarter gallon of gas and a half pint of oil to the mile. To this day I shudder at the cost.

The journey took ten days, not counting twenty-four hours at Casey, Iowa, where we laid up with a broken connecting rod. That too had a lasting effect. It was raining hard, and as we waited for the repairs, we listened to the local farmers, who used the garage as a club, discuss Hoover. I became a lifelong Democrat. It was about six o'clock on a bright summer evening when we got to Berkeley and drove up Bancroft Way (as one then could) to the International House. The hills behind were very bleached and sere, but the low sun glistened on the live oaks and the green lawns and the masses of pink geraniums, which elsewhere are only geraniums but in Berkeley are the glory of the whole city. The sun also lit up a vast yellow-buff facade of the International House, with the large Spanish arches of the portico below. We passed into the great hall, then gleaming new, and combining the best mission style with the finest in Moorish revival. I thought it a place of unimaginable splendor.

Eventually the International House was to prove a bit too expensive even for one who earned \$60 a month and was, as a result, one of the more affluent members of the community. My capital had been depleted by that terrible car. But for the first few months at Berkeley this nice Rockefeller benefaction—it had counterparts in New York, Chicago, Paris, and Tokyo—housing several hundred students of both sexes from the United States and many foreign lands, was to be my window on the Berkeley world. Never before had I been so happy.

The world on which I looked down could not be recognized in important respects by Mario Savio. I must stress that I had just emerged from the Ontario Agricultural College, and this could have distorted my vision. At OAC students were expected to keep and also to know and cherish their

place. Leadership in the student body was solidly in the hands of those who combined an outgoing anti-intellectualism with a sound interest in livestock. This the faculty thought right. Anyone who questioned the established agricultural truths, many of which were wildly wrong, was sharply rebuked, and if he offended too often, he was marked down as a troublemaker. A fair number of faculty members had effectively substituted the affable and well-clipped manner and mustache of the professional countryman for the admitted tedium of science.

At Berkeley I suddenly encountered professors who knew their subject, and paradoxically, invited debate on what they knew. They also had time to talk at length with graduate students and even come up to International House to continue the conversation. I first discovered at Berkeley, from Henry Erdman, who had until recently been the head of the agricultural economics department, and Howard Tolley, who had just succeeded him as the director of the Giannini Foundation, that a professor might like to be informed on some subject by a graduate student—and that he would be not just polite but pleased. So profound was that impression that I never stopped informing people thereafter. (Howard Tolley, after a year or two, went on to Washington to become head of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration under FDR. I shall mention him again in a moment. In 1968, after the elapse of a third of a century, I was back in Berkeley one Sunday to urge the case, and more important, since everyone was persuaded, to raise money, for Eugene McCarthy. I was not at all surprised to see Henry Erdman in the front row. He believed strongly in keeping informed.)

Although we had a stipend, we agricultural economists were second-class citizens. Our concern was with the prices of cling peaches, which were then appalling, and the financial condition of the Merced irrigation district, which was equally bad, and the prune industry, which was chronically indigent, and other such useful subjects. I earned my research stipend by tramping the streets of Los Angeles and Oakland and San Jose to ascertain the preferences as to package and flavor—sage, orange blossom, clover—of Mexican, Jewish, Negro, and (as we then thought of them) ordinary white Americans for honey. No differences emerged. This kind of work was not well regarded by the non-agricultural or pure economists. Thorstein Veblen was still being read with attention in Berkeley in the thirties. He distinguishes between esoteric and exoteric knowledge, the first having the commanding advantage of being without "economic or industrial effect." It is this advantage, he argues, which separates the higher learning from the lower. Ours, obviously, was the lower.

We suffered from another handicap. Agriculturalists, in an indistinct way, were considered to be subject to the influence of the California Farm Bureau Federation, and much worse, of the opulent and perpetually choleric baronage which made up the Associated Farmers of California. Actually, our subordination was not all that indistinct. Both organizations told the dean of the College of Agriculture and the director of Extension what they needed in the way of research and also conclusions. They were heard with respect. No one was ever told to shape his scholarly work accordingly; men were available who did it as a matter of course.

The nonagricultural economists, whatever their differences in other matters of doctrine, were united in regarding the farmers, even more than the bankers or oilmen, as an all-purpose class enemy. In time I acquired a certain reputation in economic theory and other branches of impractical knowledge, and also as a rather circumspect critic of the agricultural establishment. So I was accorded an honorary status as a scholar, my farm handicap notwithstanding. I was then even more happy.

The department of economics at Berkeley has never been considered quite as eminent as that at Harvard. The reason is that the best Californians have always been at Harvard. In the autumn of 1968, of the twenty-three full professors of economics at Harvard, no fewer than seven, nearly one third, were recruited at one stage or another in their careers from the University of California at Berkeley. And economics at Berkeley has long had a marked personality. In the early thirties, years before the Keynesian revolution, Leo Rogin was discussing Keynes with a sense of urgency that made his seminars seem to graduate students the most important things then happening in the world. I learned Alfred Marshall from Ewald Grether, who taught with a drillmaster's precision for which I have ever since been grateful. Marshall is the quintessence of classical economics, and much of what he says is wrong. But no one can know what is wrong if he does not understand it first.

My memory also goes back to M. M. Knight's seminar in economic history, a gifted exercise in irrelevancy. Once Robert Gordon Sproul, then the president of the university, said in one of his booming speeches that, after all, a university was run for the students. Knight, a brother of the noted Frank H. Knight of the University of Chicago, attacked this doctrine for two full sessions. A university, he argued with indignation, was run for the faculty, and to affirm the point, he announced his intention of introducing a resolution at some early faculty meeting to exclude the students from the library. They got in the way.

We graduate students were also fond of Paul

Taylor, who spoke out unfailingly for the small farmer in California; Charles Gulick, who spoke out for the farm workers, who then, as now, aroused great animosity and a measure of righteous anger for wanting a union and a living wage; and Robert Brady, who was the friend of the consumer and other lost causes. Brady taught courses in the business cycle and set great store by exhaustive bibliographic research. One of my friends met this requirement by going to the card catalogue in the library and copying into the appendix of his thesis everything that appeared there under the headings Cycle, Business and Cycle, Trade. Brady sent over for some of the latter items which were new to him, and they turned out to be works on bicycles, tricycles, and motorcycles published by the Cycle Trades of America. There was quite a scene.

A few years after I left Berkeley, I became deputy head of the Office of Price Administration in charge of the World War II price controls. This was a post with unlimited patronage—eventually, as I recall, I had some seventeen thousand assistants. In addition to Richard Nixon and Mrs. Nixon and many other promising people, numerous of my former professors, including Howard Tolley, Harry Wellman (later the acting president of the university), and Robert Brady, turned up on our staff. Brady had scarcely arrived before he was assaulted hip and thigh by the Dies Committee—later better known as HUAC—for saying in a book on German fascism that American capitalism was only technically better. To complicate matters further, Dies had got hold of the edition published by the Left Book Club in England. It had something on the cover about not being for public sale. I handled the defense on the Hill with the handicap of knowing that everything I said in favor of Bob would immediately be used against me. Brady later attributed his troubles to the oil companies and said I was their tool. He had proposed that people conserve oil by not changing the crankcase for the duration or ten thousand miles, whichever was less. I did not endorse the idea. This was mostly because with everything else it never got to my attention. But if it had, I might have remembered that Oakland and the way it changed itself and wondered if it would have made much difference.

The graduate students with whom I associated in the thirties were uniformly radical, and the most distinguished were Communists. I listened to them eagerly and would liked to have joined both the conversation and the Party, but here my agricultural background was a real handicap. It meant that as a matter of formal Marxian doctrine, I was politically immature. Among the merits of capitalism to Marx was the fact that it rescued men from the idiocy of rural life. I had only very recently been retrieved. I sensed this bar, and I knew also that my pride would be deeply hurt by rejection. So I kept outside. There was possibly one other

factor. Although I recognized that the system could not and should not survive, I was enjoying it so much that secretly I was a little sorry.

In the ensuing twenty years many of those I most envied were accorded an auto-da-fé by HUAC, James Eastland, or the late Joseph M. McCarthy. Their lives were ruined. Phrases about the unpredictable grace of God kept crossing my mind.

One man who did not himself get called by McCarthy was Robert Merriman, a vital and popular graduate student and teaching assistant who came down to Berkeley from Nevada in the early thirties. As an undergraduate he had been wholesome and satisfactory and even took an interest in ROTC. But Berkeley had its effect, and so (as he told friends) did the great waterfront strike of 1934, where he saw soldiers deployed against the strikers. Hugh Thomas' brilliant book *The Spanish Civil War* tells the rest of his story. Interrupting a traveling fellowship in Europe in 1936, Merriman went to Spain, where he commanded the Abraham Lincoln Battalion on the Jarama and then went on through many battles to be chief of staff of the XV International Brigade. A major and by now long a veteran, he was killed (possibly executed after capture by the Nationalists) on the Aragon front in 1938. He must have been the bravest of our contemporaries; he so impressed Ernest Hemingway that he became in part the model for Robert Jordan (a professor from Montana) in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The California campus has ornaments for lesser heroes who died nearer home for more fashionable beliefs. There are some naïve, haunting lines written by John Depper, a British volunteer, of the Battle of Jarama that might serve:

Death stalked in the olive trees
Picking his men
His leaden finger beckoned
Again and again.

A year ago in Chicago I was on a television discussion program with Robert Merriam, a White House aide to President Eisenhower and once Republican candidate for mayor of Chicago against Richard Daley. He said that for many years he had been investigated closely by the FBI because of his name. Merriman was not wholly forgotten.

I would not wish it thought that our life in the thirties was limited to politics and great matters of the mind. One roamed through San Francisco, climbed Mount Diablo, went up to the Sierras, where someone was always imagining that the Depression might make panning gold profitable again, and consumed (I most diffidently) alcohol stolen from the chemistry laboratories and mixed with grapefruit juice, and after Repeal, a blended whiskey of negligible cost called, to the best of my memory, Crab Orchard. I have

difficulty in believing that the latter-day intoxicants and suffocants do more. In any case we were all greatly impressed one night when a girl who had been overstimulated by these products ceremoniously removed her clothes in the patio of the International House and spent the late hours of the evening doing orgiastic obeisance to the heavens above, and, more than incidentally, to the windows of the men's rooms around.

In these days people came to Berkeley from all over the world, and naturally enough, no one ever left. The reasons were social and economic as well as cultural. As a student, teaching fellow, or even a nonstudent, one could be a respected member of the community, and it counted against a person not at all to have no income. But the moment one left Berkeley, he became a member of the great army of the unemployed. As such he was an object of sympathy and lost his self-respect. In general graduate students avoided taking their final degrees lest they be under temptation, however slight, to depart. When, in 1933 and 1934, jobs suddenly and unexpectedly became available in Washington—NRA, PWA, AAA—almost everyone got busy and finished up his thesis. Even my Communist friends reacted favorably to the exorbitant salaries which economists commanded in the New Deal.

Among the people who appeared in Berkeley, my mind returns to a slim, boyish-looking girl who, improbably in light of her build, claimed to have been in Texas Guinan's chorus before turning to the higher learning. More recently she had been in Tahiti, and then in Bora Bora, where she had gone native and had as proof a comprehensive suntan. Now she was doing graduate work in anthropology on the basis of credentials, partly forged and partly imaginary, mostly from a nonexistent undergraduate institution in the city of New York. I fell deeply in love with her; on our second or third date, as we were walking up Strawberry Canyon back of the stadium and I was talking, she asked me if I thought it right, as an economist, to be wasting both her time and mine. Nothing in my Canadian and Calvinist background had prepared me for such a personal concept of efficiency. A little later, after an all-night party in San Francisco, she insisted on being taken to the Santa Fe station. She had just remembered that on the day following, she was scheduled to marry a banker in New Mexico. Much later I met her in New York. She was just back from Haiti (not Tahiti) and preparing to marry a Pan Am pilot. She told me she was working on her memoirs and was being encouraged to the task by Westbrook Pegler. I was by then a promising young member of the Harvard faculty. I first worried that she would publish her recollections, and then, after a time, that she would not.

Though we graduate students expected the revolution very soon and planned to encourage it, we did not expect any help from the Berkeley under-

graduates. Not that they would oppose it—they would simply, as usual, be unaware that anything was happening. A singular accomplishment of American higher education, as one reflects on it, was the creation of a vast network of universities, public and private, which for a century until the sixties caused no one political embarrassment of any kind. In other countries they created trouble from time to time but not here. A control system which subtly suggested that whatever the students most wanted to do—that is, devote themselves to football, basketball, fraternities, college tradition, rallies, hell-raising, a sentimental concern for the old alma mater, and imaginative inebriation—was what they should do was basic to this peace. The alumni rightly applauded this control system, and so, to an alarming extent, did the faculty.

At Berkeley in the thirties this system was still working perfectly. Coming up Bancroft Way to the International House of an evening, one saw the fraternity men policing up the lawns of their houses or sitting contentedly in front. Walking along Piedmont at night one heard the shouts of laughter from within, or occasional bits of song, or what Evelyn Waugh correctly described as the most evocative and nostalgic of all the sounds of an aristocracy at play, the crash of breaking glass. Here were men with a secure position in society and who knew it and who were content. On a Friday night they would do their duty at the pep rally shaming the apathetic, on Saturday they would be at the stadium, and on Saturday night, win or lose, they joined with the kindred souls of earlier generations, men they did not hesitate to call brother, to whoop it up as a college man was meant to do. The *Daily Californian* was the approving chronicle of this world—of the Big Game, the Axe, the cards turned in unison in the cheering section to depict an Indian or a bear, the campaign to send the band to Oregon to support the team.

In 1932 Norman Thomas came to the campus and spoke to a small assembly in a classroom. Neither Hoover nor Roosevelt dreamed of favoring us. Hoover did speak to a vast audience of indigent citizens from the local Hooverville down on the Oakland flats and was cheered uproariously when he told them that, at long last, the Depression was over. They had not heard. Only once was there a suggestion of student involvement. The financial condition of the state of California in those days was appalling. State workers were being paid with tax-anticipation certificates. Even the governor, James ("Sunny Jim") Rolph, sensed that something was wrong. In 1932 and 1933 there were threats to cut the university budget. When it seemed that these were serious, the students were encouraged to assemble and ask their relatives and friends to petition their legislators to relent. Perhaps that was the camel's nose.

In the 1960s, Dean Rusk, Lyndon Johnson, Gen-

eral Westmoreland, Lewis Hershey, and Ronald Reagan accomplished what not even the most talented of our teachers had ever hoped to achieve. The undergraduates became politically concerned. When the time comes to award honors to those who made our universities the center of our political life, it will be a great injustice if the men of the affirmative, as distinct from the negative, influence are featured. Now, I would suppose, Berkeley is the most intense intellectual and political community in the world; perhaps, indeed, it is the nearest thing to a total university community in modern times. As such it would be silly to suppose that it could be altogether tranquil. Often in these past years following some exceptionally imaginative outbreak on Telegraph Avenue, I've heard a colleague say: "You know that sort of thing could never happen here." I've always been too polite to say why I agreed. And the statement could be wrong. As other university communities succumb to the concerns so long a commonplace at Berkeley, they too cease to be tranquil.

Not everyone is as restrained as I am about Berkeley. A few weeks ago I shared a seat on an airplane with a young colleague newly recruited, like so many before him, from the University of California. I asked him if he missed it. He replied, "Christ, yes! At Berkeley you worked all morning in the library, and then at noon you went out into the sun and there was always a demonstration going on or something. Man, that was living!" (I have not seen him since. I expect he may be happier now at Harvard.)

The days passed. During my second year my stipend was raised to \$70 a month, allowing me to save a little money and also to have a larger social life. Then in my third year I was sent to Davis, which, for the benefit of non-Californians, is in the Sacramento Valley not far from Sacramento. It is now a full-fledged university, but in those days it was the center of agricultural research and instruction too closely associated with orchards, insects, and the soil to be carried on at Berkeley. It cultivated, in other words, the lowest of the lower learning. At Davis I was the head of the departments of economics, agricultural economics, accounting, and farm management. I also gave instruction in all of these subjects, and, with the exception of one elderly dean who gave lectures to nondegree students, I was also the total teaching staff in these disciplines. During the year I had time to write my Ph.D. thesis, and I do not recall that I was especially rushed. Certainly such was my love for Berkeley that I went there every weekend. At Davis my pay was \$1800, and I was able (by way of repayment of my own college debts to my family) to send my younger sister to college.

The Davis students were also highly stable. My course in beginning economics was required for some majors. The scholars so compelled tramped

in at the beginning of the hour, squeezed their yellow-corduroy-clad bottoms into the classroom chairs, listened with indifference for an hour, and then, by now conveying an impression of manfully suppressed indignation, tramped out. Only once in the entire year did I arouse their interest. I gave some support to the textbook case for lower tariffs. Coming as they did from the sugar-beet fields, olive orchards, and other monuments to the protective tariff, they knew that was wrong and said so.

My best-remembered student that year was a boy who had an old Ford runabout and spent his weekends putting up signs on the highways which warned motorists to repent and prepare at a fairly early date to meet their God. In response on an examination to a question about the nature of money, he stuck resolutely to the proposition that it (not the love of money but money itself) was the root of all evil. I tried to reason with him but in vain. So I flunked him, for his contention seemed to me palpably untrue. That was my only encounter in those years with any form of student dissent.

One day in the spring of 1934 I was in Berkeley putting the finishing touches on my thesis. A Western Union boy came into the room with a telegram

offering me an instructorship at Harvard for the following year at \$2400. I had not the slightest idea of accepting, for I was totally happy at California. But my rapid advance in economic well-being, plus no doubt the defense of my faith against that student, had made me avaricious, and I had heard that one won advances in academic life by flashing offers from other universities. I let it be known over the weekend that "Harvard was after me," and on the following Monday, went by appointment to see the dean of the College of Agriculture to bargain. I carried the telegram in my hand. The dean, a large, handsome, and highly self-confident man named Claude B. Hutchison, who later became the mayor of Berkeley, was excellently informed on all matters in the college, and his intelligence system had not failed him on this occasion. He congratulated me warmly on my offer, gave me the impression that he thought Harvard was being reckless with its money, and said that of course I should go. In a moment I realized to my horror I had no choice. I couldn't now plead to stay at two thirds the price. The great love of my life was over. I remember wondering, as I went out, if I had been right to flunk that nut.

Demonstration against fascism, Berkeley, 1935



The Right of Abortion

by Harriet Pilpel

Except in the story of the Emperor's New Clothes, I cannot think of a more startling example of mass refusal to see the obvious than is presented by current attitudes toward the population problem on the one hand and abortion on the other.

For several years, we have heard warnings about the population crisis. Indeed, so concerned are we that there now are voices in the land calling for "compulsory sterilization" and "compulsory birth control," for the withholding of public support for illegitimate children in excess of a certain number, for conditioning welfare monies or parole or whatever on coerced sterilization, and so on. Yet little is done to make sterilization easily available on a voluntary basis, particularly to the poor and underprivileged. Despite the lack of legal strictures against it, it is often withheld by doctors and hospitals from those who need it and want it most. At the same time, there begins to appear on the part of some an alarming readiness to subordinate rights of freedom of choice in the area of human reproduction to governmental coercion.

Notwithstanding all this, we continue to maintain strict anti-abortion laws on the books of at least four fifths of our states, denying freedom of choice to women and physicians and compelling the "unwilling to

bear the unwanted." Yet, as Doctor Christopher Tietze and Sarah Lewit point out in the *Scientific American* for January, 1969: "Abortion is still the most widespread . . . method of fertility control in the modern world." According to experts who participated in a United Nations Conference on World Population in Belgrade in 1965, abortion is indeed the chief method of birth control in the world today, and they estimated that about 30 million pregnancies are purposely terminated by abortion each year. Of these, studies indicate that almost one million are in the United States. Since, however, abortions are still so difficult to obtain, we force the birth of millions more unwanted children every year. If we really want to cut our population growth rate on a voluntary basis, we should make abortion available on a voluntary basis, at least in the early stages of pregnancy. When Japan liberalized its abortion laws some years back, it halved its rate of population growth in a decade.

Population dilemma

I do not recommend abortion as a birth-control method of choice. I merely state that it is in fact the most important single method of birth control in the world today, and

to cut down on population growth we should make abortion easy and safe while we continue to develop other and more satisfactory methods of family limitation. In addition to the 5 million women in the United States without access to birth control for whom abortion would seem a matter of right when they want it, there are the uncounted thousands who after conception suffer some disease (like German measles) or discover some defect which makes the birth of a live and healthy baby unlikely, and the many, too, whose contraceptive methods occasionally don't work. As the New York chapter of the National Organization for Women notes in a pamphlet:

There is no perfect contraceptive. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration reports that the intra-uterine devices, one of the most effective contraceptives available today, have a failure rate of 1.5 to 3%. This means that if all married women in the United States could and did use these contraceptives, there would still be about 350,000 to 700,000 unwanted pregnancies a year among married women alone. Even sterilization is not a 100% effective method of contraception; some operations fail. Therefore, in order to insure a complete and thorough birth control program, abortion must be made available as a legal right to all women who request it.

Starting in the mid-1960s, some erosion of the anti-abortion laws began to take place. But these efforts have not been supported by many of the more vocal groups who are trying to do something about excess population growth; to them, compulsory birth control and compulsory sterilization are apparently more palatable than voluntary abortion.

The result is legal chaos—which has been the situation with reference to abortion since it was first made illegal in this country. Contrary to popular belief, the legal strictures against abortion are of comparatively recent origin. Until the early nineteenth century—at common law both in England and the United States—abortion before quickening was not illegal at all. It became so only in the early 1800s. And according to Professor Cyril Means and others who have studied the problem, the reason for the enactment of the laws was not protection of morals or of the “soul” of the fetus, but rather a reflection of the fact that at the time all surgical procedures were highly risky because of the probability of infection (this was before Lister). Abortions were made illegal for this reason except where they were necessary to save the life of the mother; that is, where the great risk of infection which every operation involved was outweighed by the risk of carrying that particular pregnancy to term. The situation is today reversed; abortion under modern hospital conditions is safer than childbirth.

Nor is there any evidence that abortion involves psychological health hazards. A poll of the American Psychiatric Association in the mid-1960s revealed overwhelming support for more easily available abortions and a conviction that adverse psychological sequelae from abortion are negligible both on an absolute standard and as compared with such sequelae from childbirth and unwanted children.

Though the population experts have not yet aligned themselves on the side of abortion-law reform, something is beginning to happen. Seven states—Arkansas, California,

Colorado, Georgia, Maryland, New Mexico, and North Carolina—have amended their laws to permit abortion not only to save life but also to protect the health, mental and physical, of the mother, in cases of rape and incest, and to avert the birth of defective offspring (Governor Reagan forced the omission of this ground in the California law). Many other states have been and are now considering abortion reform or repeal bills but usually without the support of the powerful groups who are backing other forms of population control. The old laws are also beginning to face challenges in the courts and are being attacked on a variety of constitutional grounds.

Who gets help?

The relevant statistics have been widely circulated: for example, of therapeutic—that is, in-hospital—abortions in New York City in the early sixties, the majority of them for “psychiatric” reasons, 93 percent were performed on white patients, 91 percent in private rooms. The ratio of in-hospital abortions to live births in New York City was approximately one to 360 for private patients and something like one to 10,000 in municipal hospitals. At the same time the women whose deaths were associated with abortion in New York City in a typical year were 56 percent black, 23 percent Puerto Rican, and 21 percent white.

The 8000 to 10,000 in-hospital abortions contrast, of course, with the estimated one million performed outside hospitals annually. Probably not much more than one half of these are performed by doctors; the rest by the “kindly neighbor,” the “close friend,” or the woman herself. Generally speaking, the laws do not distinguish in their prohibitions of abortions between doctors and nondoctors. Moreover, the out-of-hospital abortions performed by doctors are obtained by the same group which accounts for the bulk

Mrs. Pilpel, a Manhattan lawyer, has been active in the abortion-law-reform movement.

of the in-hospital abortions: the middle- and upper-income white woman who can afford the hundreds or thousands charged for expert medical service outside the law. And these are the same women who can afford to go to Japan, Sweden, England, or one of the Iron Curtain countries where abortions are legal and where they typically cost something between \$10 and \$25.

But most of the old laws on abortion remain unchanged on the statute books. In a few states, like Connecticut or Missouri, the law says that the abortion may be performed to save the life of the child as well as that of the mother, although no one is sure what this means. As a matter of fact, no one knows what the laws which permit abortion to save the life of the mother mean. Courts in a number of states have held that the danger to life need not be either “imminent” or “certain.” But how “imminent” or “certain”? Is it enough that the pregnancy if it comes to term will seriously damage the mother's health? Or will result in the birth of defective offspring?

Clearly, a number of doctors think the answer to these questions is yes, since abortions, especially on white women with good incomes, are routinely and openly performed in some hospitals in most states and the prosecuting authorities do nothing about it. Criminal laws like these, the meaning of which people must guess at, are open to constitutional attack on this ground, as the United States Supreme Court has often held with respect to other “vague” prohibitions. There are many other grounds of constitutional challenge as well: the rights of women, rich and poor, black and white, to equal protection of the law—that is, to get proper medical treatment without discrimination on the grounds of race, color, or income; the rights of physicians to do their professional duty in the light of what is known and believed by medical science today; the right of privacy declared by the United States Supreme Court in the Connecticut birth-control case where Mr. Justice Goldberg in his concurring opinion stated that compulsory pro- or anti-birth-control laws are equal-

ly "totalitarian" and unconstitutional; the right to be free of "cruel and unusual punishment"; and others. Also it may well be that some courts, faced with the unconscionable dilemma posed by the abortion laws and unwilling to resort to constitutional grounds, will "interpret" the laws out of existence eventually, as has happened to the federal birth-control laws.

Absolutely excluded

So why *do* the abortion laws stay on the books? One reason is the apparent inability or unwillingness of those who advocate population limitation to see the connection. (This does not apply to Planned Parenthood-World Population, which in November, 1968, passed resolutions calling for repeal of the abortion laws in support of its declared policy of voluntary parenthood.)

By 1968, almost all the major religious groups in the United States except the Roman Catholic Church were on record in favor of abortion-law reform or repeal. The American Baptist Convention and the Universalist/Unitarian Church came out for total repeal. And public opinion polls demonstrated that a majority of the people, including a majority of the Catholics asked about the issue, favored at least some liberalization of the laws. But the opposition of the Catholic Church is potent and well organized. The Church holds that the fetus is "ensouled" at conception. In his encyclical *Humanae Vitae* in July of 1968, Pope Paul said, "We must once again declare that the direct interruption of the generative process already begun and *above all, directly willed and procured abortion, even if for therapeutic reasons, are to be absolutely excluded as licit means of regulating birth*" (italics added).

To this unequivocal statement—which is, of course, not the law in any American state, since all states permit abortion at least to save the life of the mother—the Pope adds an "Appeal to Public Authorities." He says, "To Rulers, who are those principally responsible for the common

good, and who can do so much to safeguard moral customs, we say: Do not allow the morality of your people to be degraded; do not permit that by legal means practices contrary to the natural and divine law be introduced into that fundamental cell, the Family. . . . May all responsible public authorities—as some are already doing so laudably—generously revive their efforts." I submit that insofar as this is an appeal to Catholic officials in this country, it must clearly be disregarded, because it is inconsistent with the laws of the land.

By issuing such an "Appeal to Public Authorities," the Pope has placed in a very difficult position those Catholics who occupy public positions in this or in any country where separation of church and state is constitutionally or otherwise basically guaranteed. They must choose, for example, when it comes to abortion for the therapeutic reason even of saving the life of the woman between their obligations to their church and their obligations to their state. This leads to the question whether as a matter of law Catholic doctors and Catholic hospitals which follow the teachings of the Pope are practicing sectarian medicine. If I am right that they are, then they are infringing the American Medical Association's canons of ethics, which prohibit the practice of sectarian medicine:

In order that a physician may best serve his patients he is expected to exalt the standards of his profession and to extend its sphere of usefulness.

To the same end, he should not base his practice on an exclusive dogma, or a sectarian system, for "sects are implacable despots; to accept their thralldom is to take away all liberty from one's action and thought." A sectarian or cultist as applied to medicine is one who alleges to follow or in his practice follows a dogma, tenet, or principle based on the authority of its promulgator to the exclusion of demonstration and scientific experience.

Richard Cardinal Cushing said some time ago with reference to birth control: "Catholics do not

need the support of civil law to be faithful to their own religious convictions and they do not seek to impose by law their moral views on other members of society." Perhaps it is because of their awareness of the impossible legal position the present stand of the Pope forces on Catholics who are lawmakers, law interpreters, or law enforcers, that such leading Catholic legal scholars as Father Robert Drinan, dean of Boston College Law School, have called for total repeal, rather than amendment, of the abortion laws of all states. They claim that since to Catholics all abortions are unacceptable, the state should keep hands off the subject rather than decreeing that some abortions are legal and some not. Catholics should, of course, be allowed to follow their own convictions in this area, but so surely should the rest of us.

To the extent also that doctor and hospital adherents to the Pope's Encyclical are the recipients of public funds, they may be afoul of our First Amendment guarantees of religious freedom and anti-establishment of any church. And finally, if for sectarian reasons they withhold a procedure which in any given situation would be regarded as the proper *medical* response to the problem presented, they may be guilty of civil and criminal malpractice unless they at least explain to the patient their sectarian reasons for withholding the treatment so that the patient can go elsewhere if she chooses.

It would seem that abortion-law reform—and better, repeal—is an idea whose time has come. It is more than time that it be supported by all those who want to slow down our population growth rate without resorting to coercion or compulsion. As Secretary-General U Thant and many of the UN agencies have repeatedly said, "The opportunity to decide the number and spacing of children is a basic human right." Until such time as we have a perfect contraceptive universally available and invariably used, voluntary abortion should be infinitely preferred to *compulsory* sterilization or *compulsory* birth control, and that may well be the choice.

THE LAST
WORDS OF
DUTCH
SCHULTZ

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by William S. Burroughs

This is not just a film about Dutch Schultz. It is a film about Dutch Schultz and the sets in which he lived and operated. Success in any line is a question of being on set. The director looks around the set and says, "I need you and you and you, but you don't belong on this set." Albert Stern, the "Teacher," is an example of someone who only got on set by mistake when he was sought by police as the gunman who shot Schultz. There is no reason to believe he ever shot anybody but himself. The sets are the medium in which the characters live that inexorably mold their actions. When a character is no longer on set, he is finished.

The enigmatic and disquieting character of Albert Stern, the "Teacher," exercises a secret influence. Why was he identified and sought as the killer of Dutch Schultz? Just who or what was the "Teacher"? These questions remain at the film's end, which leaves the impression that he is Dutch's rejected alter ego.

There are only two female characters in the film: Kiki Roberts, who puts the finger on Legs Diamond, and Dutch's wife, who may have put the finger on Dutch. In addition to the above, there are a number of anonymous gunmen, runners, enforcers, Negro and white.

All the characters take more than one part. Examples: The girl in the telephone exchange who traces Vincent Coll's call to a drugstore phone booth on 23rd Street is seen to be Kiki Roberts; the judge who sentences Dutch to a reformatory and later upbraids the jury for acquitting Schultz on income tax charges is Lepke Buchalter; the doctor who delivers Schultz is Albert Stern, who later appears as his teacher in Public School 12. The characters also play in the period film sets, in 1920s gangster films, in 1930s G-men and bank-bandit sagas, and appear in the background shots. Vincent Coll is a rowdy college boy in a raccoon coat; Aba Daba, a frantic broker in the 1929 crash; Charlie Workman, a demonstrator in a 1930 strike; Legs Diamond, a smooth playboy, et cetera. Or the

characters may appear as anonymous members of a street crowd or background figures in a restaurant or nightclub.

Special features of this film:

1. The sets are presented first, and the sets draw the character. This is done by preparing film loops for the three periods covered by the film: 1902 to 1919, the 1920s, the 1930s. The film loops consist of typical films of the period (these are for the most part made-up), typical characters and scenes of the period, real or imaginary. The loop turns, wheels interlock, and the character is drawn on set.

2. All the characters play more than one part. The main characters are Dutch Schultz and his mob, Joe Noe, Bo and George Weinberg, Lulu Rosencrantz, Abe Landau, Otto "Aba Daba" Berman, Martin Krompfer, Joey Rao, Larry Carney, Dutch's mouthpiece, Dixie Davis, Jules Martin, summarily removed from set in an argument with the Dutchman.

Defectors from Dutch's mob, characters in opposition to him are Peter and Vincent Coll, Arthur Palumbo, Charlie "Fats" McCarthy, Legs Diamond, the fighting District Attorney. Forces in opposition to him are the growing power of the federal government in the thirties, the rise of the G-men, and the Treasury Department enforcement of income tax laws. The growing power of the Syndicate as represented by Lepke "The Judge" Buchalter, Lucky Luciano, and Charlie Workman, the Syndicate killer. Neutral characters with important roles are Otto Gass, Dutch's first contact with the beer business, Owney Madden, through whom he was able to trace and eliminate Vincent Coll.

These appearances are brief, mere glimpses. The audience is not quite sure they have seen the same character in a different role.

3. Line plot of the film can be drawn as a graph: Dutch's rise to power in the 1920s as he expands from one speakeasy to a beer empire. Setback, graph down, 1931. The Coll brothers start rival organization and launch a reckless attack on the Dutchman. Schultz goes into hiding. Coll eliminated. Dutch's graph soars to the peak of his power as he moves into the numbers and labor rackets. Setback, graph down. He is indicted for income tax evasion. The underworld thinks he is through. Dutch acquitted and stages comeback. Briefly his graph soars again like a rocket/Finish.

4. The film is entirely in black and white except for scenes involving bloodshed and death. It is a black-and-white world shot through with explosions of blood.

5. The film turns on the last words of Dutch Schultz. Dutch was shot at 10:20 P.M., October 23, 1935. He died twenty hours later. A police stenographer at his bedside took down everything Dutch said, about 1200 words. The last words of Dutch

Schultz constitute a remarkable document, inspired delirium revealing the Dutchman as a potential artist. Rarely has the feeling of death been more vividly communicated. The secrets of life and death hover over these words.

Opening scene of the film shows a bored, gum-chewing police stenographer with pen and clipboard. We do not see Schultz on the bed. We hear him say,

Mother is the best bet oh mama mama mama.

The stenographer writes this down and says,
Who shot you?

Cut to room above the livery stable and saloon where Dutch was born Arthur Flegenheimer, August 6, 1902. Cry of a newborn baby. The doctor, who is Albert Stern, asks the father where he can wash his hands.

Right in here, doctor.

Blood on the doctor's hands in color. We glimpse his face in the washroom mirror, which turns into the face of Dutch Schultz washing his hands in the washroom of the Palace Chop House. The door opens behind Schultz.

Scene cuts back to the hospital and the police stenographer. Dutch says:

I was in the toilet, and when I reached the—the boy came at me.

Stenographer writes this down and says,

Who shot you?

Scene cuts back to the toilet of the Palace Chop House. One-frame flash of Albert Stern in the door with a gun in his hand. He fires. A splash of red on Dutch's back. He grabs his back and twists around looking at the blood. Fusillade of shots from the back room where Charlie Workman is doing his job. Next scene shows the shambles in the back room of the Palace Chop House littered with broken glass, bloody account sheets, adding machine. The three bodyguards groaning on the floor. Abe Landau pushes himself up and staggers out in pursuit of the gunman, pulling himself along the bar. He makes the door just as a black car pulls away. He fires one shot and collapses in the gutter dripping color. Camera pans to the front of the Palace Chop House and clicks to Flegenheimer's Saloon. The nice young doctor gets in his horse-drawn buggy and drives away.

Set 1. Period from 1902 to 1919

Dutch was born in the Bronx. His father ran a livery stable and saloon. Dutch grew up in a world of horse-drawn beer trucks, saloons, free lunch, bartenders with striped shirts and sleeve garters, wind-up victrolas, pool halls, brass knucks, pawnshops. Morphine, heroin, and cocaine were sold across the counter in any drugstore. This set is briefly presented in stylized musical shots. "Ace in the Hole" for the pool-hall loafers, cardsharps,



burglars, con men, whores, and drug addicts. "Home Sweet Home" for nostalgia shots of wind-up victrolas, free lunch, the old lamplighter, drugstores with jars in the window, grandmother buying her tincture of opium, "the large family size please," wooden Indian in front of a cigar store. Inside a barber-shop a flash of Bo Weinberg with a leech on his black eye. There follows a series of family pictures of Dutch as a baby and young boy. Series ends with a bleak shot of Public School 12. The scarred tables, the halls and washrooms with dirty pictures on the walls. The Teacher is calling the roll.

Arthur Flegenheimer, Arthur Flegenheimer, Arthur Flegenheimer. He writes down absent. We see Dutch on a corner with the Bergen Street gang, Dutch in a pool hall, Dutch and his gang snatching packages from a delivery wagon, Dutch stealing a suitcase in Grand Central, Dutch burglarizing an apartment. Next scene is a courtroom.

Arthur Flegenheimer. Dutch stands in front of the judge. The judge's face is in shadow. Dutch stands in a ray of sunlight through the dusty window. The judge is Lepke Buchalter. He sentences Dutch to a year in Blackwell's Island.

Scenes on the Island. Every morning the turnkey comes around with a shoe box full of heroin decks and sells them to the prisoners. Dutch's cell mate is an addict.

You know what this stuff is kid? It's time. Three hundred more shots and I walk out of here. Shoot your way to freedom kid. Dutch isn't having any. He turns away in disgust as the man ties up.

At night the homosexual prisoners parade up and down the corridors dressed as famous actresses of the period. For a dollar the guard lets one into a cell.

There are cries of *I want Mary Pickford* etc. Among the drag queens we see Vincent Coll let into a cell where Owney Madden waits. Albert Stern is a wallflower dressed as Sarah Bernhardt. Kiki Roberts and Mrs. Schultz are also represented.

Dutch says,

What kind of a creep joint is this? All fags and smeckers.

But his eyes narrow at sight of Mrs. Schultz.

His time is up. The guard opens the door and lets Dutch out into the 1920s.

Set 2. The 1920s

Dutch stands in front of the prison and takes a deep breath of the 1920s. To the *Flying Dutchman* Overture, shots from 1920s gangster movies, speak-easies, beer trucks, gangster funerals, people mowed down from cars, shot in telephone booths and florist shops. The gangster films are intercut with wild parties, rowdy college boys in raccoon coats, quiet country clubs and golf courses from Fitzgerald. These shots are all in black and white, with no color at any time. The main characters take parts in this film medley.

Scene in pool hall as Dutch enters. Joe Noe says:
Well, if it isn't the Flying Dutchman.

Dutch sits down to a beer. He is calm and superior, already assuming a position of leadership. Joe Noe asks what he plans to do.

Get a job for now. Not going back there.

Joe Noe and Dutch get a job working on Otto Gass's moving van. The moving van is converted to a beer truck when Otto Gass goes into the beer business. Dutch and Joe start carrying guns. They decide to go into business for themselves, and Dutch opens his first speakeasy at 513 Brook Avenue. Dutch buys three rickety beer trucks and assembles a nucleus of gunmen: Bo and George Weinberg, Peter and Vincent Coll. We see that he has a talent for finding the right man at the right time. He knows who is on set and who is not. In these early scenes another aspect of Dutch's character becomes apparent. He is always trying to cut percentages and checking his books. He underpays his guns and drivers and cuts his whiskey. In other respects he is good-natured and genial. As Dixie Davis said about the Dutchman,

You can insult Arthur's girl, spit in his face, push him around and he'll laugh. But don't steal a dollar from his accounts. If you do you're dead.

Dutch expands rapidly, opening more speakeasies, acquiring more guns and trucks. A number of the scenes from the 1920s film medley are repeated to show Dutch's expansion from one speakeasy and three trucks to a fleet of trucks and seventeen beer drops within a year from 1928 to 1929. The Dutchman is on the way up. He clashes with the guns of Jack "Legs" Diamond, and his old friend Joe Noe is shot down on 54th Street. Legend has it that Dutch Schultz witnessed the killing from a window and picked off one of the gunmen. This legend is seen to be a creation of the Dutchman. He is a creator of legends.

The 1929 crash is shown in the film. In this scene Aba Daba is a frantic broker who makes a cleanup selling short. There is a brief sequence of breadlines and strikes. Charlie Workman appears as a striker in one of these demonstrations. The 1920s scenes are

full of sunlight. As we move into the thirties, this light slowly gives way to the darkness of underexposed film. The transition is gradual, quite unlike the sudden breakthrough into the 1920s. We are now moving into Set 3.

Set 3. The 1930s

Dutch is not immediately affected. He is now in a position to take care of his old enemy, Legs Diamond.

Diamond has been acquitted on a kidnapping charge in Syracuse, New York. He celebrates at a drunken party and calls his girlfriend, Kiki Roberts. Kiki puts down the phone and makes another call. Diamond meets Kiki in a rooming house on Dove Street. There is a wild sex scene. Next scene shows Diamond asleep in the crumpled bed, his face smeared with lipstick. A key turns in the lock. Diamond shakes his head and sits up.

Kiki? Huh? Who is it?

Bullets explode across his chest, blood and lipstick in color.

At this point the film explodes in an orgy of violence. The Coll brothers, together with Arthur Palumbo and the cop killer Charles "Fats" McCarthy, defect from Dutch's mob and start a rival organization. They are movie gangsters gone berserk. They burst into rooms where peaceful mobsters are gathered for a quiet game of Monopoly and shoot everyone in sight. Attempting to machine-gun Joey Rao, one of Schultz's policy bosses, they miss Rao and kill five children in the street. Mad Dog Coll strikes again and again. The red color of blood flashes through the darkening film like summer lightning. Coll screams for "that yellow rat Schultz to come out in the open and fight."

Who does he think he is, Wyatt Earp or somebody? Schultz mutters,

What a cornball.

The Dutchman goes into hiding. He tries to get help from the midtown mobs, but they tell him:

He's your boy, Dutch.

Dutch puts down the phone and turns to his loyal guns:

Get Coll off my back!

He yells:

Get the Mick off my back!

He keeps moving, Dutch. He's hard to find.

At this very moment Coll and his gang are wrecking one of Schultz's garages on College Avenue, smashing slot machines and setting beer trucks on fire. Dutch receives word of this latest outrage. He pours a drink.

What are we going to do, Dutch?

Shut up, I'm cogniting.

Dutch's face clears. He has an inspiration.

Owney Madden is a queer. Used to be sweet on Coll.

Dutch pours himself a drink and continues philosophically.

When a queer gets the hots he don't think about what he's getting himself into. Coll will bleed Owney for the last nickel.

Dutch puts down the empty glass and turns to face his guns.

You and you follow Owney. Don't let him out of your sight. Stick with Owney until you find that creep. You and you go out and find his potato-eating brother.

The two guns delegated to find Peter Coll are disguised as two old ladies in a stolen electric. Peter Coll comes out of an apartment. He stands in the doorway looking up and down the street. He starts walking.

Why, there's our young man now, says one of the guns. The electric stops beside Peter Coll.

Young man, could you direct me to College Avenue?

Peter Coll turns around.

Five blocks up and turn to your right, he says surlily.

Oh, thank you.

A fusillade of machine-gun bullets hits him like a fire hose. The guns drive serenely away.

The guns delegated to take care of Vincent Coll have set up headquarters in a garage by Owney's club. They have tapped Owney's phone. The technician in charge of this operation is a thin, taciturn man with steel-rimmed spectacles, who suffers from dyspepsia. The guns have also contacted a girl in the telephone exchange who will trace calls. This girl is a retake of Kiki Roberts. Scene shows the guns and the technician in the garage. Dutch calls.

Yeah, he called twice but he rings off before we could trace it . . .

Dutch gives directions. The guns settle down to wait. The technician mixes a bicarbonate of soda and belches into his hand. A light flashes on indicating that someone has called Owney.

Cut to Owney's office. He picks up the phone.

Oh, hello Vincent, he says without enthusiasm.

The scene cuts back to the garage. The technician puts on his headphones. He listens. He raises a finger.

This is it. Joe get going.

One of the gunmen slips out. He opens the door of Owney's office with a skeleton key. He stands behind Owney, gun drawn.

Keep talking, Owney. Stall him.

Owney is willing. He wants the Mick off his back too.

The tracing of the call and the conversation between Coll and Owney are presented in a series of quick cuts between the garage and Owney's office.

Be reasonable Vincent (Coll talking)—I tell you I just don't have it, Vincent.

Cut to garage. The technician is busy at his improvised switchboard. Cut to the telephone exchange. Kiki Roberts in front of a switchboard chewing gum. She gets the technician's call. She is plugging in switches.

Business is falling off, and I took a beating on my income tax.

(Coll talking)

The camera zooms out along telephone wires to 23rd Street and 10th Avenue. The wire leads into a drugstore phone booth. We see Coll at the phone.

Cut back to the garage. The technician puts down his headphones.

Drugstore phone booth. 23rd Street and 10th Avenue.

The gunmen scramble into a car. The technician opens the door, and the car leaps out.

Cut back to Owney's office.

Well, I might be able to raise ten thousand, Vincent. It would mean selling shares at a loss—

(Coll talking)

The car is on its way.

Cut back to Owney's office.

Well, if you could meet me tomorrow afternoon.

(Coll talking) *No, not here.* (Coll talking) *No, that's no good either.* (Coll talking) *Look, suppose I come along to your place.*

The car stops in front of the drugstore. One man stays at the wheel. Another at the door. The third walks in with a submachine gun. He gestures to the druggist.

On the floor, pop.

He walks over to the phone booth and cuts loose.

Next scene shows cops in the drugstore. One of them is going through Coll's pockets. He passes up a driver's license. A cop reads out:

Name: Vincent Coll, Age: 23, Address: 86 College Avenue.

Cut to Harlem. The heavy palpable darkness of underexposed film in the streets. On a corner a Negro reads about Coll's death. "Vincent Coll, 23."

23. Boy that's my number.

He goes off to put a bet on number 23.

The Numbers: Dreams of numbers, numbers floating in the air, people writing down the license numbers of cars, cab numbers, police badge and porter numbers, numbers in movies, addresses and telephone numbers, a shifting sea of numbers in the Harlem streets as the Dutchman moves in. He ousts Caspar Holstein and goes in with the Ison brothers. Everything is clicking into place. Dutch now has a private army of more than a hundred expert guns, Negro and white. These guns are not like the flamboyant guns of the 1920s. It is a phantom army moving in the darkness of underexposed film, tracing telephone calls, slipping through doors with skeleton keys on their errands of death.

Come in with the Dutchman or else.

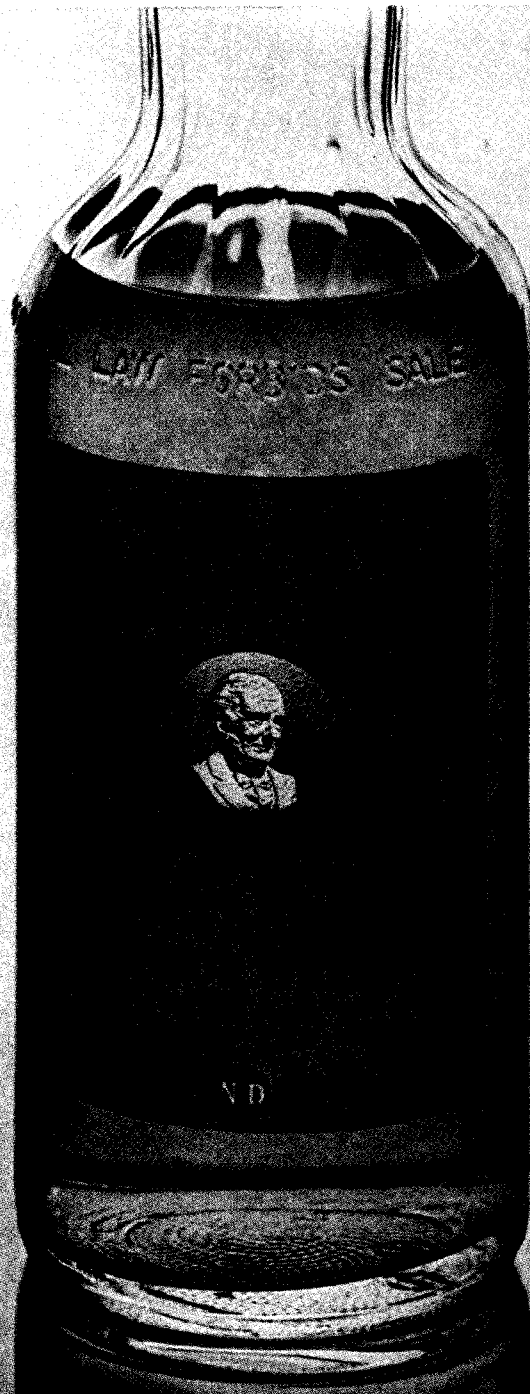
The Dutchman expands into the labor rackets. With Martin Kromprier he forms the Bus Boys



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Honor thy father.

**On Father's Day,
give Old Grand-Dad.**



and Waiters Union to shake down restaurant and nightclub proprietors in the midtown area.

Cut to Chez Robert, an exclusive restaurant for international gourmets. It is 11 A.M. Robert, an immense glacial man, is having a scotch on the rocks at the bar. Two men walk in.

You Mr. Roberts?

I am (he replies stonily).

Of course you are. (These two characters cut in on each other one saying one sentence, one the next.)

You wish?

Nice place here, Mr. Roberts.

Wanta keep it that way don't you?

Robert glares in silence.

You should unionize, Mr. Roberts.

Gives you a lot of protection.

Protection against what?

Wrong kinda people walk in maybe.

Cockroaches in the soup.

Cockroaches in the soup Chez Robert? (Mr.

Robert bristles.)

Disgruntled employee.

Stink bombs in the john.

Acid in the cloakroom.

Get out, or I'll call the police.

Sure, Mr. Roberts.

It's your hash house.

Au revoir, monsieur.

Few more calls to make.

Dinner Chez Robert. Very quiet, very expensive, very exclusive. The guests talk in low voices. Robert stalks about nodding coolly to his guests. Few of them rate a smile. Dutch Schultz is there as a Midwestern industrialist with his wife and daughter. He receives the briefest of nods. Legs Diamond is a smooth playboy millionaire beautifully dressed, with Kiki Roberts as a famous movie star.

Good evening, Mr. Poindexter.

Robert favors them with a two-star smile.

A frail old gentleman with a mustache, napkin tucked into his chin, gets a warm smile and a handshake. He is a Michelin inspector. The guests look at him with awe. But there is a wrong note. A table of people who talk in loud voices and say things like,

Where is the salt?

Robert hisses to his headwaiter:

Who are these people? How did they get in?

I don't know, sir. I looked around and there they were.

At this point a man at the table looks up and catches Robert's glare.

Hey, boy (he shouts), bring me some ketchup. There is a moment of stunned silence. Then grunting, squealing, a herd of famished hogs rush into the dining room, overturning tables, slopping the haute cuisine from the floor.

Similar scenes are occurring throughout the midtown area.

The Silver Cord, a nightclub featuring exclusiveness, where the famous silver rope is ceremonially unhooked by the proprietor to admit a favored client, is invaded by a horde of panhandlers, clutching at the guests with filthy fingers, drinking their drinks, snatching food from the tables.

Chez Victor, a flashy overexpensive spot: *Voilà Le Supreme of Guinea Hen bonne chef.* The waiter lifts a silver cover to reveal the bloated corpse of a huge sewer rat.

Truck stops in front of The 400, and fifty screaming faggots leap out. They storm past the doorman and fill The 400, twitching and camping.

The restaurant owners pay.

But forces are at work that will bring down the Dutchman. One factor is the growing power of the Syndicate. The Syndicate now holds board meeting to decide questions of policy and assignment of territories. The emphasis is on organization and peaceful settlement of difficulties by negotiation. Murder is bad press. The Dutchman and his army of guns are out of date.

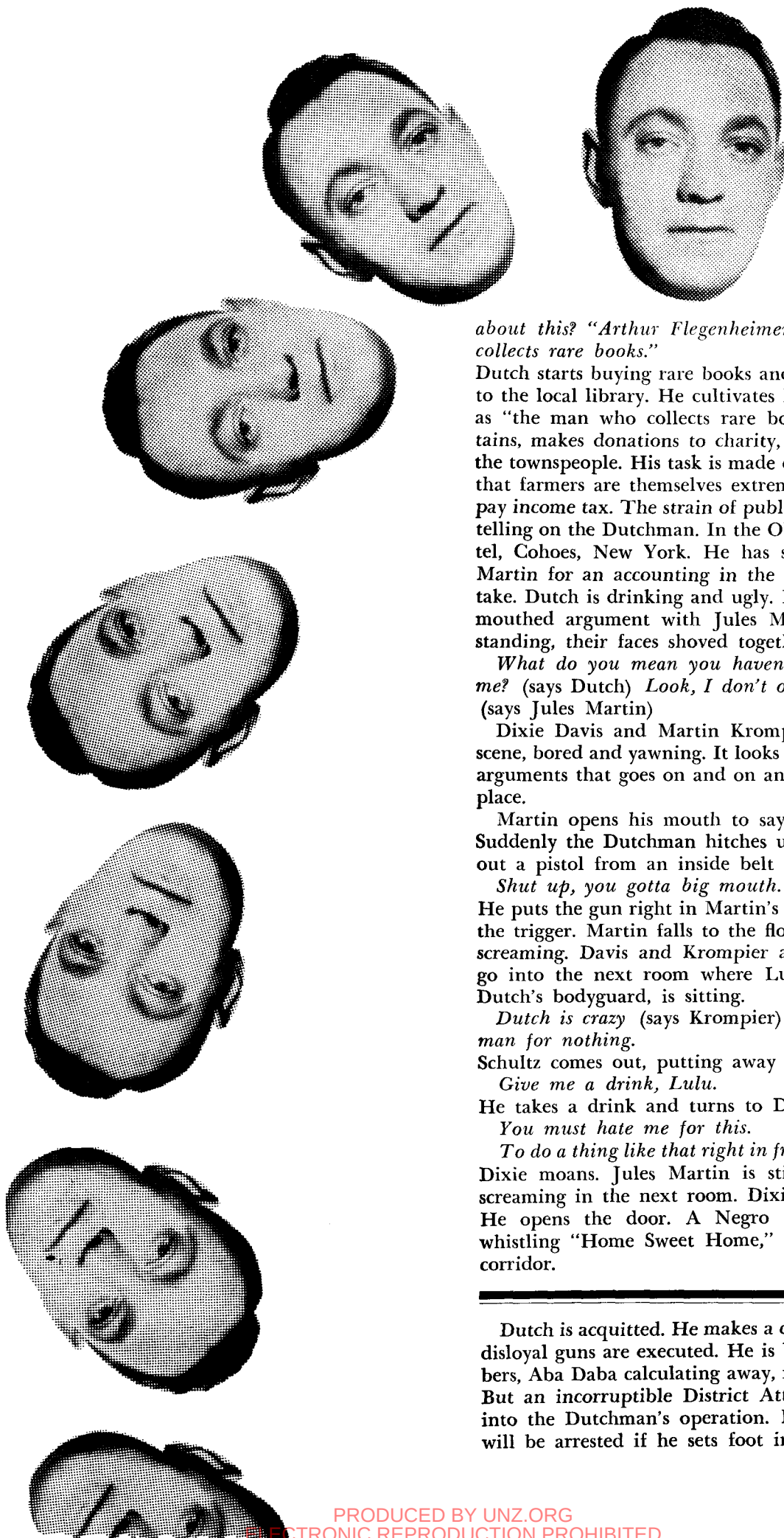
Another factor is the growing power of the federal government. Income tax evasion is now serious. The shadow of the T-man falls across books of America. Shots of worried businessmen, farmers, gamblers, gangsters, restaurant owners. The shots showing the growing influence of the Syndicate and the Treasury Department are alternately intercut.

At the height of his power, Dutch is arrested for income tax evasion. He goes into hiding. In hiding he continues to direct his enterprises. His obsession to cut the payoff becomes a mania. He finds Aba Daba the mathematical genius, who gets him higher odds on the numbers by a last-minute bet at the track which alters the pari-mutuel total. The numbers that have been heavily played are relayed to Aba Daba at the track. He calculates exactly how much to bet just before the windows close to keep these heavily played numbers from coming up. There is a scene showing an electronic model of his computer brain in operation. Dutch cuts the take of his runners from 33 to 25 percent. Two thousand runners go on strike and hire a hall. This scene is a caricature of 1930s leftist meetings, to the tune of "Joe Hill" and "You Can't Scare Me I'm Sticking to the Union." The strikers win. Dutch is muttering away in hiding like an embittered capitalist. He decides to surrender and stand trial.

The underworld thinks Dutch is through.

The Dutchman is going away. He won't be back. Dutch hires Dixie Davis as his mouthpiece, who gets the case transferred to Malone, a small town in upstate New York. Dutch consults a public relations firm.

Well, Mr. Flegenheimer, we need a peg to hang on. Something that will take hold. Something that people will associate with your name . . . How



about this? "Arthur Flegenheimer, the man who collects rare books."

Dutch starts buying rare books and donating them to the local library. He cultivates his public image as "the man who collects rare books." He entertains, makes donations to charity, and mixes with the townspeople. His task is made easier by the fact that farmers are themselves extremely reluctant to pay income tax. The strain of public benevolence is telling on the Dutchman. In the Old Harmony Hotel, Cohoes, New York. He has summoned Jules Martin for an accounting in the midtown unions take. Dutch is drinking and ugly. He starts a loud-mouthed argument with Jules Martin. They are standing, their faces shoved together.

What do you mean you haven't been clipping me? (says Dutch) *Look, I don't owe you a nickel* (says Jules Martin)

Dixie Davis and Martin Kromprier witness this scene, bored and yawning. It looks like one of those arguments that goes on and on and never gets any place.

Martin opens his mouth to say something else. Suddenly the Dutchman hitches up his vest, pulls out a pistol from an inside belt holster.

Shut up, you gotta big mouth.

He puts the gun right in Martin's mouth and pulls the trigger. Martin falls to the floor moaning and screaming. Davis and Kromprier are aghast. They go into the next room where Lulu Rosenkrantz, Dutch's bodyguard, is sitting.

Dutch is crazy (says Kromprier). *He just shot a man for nothing.*

Schultz comes out, putting away his pistol.

Give me a drink, Lulu.

He takes a drink and turns to Dixie.

You must hate me for this.

To do a thing like that right in front of me, Dixie moans. Jules Martin is still moaning and screaming in the next room. Dixie starts to leave. He opens the door. A Negro porter walks by whistling "Home Sweet Home," down the empty corridor.

Dutch is acquitted. He makes a comeback. Several disloyal guns are executed. He is back in the numbers, Aba Daba calculating away, money rolling in. But an incorruptible District Attorney is looking into the Dutchman's operation. Knowing that he will be arrested if he sets foot in New York, the

Dutchman moves to Newark, New Jersey, and makes his headquarters in the Palace Chop House. He decides that this nemesis, as he calls the D.A., must be eliminated and takes it up with the Syndicate. Some board members are in favor of liquidation, others oppose it. They decide that, pending a final decision, they will stake the D.A. out and figure how to do the job if it is favored by a majority vote. The stakeout man equips himself with a child on a velocipede, to give his presence in front of the D.A.'s apartment an innocent air. The D.A. emerges with his two bodyguards. Pushing his "son" on the velocipede, the stakeout man follows. The D.A. goes to a drugstore. He goes inside and makes a phone call while the guards stand at the door. The stakeout man with his child is now in front of the drugstore.

I want an ice-cream cone, Daddy, the child says. The stakeout man looks inside. The D.A. is in the phone booth. Albert Stern is also there arguing with the druggist about a morphine prescription.

I tell you it's a legitimate prescription, he says weakly.

Maybe (grunts the druggist). *Just don't be coming in here with your prescriptions every Tuesday and Thursday.*

As the case man, pushing his child on a velocipede, passes the oblivious guards, he has shot a look of such keenness into the drugstore that he is there for a second, seeing and hearing what is going on. Next scene shows case man in a phone booth.

Every morning at nine A.M. he comes out with his bodyguards. Goes to drugstore on corner of— and— and makes a phone call. The phone booth is a natural.

Scene shows the plan to kill the racket-buster as it would operate. D.A. and bodyguards walk out. The man with the velocipede and the child is there; woman with a baby carriage stops and talks to him. The scene conveys familiarity, reassurance, dullness. Nothing is going to happen, nothing can happen. The D.A. takes in the scene and smiles. As he strides toward the drugstore he says:

This is a great country . . . those people back there. . . . It's our job to see that people like that are protected.

Yes, sir, says a bodyguard indifferently. He stifles yawn.

Behind them a moving van, J. J. Cohen Removals and Storage, has pulled to the curb. Woman, baby carriage, child, and velocipede are bundled into the van, which pulls away in the opposite direction. Inside the van the baby starts to cry and the child pipes precociously:

What I want to know is when do I get paid? The stakeout man hands him a lollipop. Empty street in the morning sunlight.

The guards take up a stand at the door. The D.A. walks in. A man with his back to the D.A. is talking to the druggist.

What you got for a cough?

He coughs.

Well, there's Doctor Brown's Mixture and . . . Out of the corner of his eye the man has seen the D.A. enter phone booth and close door. He reaches into his lefthand breast pocket.

Preparation I always use. Got it written down.

He pulls out an automatic with a silencer, shoots the druggist twice in the chest. The druggist coughs and falls behind the counter. The man walks over and pulls open the phone booth with one hand. With the other hand he puts four bullets in the D.A. He walks out past the guards whistling "Sunny Side of the Street." Briefly glimpsed, the man is Charlie Workman. Since this scene is conditional, the characters do not bleed color.

Cut to meeting of the Syndicate board. Lepke the Judge shakes his head.

After all it's a local issue. Why burn down America for the state of New York? We have to think in territorial terms.

But New York is my territory (Dutch moans), *I'm being thrown to the wolves.*

The greatest good of the greatest number must guide our policies. Would you go out on a limb for Cincinnati?

How did Cincinnati get in this? I say he's gotta be hit on the head. We gotta make an example. Consider the wider implication . . . a bad press . . . an aroused public. If we knock him off even the federals will jump on the rackets. We'll be chased out of the country. You have to take a broad general view of things. It's just not good business.

This argument is the cincher. There is a murmur of assent from the board.

That makes sense.

Why stick our neck out?

This is 1935 not 1925.

We can ride this out.

D.A.'s come and go.

A hundred, loud-mouthed D.A.'s would spring from his coffin.

All over America.

Screaming for our blood.

The whole idea is unsound.

Like the Judge says, you gotta take a broad general view of things.

It's just not good business.

The Judge turns to Dutch.

You are outvoted, Mr. Flegenheimer.

The Dutchman is on his feet.

But you can't just scrap a story like this. It deserves to go down in history. Why it's got everything . . . children . . . velocipedes . . . silent death.

He points to an imaginary phone booth and says, *Sput Sput Sput.*

The board looks at him with cold disfavor. The Dutchman goes on.

It's . . . it's Americana . . . it's beautiful . . . it's a work of art.

We are not in the art business, Mr. Flegenheimer. You are outvoted and out of order.

The Dutchman walks to the door. With his hand on the door knob he turns to the board and shakes his head . . .

Passing up a thing like that.

He goes out.

The Judge looks at his nails.

The Dutchman is out of date. . . . But I'll say one last thing for him. He's got color.

October 23, 1935. A car enters the Holland Tunnel. Piggy is at the wheel. The seat is tailor-made to accommodate his heavyset body. He takes this seat with him on any job. He is part of the car. The hulking strangler Mendy Weiss sits on the jump seat. He is the only ready-made article in this set, and he resents it. He looks sullenly at the two killers in the backseat. They are too much, he thinks. Sitting in the backseat are the two killers, Charlie "The Bug" Workman and his associate Jimmy the Shrew. Charlie Workman is a cool casual killer in his middle thirties, dressed in a tailor-made twilight-blue suit. He is curly-haired, hatless. He has cold metallic gray eyes. He is relaxed, calm, disdainful. The other killer, Jimmy the Shrew, is a thin, intense young man dressed in a tight pea-green suit. His ears stick out. His ears and his whole body are trembling slightly with eagerness.

Charlie Workman glances at him.

Relax Shrew. We'll get there.

I'm there already,
says the Shrew.

A flash of their faces in color. The Workman's cold metallic eyes, his curly hair, and pale face. The Shrew, smooth poreless red skin drawn tight over the cheekbones, lips parted from long yellow teeth the color of old ivory, his black eyes shining. The tunnel lights ring their heads with an orange halo. They are not human. They are angels of death.

Cut to the back room of the Palace Chop House. The Dutchman is sitting at a table with Lulu Rosencrantz, Abe Landau, and Otto "Aba Daba" Berman. Beer mugs on the table. Aba Daba is working an adding machine and writing figures down on ledger paper.

Gross for past seven weeks \$827,253.

Net \$148,369.

William Burroughs, fifty-five, has been a medical student, newspaper reporter, private detective, and exterminator, but is better known as author of *Naked Lunch*, *The Soft Machine*, and other books.

The Dutchman smiles.

Not bad. Not bad at all.

This scene contrasts sharply with the inhuman glimpse of the two killers. These are ordinary mortals drinking beer and figuring the take.

Dutch stands up.

I gotta call from Nature. Right back.

He goes out.

The death car stops in front of the Palace Chop House. Mendy, the Shrew, and Workman get out. Workman looks up and down the street. Flanked by the Shrew he walks through the door. Mendy stations himself by the door. Workman turns to the bartender.

Do yourself a goodness and hit the deck,
he says. The bartender disappears behind the bar. Workman, flanked by the Shrew, starts down the long bar toward the back room. He is cool, unhurried, casual. As he walks, he unbuttons his coat. We see two .38 revolvers, the grips tailor-made to fit his hands in tailor-made holsters tight against his thigh in front, one on each side. They reach the end of the bar.

Check the head, Shrew.

The Shrew slips his own tailor-made .45 automatic from a shoulder holster. His arms are pipe-stems, his wrists and hands smooth and hairless. He is wearing flexible pointed black shoes. He steps to the door of the washroom and opens it. Dutch is washing his hands with his back to the door. Without knowing who he is, the Shrew fires. A splash of red on Dutch's back over the liver. At this moment the Shrew's red face and red hands light up in color. At the sound of the shot the three men in the back room dive for their guns. They are still in black and white. Charlie Workman is standing in the doorway, right hand on his gun. He has not even deigned to draw yet. Like the Shrew, he is already in color. Before their guns are out, he draws and fires with cool accuracy, ripping Rosencrantz's great paunch with slugs. Throughout this scene he is expressionless, nerveless, deadly, efficient. The Shrew is at his side now. The Shrew's eyes light up inside like a cat's, and his hair stands on end. His gun quivering like a dowser's wand, every bullet finding its mark. The yellow light outlines the two killers with the halo we have already seen in Holland Tunnel. They are creatures from another world, gods of death. Three mortals lay crumpled on the floor at their feet.

Cut to Newark City Hospital. Several detectives at Dutch's bedside.

Who shot you?

I don't know, sir, honestly I don't. I don't even know who was with me. The Baron says these things. Please give me a shot.

The doctor is coming.

The doctor gives Dutch a shot of morphine, and his mind clears for a moment. He notices a paper one of the detectives is carrying and asks,

The Last Words of Dutch Schultz

Has it been in any of the other papers?

Cut to a press conference at police headquarters. Reporters are interviewing the police commissioner. *You gotta line on the Dutch Schultz killers? Yes, we have. One of the killers has been definitely identified by three witnesses as Albert Stern.*

And who is this Albert Stern?

Because of his spectacles and his mild appearance he is known as the Teacher. Wild Boy would be a better name. A dope fiend and gunman wanted for eight other gangland killings, top trigger man for the Bix Six Syndicate, he is probably one of the most dangerous killers at large today.

Scene shows Albert Stern the Wild Boy holding up a pool hall. He waves a nickel-plated revolver uncertainly. His Adam's apple bobs.

All I want is a dollar, he says. One of the players tosses a crumpled dollar on the table.

There's your dollar, kid.

Stern snatches it up.

Don't anybody move, he says wildly and backs out the door.

In his rooming house he tries to sneak up the stairs but finds his way blocked by Mrs. Murphy.

And when will you be taking care of the rent, young man?

Well, Mrs. Murphy, I hope to have it for you in just a few days now.

I'll give you till Monday. Pay up or get out.

In his room the Teacher takes a packet of heroin from his pocket and prepares a shot. There is enough left for two more days.

Cut back to the hospital. The doctor has given Schultz another shot of morphine. Morphine administered to someone who is not an addict produces a rush of pictures in the brain as if seen from a speeding train. The pictures are dim, jerky, grainy, like old film. As Schultz lies there delirious, the pictures of his life rush past.

The scene featuring Dutch Schultz's last words cannot be presented in full detail here since it is made up of material of the film presented in arbitrary sequences. All the flashback shots in this sequence are silent. The only sounds are the last words of Dutch Schultz, the questions of the police, and background noises of the hospital.

Doctor Stern wanted in emergency.

Quarter grain of GOM.

Whistling porters in the hall, nurses and interns stroll by chatting.

Background shots catch the feel and smell of a city hospital. They are recorded on location in the Newark City Hospital.

All the flashback shots are silent phantoms that sometimes synchronize with Schultz's last words and sometimes do not. To show how this works in operation, Dutch is twisting on the bed screaming:

Sir, please stop it. Say listen the last night

Flashback to Jules Martin silently moaning on the floor of the Old Harmony Hotel. The police stenographer says:

Don't holler.

The image track is all black and white progressively darker as the scene draws to a close and the heavy palpable darkness of underexposed film fills the hospital room. Some of the shots are random background, a face on the street, a street sign, a curtain in the wind, license number of a passing car. Other scenes refer directly to important events and synchronize with Schultz's last words:

I want harmony . . . I don't want harmony.

Cut to the Old Harmony Hotel.

Oh, and then he clips me. Cut that out "we don't owe a nickel". . . . Hold it. Hold it instead against him. . . . Shut up, you gotta big mouth.

is synchronized to a silent retake of the argument with Jules Martin in the Old Harmony Hotel.

Let him harness himself to you, and then bother you.

Flashback to the telephone conversation between Owney and Vincent Coll.

Look out, it can be traced.

Flash to the call traced to the phone booth on 23rd Street and the machine-gunning of Vincent Coll.

Dutch Schultz's meeting with Frances Schultz is presented in silent pantomime. She is seen as a hatcheck girl. Dutch looks at her, and his eyes narrow. Cut to the female impersonator in the jail scene and back to Frances Schultz. Dutch points a finger at her and smiles. She is unimpressed, obviously saying to another hatcheck girl,

And who is that creep?

The girl tells her, and her face changes. She looks at Dutch and smiles. At this point she appears at Schultz's bedside and says,

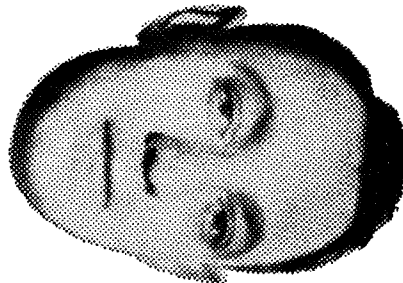
This is Frances.

Schultz says,

Then pull me out. I am half crazy.

The pictures cut in again. The film is very dark now. Cut to Albert Stern's room. He is lying on the bed with the gas oven turned on. His face lights up in color and changes to the face of Dutch Schultz in color. Darkness falls across his face like a black mist. He is underexposed to darkness.

I want to pay. Let them leave me alone is spoken from a dark screen. Darkness is the end. There is no The End on screen.



THE MOTHER OF GOOD FORTUNE

When I was six years old my mother left my father, and she took me to another city to live on expectations. She had been a handsome and quick-witted girl, the secret darling of her family, but they also had lived on expectations—that they would inherit money from a rich uncle or a brother's ranch, or have a clever son—and so when my mother was married twice and twice disappointed, she left her husband to go someplace where once again she could wait for her fortune. But to wait, and to receive nothing, had become a habit of life for her, and even though she could not say this to herself, she believed that she had received unhappiness for her share; her life had failed, she had lost her chances, and she did not believe she could make it good by her own will. She did not even have a son, someone in whom she could place her hopes as her mother had; only a daughter, who was moody and talkative, already damaged by the broken marriage.

It was a prosperous year when she left my father, and with a little money and some lies she managed to buy a house. She had not wanted to do this; she had wanted to do as her sisters had suggested: put me in a boarding school and find an apartment and a job for herself. But the school proved to be an unlucky choice, for I was mistreated there. I was too stupid and frightened to complain, but during Christmas vacation my mother happened to ask me if I was anxious to get back to school, and I said no, that the women there teased me and humiliated me and told me that my mother didn't want me. My mother was humiliated by this, then, as well. She did not send me back to school, and within

two months she found a house and a public school where I could go in the daytime.

The house she bought was really too large for her means. When she had spent what money she could, she found she had nothing left to make a proper lawn or buy enough furniture or a refrigerator. In the neighborhood of the house the young husbands, who had been in the army, took great pride in their gardens, bought secondhand cars for themselves and their wives, wrote letters to the city government demanding pavements and sewer systems, and devoted all their attention to their homes and their children. I could share this household affection; I was included in all vague, enthusiastic invitations to the children at large to share a picnic or a marshmallow roast, and now and then my mother and I found ourselves in the back of a crowded station wagon headed for some park or unfenced countryside. My mother looked in the newspapers for public outings: picnics for families from Iowa or Ohio, Baptist or Catholic socials, civic excursions. She took me to these and made friends for the afternoon, for she was still clever and handsome, and her failure made her ready to agree to any opinion or praise anything another person took pride in—but afterward she would mock the people we had met.

I became unhappy whenever I measured the difference between our house and the houses of my friends; and even though these children came to visit all day, I was afraid and ashamed that they would notice that the furniture was secondhand. We did not have a car to take the other children on picnics or trips to museums (but my mother would take me and one or two others by bus), and after

An Atlantic First by Judith Rascoe

school I made the long walk with her to the market and then walked back empty-handed because she would not allow me to carry groceries. I suspected that my friends came to the house because my mother was less strict than their own mothers, and I became very animated and pushy so that they would come for my sake alone; but reflected in my mother's open gaiety, I saw myself changeable and awkward. The only excursion I enjoyed wholeheartedly was going to the movies; the only theater close enough to walk to was a drive-in, but they kept some benches in the front for people without cars, and on warm nights we sat together in a darkness that smelled of dry earth and looked up at the enormous screen with its enormous voices.

When I was ashamed or unhappy, my mother felt it like a splinter under her nail—the shame especially, since she had fought against her shame of herself for so long. She gave me whatever I knew how to ask for: a paper-doll book, a plastic toy, praise; but I did not know many things to ask for, and at times I stared at her with a look of dumb greed, which frightened her because she recognized a greediness like her own for something we could not name. These moments passed and returned and passed again, and meanwhile night after night we sat across from each other at the supper table, talking in a lively, courteous way like two strangers who have struck up an acquaintance on a bus. I liked this companionable relation best; of all things in our lives, it alone gave me a sense of being a solid, separate person. For a time I convinced myself that she was not my real mother but a woman who worked with a group of kidnappers, and hoping to find some clue to this con-

spiracy, I continually asked her to tell me stories about her life and her family. She liked to tell these stories. She did not even mind telling them again and again. Sometimes she sang me to sleep, but I was afraid of the song she liked best, and the words gave me a stifled feeling:

There's a long long trail awinding
Into the land of my dreams
Where the nightingale is singing
And the bright moon beams.

I always believed that the song was about her brother who had been in the war.

My mother looked for work, and although she had gone to college and had been trained to do several things—had in fact worked before marrying the second time—she now had no confidence in herself and avoided jobs suited to her experience. She made excuses for herself: that she did not have a car, that these jobs were scarce and demanding and badly paid in this city, and that they would leave her too little time to take care of the house and me. Instead she sought whatever appealed to her at the moment: temporary jobs or work that seemed to associate her with “interesting people.” She told lies to get these jobs, lies far too complicated even for her to remember. She would work for a few weeks at a time and then tell another lie that would allow her to leave; increasingly she urged herself that we needed little more than the money her husband sent for my support. She had not

Judith Rascoe is a Stanford graduate
and a doctoral candidate at Harvard's
Department of English.

asked for alimony. Out of pride she insisted that we were really well off, that we had easy expectations of my father, and that he was in fact generous if he was tricked into being so. Money would come as certainly as a ripe apple from its branch. Sometimes I used all this against her and wrote to my father, asking him to take me away.

My mother had wealthy friends who spent the winter in a hotel in the city: Agnes and Harry Fay. She had known them since childhood. They had been poor when they married, had worked hard and bought land. After the war the land became very valuable and their business prospered. They had a beautiful daughter, Betty, who had just finished high school, and they had lots of friends who had become rich as they had in the same boom times; every few weeks they would call my mother to ask her to dinner or to a party, and they would find men to go with her. She became attached to a man who could not marry her, but despite this, and despite the fact that I made fun of the man (I called him "the pumpkinhead" because he had red hair), she was happy in her own way for a while and believed that at least the expectation of some little change had been fulfilled; but then the man left the city, and just as she was reconciling herself to this, a Diesel truck ran over Harry Fay and killed him.

At once my mother was eager to help, and she threw herself into the macabre excitement of her friend's troubles. The beautiful daughter was turning crazy and abusive—they must conspire to stop this. Old friends were trying to buy the business and the land at a loss to the widow—she must encourage Agnes to take over the business alone and make a go of it. Her friend was foolish with grief and terror—she must be made to see the good that surely lay ahead. All the force of will that she could not use for herself, all the force that would taint the purity of her own expectations, she could find on her friend's behalf. Many mornings, even school mornings, my mother carefully dressed herself and me. She put on her best suit; and instead of the blue jeans I wore to school, I wore my best plaid skirt, a freshly ironed blouse, and my Easter coat. Agnes Fay gave us money for a taxi, and we would ride to the hotel where she had stayed on after the funeral, the taxi driver outwitting the hesitant and shabby secondhand cars that belonged to the neighbors and people like the neighbors on their way to work.

The hotel was old and grand—not in any absolute sense, but in relation to the city, which was new and gaudy—just on the point of decline, like a coin tossed in the air, pausing, about to descend. That year a larger, more modern, and

more ostentatious hotel had been built on the other side of the downtown area; but all the money in town was new money, and those who had just had time to settle into the old hotel were waiting for a while, testing their fortune, and enjoying the chance to mock the newest money that went straight to the newest hotel.

In the morning, men in carefully cut ranchers' suits and hand-stitched boots would go down to the coffee shop, then buy the papers and sit in the lobby, where large and misshapen leather chairs were placed shoulder to shoulder around the imitation Spanish pillars. The bellboys and clerks here still made as much in tips as those in the new hotel, but here they had to know the names of the men who tipped them, and there was a ritual of good fellowship, compounded of gifts of whiskey and financial advice from the guests and the appearance of ingenuity from the employees: "I know as where I can get that little thing for you, Mister Bolam," a bellboy would say. "No need of you goin' around there. I was just on my way out to get this fellow in 218 a bottle of aspirin. No, don't give me any money. I always have to carry money. I'll trust you, Mr. Bolam. Isn't everybody I'd say that to. Just you wait a minute." And the bellboy would return with a watchband or undershirts or a bookie's receipt or the telephone number of a clean girl.

When my mother entered the lobby with me, she straightened and drew in a little breath of relief, as if she were stepping off a train into a town where everybody knew her name. Years before, between her marriages, she had insisted that her beaux meet her in the lobbies of expensive hotels; she would arrive early and finish combing her hair and settling her collar in the rest rooms of such hotels, where there was always a colored woman in uniform and gold mirrors, and then she would go out and sit on some wine-colored chair, smoking and secretly studying women's dresses and the faces of the men. Now, here, she was known as Mrs. Fay's friend, Mrs. Windus, and when she crossed the lobby she smiled at faces she recognized, acknowledged the stetsons touched for her, and led me past them with fussy motions of her hands. I was always excited by this progress, and it was not until we were inside the elevator and my mother was chatting with the elevator man that I realized that I dreaded these visits.

As we turned along the corridor, the image of Agnes Fay's daughter, Betty, came into my head: a fiercely pretty brown face and shoulders drawn up and a hard, drawling voice: "Didn't your mama ever tell you you weren't supposed to mess with other people's things? Get out of there!" I had opened a closet where there were party gowns and a fur coat and jersey dresses embroidered with pearls, and I had been pulling them out, wrapping their skirts around me, when I was caught. After

that I brought crayons with me and used the hotel stationery to draw pictures of princesses, but this was dangerous too, since once when Agnes Fay showed Betty a drawing of mine, Betty made a face and said, "Swell. Listen, I could draw too when I was her age. I won a *prize* at Immaculate Heart, if you remember." My mother told me that Betty was unhappy and confused, but this only made me hate her the more.

In fact, the excuses my mother made for Betty Fay were rare and simple compared with the excuses she made for my presence. She did not let me go to school, since she would not be at home when I returned (and she knew that I was bored in my classes); and she refused to hire baby-sitters—she said that she could not trust them, that they might frighten or neglect me, and she was proud of her singularity in this attitude. But once in the hotel suite, once faced with her friend's easy welcome, she was obliged to apologize for my coming, and for a few minutes she would admonish me to be good, not to roughhouse or get into things, not to interrupt or disturb so much as a pile of magazines. Some of these warnings were impossibly strict, and others were unnecessary and curiously unreal, as if she were not talking to me (I was usually quiet and careful around adults and avoided their conversation) but to some violent and noisy little boy. If a third person were present she might even speak of "the children," a habit she had fallen into when speaking to strangers; but this falsity tormented me into speaking: "*What* children? *I'm* the only children!" "Teasing, teasing," my mother would say, and catch hold of me affectionately, a thing she never did when we were alone.

One morning when we arrived, Agnes Fay was sitting on the bed, where she sat usually, although there were chairs and even a sofa in the room. I found some stationery and started drawing princesses; my mother sat on a footstool beside the bed. At once they began to talk about the untrustworthiness of Mrs. Fay's accountant, and my mother brightened in the fullness of her malicious distrust—made jokes, told anecdotes, quoted magazine articles more or less to the point, casting all this at her friend's complacent and unlettered suspicion.

"I'm just a farmer's daughter," Mrs. Fay would say, "but I know a crook when I smell one."

"There was an article, I forget where—"

"I don't need to read any articles to know that fellow's a crook. I knew it the first time he came in looking for Harry, wanting to get an advance on his salary because of family trouble. Family trouble and a new car. *Everybody's* got family trouble. I told Harry. But Harry had a soft spot, you know."

"Harry never never let anybody down, Agnes. Never in his life."

"I know that—who'd know better than me?" Mrs. Fay began to cry. She took my mother's hand. "Not like these sons of bitches, they're always looking for a little easy money, they couldn't do what they're doing if Harry were here. It's the rottenness in people where they treat a widow and her child like that. Honest to God, I wish Harry'd taken me with him. If I didn't have Betty—there's another thing to break my heart."

"Agnes, don't you talk like that—now don't you ever let me hear you talking like that. You're smarter than ten of these dumb old *men*, these dumb horse's, well-you-know, put together, and you're going to show them. Harry wouldn't want to see you crying like this."

"Oh, the good God knows he wouldn't! But I've got to cry it out!"

"That's right, you just cry now, nobody's here but us. But I don't want them to see you crying."

"They'll never see me crying. Believe you me, they'll never see me with a tear in my eye. I'll be the cold little widow woman. I wouldn't give them the satisfaction."

The tears dried, Agnes released my mother's hand. They called down for coffee, and while they drank it, Agnes had my mother read letters from the lawyers. My mother read and commented, but it was Mrs. Fay who closed her eyes and figured in her head what mortgage payments would fall due in the next month and how much interest the bank would charge on a short-term loan.

It was, then, a morning like other mornings in the hotel—except that Betty was not there, and her absence, instead of leaving me at peace, made me more apprehensive: she could arrive at any moment, and then I would have no place to go; I would have to accept what she said about me. I drew two princesses—my mother and me. I didn't like them. I drew more. With each new sheet of paper I said, This will be the best; but I wasn't satisfied and kept drawing, and my nose ached with excitement.

At noon my mother told me to wash my face and hands and come to have my hair brushed; as a treat from Mrs. Fay, we were all to eat downstairs. When she was finished with me I sat on the edge of a chair and watched the women arrange themselves. Mrs. Fay decided all at once to change her suit, and my mother hung up the discarded garment, found a missing shoe, and buttoned the back of Mrs. Fay's blouse; then she started to adjust her own blouse, but Mrs. Fay let out a little sob. "Let's get out of here," Mrs. Fay said. "If I don't start down now, I do not think I'll make it. I don't care about eating these days, I'd just as well send for a sandwich."

"I've just got to tuck in my blouse," my mother said.

"Never mind. Nobody's going to look at us anyway. Hell, I wouldn't dress up for those sons of bitches down there."

"You're right, Agnes," my mother said, but she was close to tears of disappointment: it was one thing, she thought, to be careless of expensive clothes, another thing if the clothes were old.

"That old suit," Mrs. Fay said. "You should buy yourself a new one; make Arnold send you money for it. I'm fat, but you'd look real pretty if you'd take some time for yourself."

"It is an old suit, I don't know why I wear it," my mother said in a strained voice. "Come over here, come here, let me fix your hair," she said to me.

"You fixed it!"

"Let it go," Mrs. Fay said. "She looks fine."

"She can't keep it in place. I won't let her go downstairs with her hair in a mess. I won't disgrace you, Agnes. She's a good little thing, but these children, they won't stay still." She snatched at the brush and at me and began to brush my hair with short, painful strokes. I felt her anger and disappointment in her hands, and I began to whine.

"I'm going ahead," Mrs. Fay said.

"We're ready right this minute!" my mother sang out, and pushing me ahead of her, she followed Mrs. Fay and meanwhile furtively adjusted her jacket. In front of the elevator I looked at my mother and said, "You're crying."

"I'm not crying, honey. I have something in my eye. See. Right here." She whispered and bent close to me, pushing at her eyelid with her finger to demonstrate the nonexistent mote. "You be good now. Don't upset Agnes."

"I don't want to eat lunch," I said.

"Well you just sit and pretend like you do. I don't want to eat lunch either."

In the elevator she said fiercely, "They'll write this hotel up for a magazine someday," and Agnes Fay, hearing the tone and not the words, frowned. "I just said this hotel will be famous someday. What a historic old place it is."

"They'll all be going over to the Skyhouse one of these days," Mrs. Fay said, and then to the elevator man: "You too, Joe."

"I'm too old for it, Miz Fay."

"Harry always said you were our best friend in this hotel, Joe," Mrs. Fay said, and with wet eyes she led us off at the mezzanine.

consciously, and when she spoke, it was in an artificial voice. Here she believed she was ashamed of nothing and that she recovered for a while the attentiveness and pride she had felt before she was married; but that attentiveness and pride, like this, had always sprung from shame and a fierce desire to surprise them all, her parents and their neighbors, with her luck that would be better than theirs or her brothers'. I saw stiffness and anger, too, in my mother's look.

"Do you want a drink?" Mrs. Fay asked.

"I guess I'll have something. One drink at lunchtime and I get tight as a tick, but let's say this is a celebration."

"I thought old Joe was going to bawl when I told him what Harry said," Mrs. Fay said with satisfaction.

"They all loved him, Agnes."

"I'm going to have a Jack Daniels and water."

"I think I'll try a daiquiri."

"Mixed drinks are too strong for me."

"You know what Harry told me, Agnes, once. He said never drink mixed drinks. Plain old whiskey and water, that's the stuff. You'll never have any trouble with plain liquor."

"Then why are you ordering that thing?"

"Oh. I didn't think I liked the taste of whiskey. But you're right."

"For God's sakes, have what you want."

"I won't change it now."

"We haven't ordered yet."

"Oh, we haven't have we! I was so carried away, I didn't notice."

I saw my mother's expression: as if she were lost but still trying to keep the other's spirits up; and I wished I had brought a comic book so that I would not have to listen—but it was likely that she would have taken it away from me, telling me just to sit and listen, listen in this sense meaning not to understand or to speak, but to seem to pay attention. Now, instead, I looked at the drawing on the front of the menu. It showed a Spanish garden at night, where a moon was rising and the silhouettes of dancers appeared in open doorways. I imagined myself there, a cowgirl, the owner of the hacienda, inviting people to a ball and appearing in their midst in a cowgirl outfit of silver cloth (shining like the plated cream pitcher on the table), with white boots and a white hat.

My mother was not hungry, but she moved her food around on her plate, lifting a forkful to her mouth when the widow looked at her. She knew that the widow would tease her for not eating, and she knew also that her thinness was something Agnes envied, even when she said, "You're just skin and bones." Agnes, however, took up the subject of her own daughter: how difficult she was, what the doctors said, what the nuns could do; and my mother kept quoting magazine articles and praising the daughter's beauty, but rather sadly,

On that floor there was a private club: a small dining room, a bar, and a third room where there were slot machines and poker tables. My mother liked to eat there with her friend, for entrance implied that one knew the people who ran the city. Here my mother walked more self-

Atlantic

Prizes

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\$500 College Scholarship awarded to Joyce Desmarais

STORIES: Second: Thomas J. Ondrey, Orange High School, Cleveland, Ohio; *Linda Brooks, Instructor* — Third: Celia R. Clark, The Chapin School, New York City, New York; *Margaret Rudd, Instructor* — Fourth: Janet von Briesen, The Chapin School, New York City, New York; *Judith N. Phelps, Instructor* — Fifth: Gertrude Sherman, National Cathedral School, Washington, D.C.; *Dorothy Gove, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Buena High School, Ventura, Christy Clark; Crystal Springs School for Girls, Hillsborough, Delanie Karen Bach — Illinois: Alton Senior High School, Alton, Kenneth Cook — Maryland: Gaithersburg High School, Gaithersburg, Angela Merrington; Walter Johnson Senior High School, Bethesda, Michael Garfinkle — Massachusetts: Deerfield Academy, Deerfield, Anthony deWitt Frost — Michigan: Cranbrook School, Bloomfield Hills, Thomas E. Nehil, Jr. — New Jersey: East Orange Catholic High School, East Orange, Megan Carr; Wall High School, Wall, Kathleen D. Luscombe — New York: The Chapin School, New York City, Elizabeth H. Munnell, Mary J. Portser; Mater Christi High School, Astoria, Phyllis Pasculli — Pennsylvania: Conestoga High School, Berwyn, Joseph A. Dworetzky; Villa Maria Academy, Malvern, Patricia A. Petrella — Texas: Bellaire High School, Bellaire, Susan Madsen.

ESSAYS: Second: Meribeth A. Ogrinc, Orange High School, Cleveland, Ohio; *Elsa Jane Carroll, Instructor* — Third: Ruth Harrison, The Ethel Walker School, Simsbury, Connecticut; *Florence L. Hunt, Instructor* — Fourth: Teresa Miller, Nazareth Academy, Rochester, New York; *Sister Rosalie, SSJ, Instructor* — Fifth: Mary Fairchild Busch, The Ethel Walker School, Simsbury, Connecticut; *Florence L. Hunt, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Garden Grove High School, Garden Grove, Rosemary Smith — New Jersey: The Kimberley School, Montclair, Christine Hannon — New York: Bishop Kearney High School, Rochester, Andrew Marchese, Christine M. Metzger, Barbara L. Neary, Kathleen Urbanic; Elmira Free Academy, Elmira, Andrew Stephen Elston; Nazareth Academy, Rochester, Jane Dentinger, Marciana Kowalewski; Poly Prep Country Day School, Brooklyn, Peter Mauss — Ohio: Orange High School, Cleveland, Thomas Ondrey; Valley Forge High School, Parma Heights, Sheila Larimore — Pennsylvania: William Allen High School, Allentown, Cindy Lee Sadler, J. Michael Theodore — Virginia: Bishop Denis J. O'Connell High School, Arlington, John T. Masterson, Jr.

POEMS: Second, Jon Todd Ferrier, Cranbrook School, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan; *Templin Licklider, Instructor* — Third: John Coury, Port Huron Northern High School, Port Huron, Michigan; *Larry Smith, Instructor* — Fourth: Nancy E. Stroud, Springbrook High School, Silver Spring, Maryland; *Catherine C. Berg, Instructor* — Fifth: Shelly Beth Abramson, George W. Hewlett High School, Hewlett, New York; *Ruth Nelson, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: R. A. Millikan High School, Long Beach, Morissa Schiller — Illinois: Thornridge High School, Dolton, Richard Johnson — Maryland: Springbrook High School, Silver Spring, Joseph Tarbell — Massachusetts: Northfield School, East Northfield, Alison Warren Odell; Notre Dame Academy, Hingham, Kathleen Keenan — Michigan: Fremont High School, Fremont, Michael McCormick — Missouri: Mary Institute, St. Louis, Lela Shepley — New Hampshire: Merrimack High School, Merrimack, Allen D. Penrod; St. Paul's School, Concord, David Gage Andrews — New Jersey: Bayonne High School, Bayonne, Nancy Rosciszewski — New York: George W. Hewlett High School, Hewlett, Lisa Schwarzbaum; Homer Central School, Homer, John Reynolds — North Carolina: Tryon High School, Tryon, Molly Watson — Virginia: Chatham Hall, Chatham, Ann Watson; F. W. Cox High School, Virginia Beach, Michael E. Manning.

COLLEGES

PRIZES: Best Story — \$100.00 Mary Lynn MacDonald, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois; *Melvin Lorentzen, Instructor*

Best Essay — \$100.00 Wendy Barnitz, Academy of the New Church College, Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania; *Richard Gladish, Instructor*

Best Poem — \$100.00 Valerie Malinowski, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Ruth Miriam, SSND, Instructor*

Bread Loaf Scholarship awarded to Joyce Clemmer, Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Pennsylvania; Dr. J. Wesley Ingles, Instructor

STORIES: Second: Joyce Clemmer, Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Pennsylvania; *Dr. J. Wesley Ingles, Instructor* — Third: Susan Frances Kreuz, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois; *Sister Mary Jeremy Finnegan, OP., Instructor* — Fourth: Judson M. Childs, Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Pennsylvania; *Dr. J. Wesley Ingles, Instructor* — Fifth: Mary A. Goulding, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois; *Sister Mary Jeremy Finnegan, OP., Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: San Diego State College, San Diego, Chris Bruce — Colorado: Mesa College, Grand Junction, Penny Jeannine Baker — Florida: St. Joseph College of Florida, Jensen Beach, Kenith Crawford — Illinois: Quincy College, Quincy, Michael M. Wilson; Wheaton College, Wheaton, Bryan Dahlberg, Dean Woodward Lewis — Indiana: University of Evansville, Evansville, Pamela Sue DeWeese; Manchester College, North Manchester, Jeff Smithburn; St. Mary's College, South Bend, Trisha Leite — Maryland: Goucher College, Towson, Elizabeth Bonan, Marianne Heller; College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Mary A. Young — Pennsylvania: Mt. Mercy College, Pittsburgh, Marsha Bonasorte — Virginia: University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Gregory Hurray, Richard W. Perednia.

ESSAYS: Second: Judith McWhinney, San Diego State College, San Diego, California; *Elizabeth Chater, Instructor* — Third: Dean Woodward Lewis, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois; *Helen Siml deVette, Instructor* — Fourth: Joyce Clemmer, Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Pennsylvania; *Dr. J. Wesley Ingles, Instructor* — Fifth: Nancy Sidote, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois; *Sister M. Anna, OP., Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Mount St. Mary's College, Los Angeles, Teresa Keeler; San Diego State College, San Diego, Clifford L. Davidson — Illinois: Wheaton College, Wheaton, Constance R. Bailey — Kansas: Donnelly College, Kansas City, Sister Diane Kenney, MMB — Maryland: College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Lynn Cheryl Holloway, Denise Sopp — Michigan: Muskegon Community College, Muskegon, Patricia Zilch — Minnesota: College of St. Scholastica, Duluth, Margaret Cuba — North Carolina: Meredith College, Raleigh, Suzanne Reynolds — Pennsylvania: Eastern Baptist College, St. Davids, Richard C. Wingate; University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Julie H. Crittenden, Jerry L. Gruebel, Edward L. Klein — Virginia: University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Richard W. Perednia — Wisconsin: Wisconsin State University, River Falls, Frank Scheide.

POEMS: Second: Sister Regina Mary Clemens, SSND, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Ruth Miriam, SSND, Instructor* — Third: Lynda Bongartz, University of Houston, Houston, Texas; *S. N. Karchmer, Instructor* — Fourth: Sister Georganne Porter, IHM, Marywood College, Scranton, Pennsylvania; *Sister Paulinus Sullivan, IHM, Instructor* — Fifth: Nancy Zak, Mundelein College, Chicago, Illinois; *Sister Anne Leone Graham, BVM, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Mount St. Mary's College, Los Angeles, Cathy Herdering — Florida: St. Johns River Junior College, Palatka, Nancy T. Tillman — Illinois: Mundelein College, Chicago, Sister Audrey Kick, Carol Summers; Rosary College, River Forest, Carol Pauly; Wheaton College, Wheaton, Sharon Behnken, David Bellingier, Nancy W. Ediger — Maryland: College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Peggy Patrick — Michigan: Muskegon Community College, Muskegon, Kenneth C. Raynor Jr. — Pennsylvania: Marywood College, Scranton, Sande L. Kiriluk; University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Fred Seitz — Texas: Incarnate Word College, San Antonio, Linda Brumfield — Washington: Wenatchee Valley College, Wenatchee, David W. Nelson, Patricia Thorp.

as if it were something already lost. She could not have enough of her friend's misfortunes, and without knowing it she was impatient for something worse to happen. She said to herself that she was being realistic, and that Agnes did not realize how seriously disturbed Betty was; my mother could expect nothing else, to be truthful, of this shiftless and fortunate family that had promised nothing from the beginning. My mother tore out and saved the pages on art from *Life* magazine, could play *Traumerei* and a half-dozen pieces in major keys on the piano, and had taught me to obey several commands in French: *Politesse est une fleur*, she used to whisper. Agnes understood money and collected Royal Doulton figures and used the wrong verb forms. Despite the crooked accountant, Agnes did not know how lucky she was to have good, loyal lawyers. This talk of business reminded my mother of the days when she left her first husband, before she had taken a job: imagining herself a career woman, something that frightened and excited her at the same time. She would fail at that, at this. It was as if she were posturing in a room where the floor was falling. She fell silent.

Agnes Fay said to me, "You're a good little thing, minding your mother. I remember when Betty was just your age—she behaved so well. Do you want to get up?"

"She can sit here till we finish our coffee," my mother said.

"She doesn't have to sit here. Honey, let me give you something." Mrs. Fay opened her handbag, spilled Kleenex on her lap, and took out a leather purse. "Hold out your hands, honey."

I held out my hands, and Agnes Fay spilled a bunch of silver dollars into my hands. They were heavy and cold, like water from a rock.

"You can play the slot machines with these."

"Agnes, she can't do that."

"She can win me some money. Stop fussing, Connie, you're just like an old hen."

"I'll go with her."

"You sit right here." Mrs. Fay spoke to the headwaiter, and the headwaiter spoke to a man in a gray suit, and it was arranged.

I knew I was going to win. Slowly, holding the dollars against my stomach, I climbed out of my chair and made my way through the dining room, knowing that everyone was watching me.

In the next room where the slot machines sat on a shelf around the wall, I was alone. On the floor was a dark-blue carpet with silver stars woven into the fabric, and there were two eight-sided tables covered in blue felt, surrounded by heavy chairs. The loudspeakers in two corners broadcast piano music: "Some Enchanted Evening," and then "A Slow Boat to China" (I knew the words to both

songs), and the air had the electric smell of air conditioning.

By climbing onto a chair I was the right height to operate the machines. I spread the dollars on the shelf next to a machine, put one in the slot, and pulled the handle with both hands, remembering what Agnes Fay had said once about slot machines: pull slowly, count to two, and let it go. The numbers spun and clicked into place one by one. There was a *chink* of money falling, but it was inside the machine, and I lost the dollar.

When I lost a second dollar I considered going to another machine. There were six dollars left. I put the next one in the slot very carefully and then pulled the handle down fast, letting it go immediately; it flung back noisily, rattling the coins inside. The numbers were wrong. The dollar was lost. I started to pick up the remaining dollars, when from behind me Agnes Fay said, "No, you've got it warmed up, don't leave it."

I said, "Go away, go away, *please!*" because I knew I must win, and anything could be bad luck. I pushed another dollar quickly into the slot, then paused before drawing down the handle, conscious now that I was being watched. I lost the dollar.

"Here," my mother said, "you let Agnes play, honey. Agnes, go on. She's had her fun with it."

"Let her finish."

I leaned close to the machine (its hen breast, its comic eyes), whispering to it, "Come on. Nice machine. Come on, come on come on come on," rubbed a dollar between my hands and put it in the slot; then I pulled the handle. A bell. A bell. A bell. The money inside seethed, and there was a click. Then there was a rushing sound, and silver poured out of the mouth of the machine, so quickly that I stopped breathing, and only after that did I begin to catch at the falling coins.

"Looky here, she got herself a jackpot!" the widow said.

"Look, I won!" I held out the coins in my skirt. I was a fairy-tale child with a skirt full of silver. My mother was smiling and looking around the room.

"Thank you, honey," Agnes Fay said. She picked up the dollars, putting them in her purse, but she left two in the skirt for me. "Come on," she said to my mother, "we'll go out and spend these."

"From our lucky little girl," my mother said.

"Remember that," Agnes said. "You're lucky. You're always going to be lucky. Your mother was lucky when we were girls."

"I won that prize when the Golden Rule had that contest, didn't I?" my mother said. "Come to think of it. Do you remember that?"

"Aren't I lucky?" I said to my mother.

"You've always been lucky," my mother said. "Ever since you were born."

NEVER MIND OUR OPINION after all, we're prejudiced BUT read these new quotes from two road tests of the Rover 2000 TC

On why we don't need a yearly model change:

"The design of the TC is such that even in today's fast changing automotive world, the appearance of the Rover will never grow old."¹ "Few excuses need to be made for its performance, roadability, or accommodation when comparing it to other sedans in the same class but of more recent design."²

On Rover engineering:

"This is a car which does everything just right and to say that the Rover 2000 TC is a perfect piece of automotive engineering is certainly not exaggerating."³

On the Rover "ride":

"Springing is soft, and the result is a very plush ride with less harshness than any car short of a large American sedan."⁴ "Radial tires have been standard on 2000's from the outset"⁵ "and the suspension has been tuned to these radial ply tires in such a manner that"⁶ "their usual effects on ride harshness have been completely tuned out."⁷

On manoeuvrability and spunk:

"The TC also has very high cornering power for a sedan."⁸ "We had occasion to come up against a few sports cars in town, and no doubt their drivers were somewhat amazed when this sedan managed to leave them during cornering manoeuvres. It is a very satisfying feeling to have a luxurious sedan which can give you adequate acceleration and then perform like a true GT when it comes to roaring through corners, along super highways or over country roads."⁹

On the engine:

"The engine does run flexibly and without tempera-

ment, starting quickly on its manual choke and having no carburetion flat spots or low-speed bucking to spoil everyday city-suburban driving."¹⁰ "The car's highway performance is superb and cruising at 90 mph is an effortless job for the engine."¹¹

On shifting and braking:

"The all synchromesh gear box makes shifting a delightful experience and the throws are quick and accurate."¹² "The gearbox itself is quiet and infallibly synchronized and its ratios are appropriate for the car and engine. The shift lever, which has a trigger release for getting into reverse, is in just the right place."¹³ "The brakes are familiar Girling solid discs all around with plenty of swept area and two vacuum boosters."¹⁴

On getting into the Rover for the first time:

"When you first sit in the TC it brings out a certain excitement."¹⁵ "In the 2000's interior, the car's individuality is as clear as in the handling and ride. There's a definite English feeling about the surroundings, with proper leather ... used as you would expect."¹⁶

On instrumentation:

"Control switches are easy to reach and there is no mystery as to what they are as each one is clearly marked."¹⁷ "The steering wheel is adjustable up-and-down about 1½ in. but not fore-and-

aft; a widely adjustable backrest, however, takes care of all adjustable needs."¹⁸ "Standard equipment for our market is an intriguing gadget known as Icelert."¹⁹ "This flashes on and off when the temperature goes below the 36 degree mark and stays on when the temperature reaches the freezing point."²⁰

On fresh air and heating:

"Most notable is the heating and ventilation system, which in spite of much catching-up by other manufacturers over the past five years is still the best we've experienced in a British car. Especially notable are the dash vents smack in front of the driver and passenger."²¹

On creature comforts:

"Another touch, one we'd applaud in any car, is the pair of drop-down bins under each side of the dash that serve as storage space and as the best knee protection in a crash that we've seen."²² "The seats themselves, both front and back, fit like a glove providing maximum comfort."²³

On visibility:

"The view out over the sloping hood is outstanding, little fender-cap lights defining the front corners, and to the sides and rear vision is also more than acceptable."²⁴

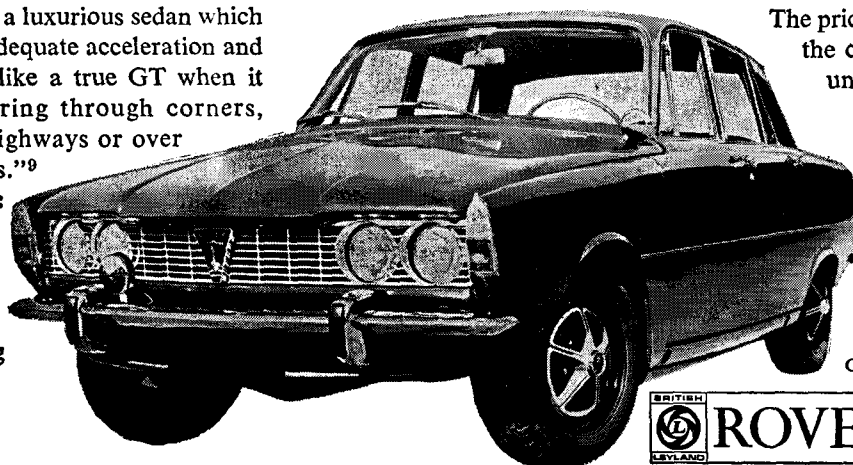
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15,17,20,23



CHICAGO'S BLACKSTONE RANGERS

PART II



by James Alan McPherson

Last month Mr. McPherson described how a group of black Chicago street gangs evolved into the controversial "Ranger Nation," funded by the Poverty Program, investigated by the Senate, and hunted by the police. Here he completes his report and explains why — as a onetime Chicago policeman puts it — the Rangers "started as kids, but with all the pressures, they don't even know themselves now."

Few uniformed policemen walk the streets in the Woodlawn area. Those who do are black. Most white policemen drive through the area in cars, usually accompanied by a black officer. Most of the policemen in the area seem to be young. They are, for the most part, polite, and a little cold. On occasion one notices a parked patrol car with two hard-faced white officers in the front seat and the barrel of a shotgun framed in the window between them. Only then does one remember the tension which is supposed to exist between the police and the black community. It is present, but it is not racial; at least not in the traditional—black-white—sense of the word.

Black people, if Blackstone Rangers can be called representative of black people, feel a tension between black policemen and themselves. It is a feeling of mistrust, of discomfort. Rangers do not seem to be under continual harassment from the police, but it is a fair assumption that they, or at least their leaders, are being watched by other blacks. If one sits too long in a restaurant with a Ranger of any status within the organization, he will eventually become aware of another black sitting in the next booth, sipping an eternal cup of coffee. Perhaps he is merely enjoying his coffee; perhaps he is a plainclothesman on the job. In any case, Rangers find it more relaxing to converse inside the Center or in one of their other meeting places.

"It shouldn't be called the Police Gang Intelligence Unit," says Mickey Cogwell, one of the Main 21 (the leadership of the Blackstone Rangers). "It should be called the Gang *Stupid* Unit because they are so stupid. If they really wanted to get us, they would wait until we commit crimes and then arrest us. Instead, they try to stop us from doing anything."

Mickey Cogwell is another busy man. Among the Main 21, he is recognized as the Ranger leader with the most business ability. For this reason Ranger president Jeff Fort put him in charge of West Side business operations of the Blackstone Nation. Cogwell is intelligent and his directness suggests honesty and candor. He wears a black derby and a blue turtleneck sweater and talks very fast. He has had considerable experience with the Gang Intelligence Unit. He has been arrested more than sixty times.

"Every time people do things for us the G.I.U. tries to publicize it so that donators get bad publicity," Cogwell says. "It doesn't want the Rangers and Disciples to have a peace treaty because it threatens the security of their jobs. I feel that the G.I.U.—black men—use the Rangers and the rivalry between us and the D's to make their work more important to the system."

Cogwell believes that the members of the G.I.U. have extra-police powers. According to him, they can go into the Cook County Jail whenever they

want; they have easy access to the press whenever they want to publicize stories about the Rangers; they have the help of the power structure in Chicago; and they can even influence judges. "Suppose one of the younger cats go out and does something and is put in the Cook County Jail. They will be offered a chance to get out if they swear that they were told to do something by one of the older Rangers, by one of the Main," he says. "The police have realized that they can't break up the Stones now. They might have done it four or five years ago, but now all they can do is arrest the Main. But Stone will still go on. In order to break us up, they will have to arrest everyone from the Main down to the peewees."

"If the police pick up a Stone, we take the number of the car, call a lawyer, and follow the car to the station," Cogwell states. "We wait in the halls until the lawyer comes. Then we try to find out what the bond is. If it's not too high, we try to raise it. But most bonds are set too high." He attributes the high bonds to intervention by members of the G.I.U. and the influence they seem to have over judges.

Cogwell denies that there was a payoff behind the November "Don't Vote" campaign. He says that it was an expression of the dissatisfaction of the Rangers with the local political structure. He observes that just after their campaign, G.I.U. chief Edward Buckney was promoted to captain and plans were made to increase the G.I.U. from 38 to 200 men. He believes that the campaign frightened the Chicago power structure. And the Rangers, he says, are now planning for 1971, the year of the next mayoralty election. Winston Moore, the black warden of the Cook County Jail and a critic of the Rangers, called the campaign "out-right stupid," but whether or not the activity was politically naïve, it seems that the Chicago power structure is presently attempting to tighten up its control of the Blackstone Rangers.

Still, the Rangers appear to be growing, in both number and the scope of their business ventures. Besides the restaurant, they have obtained the use of a building from Humble Oil Company for \$1 a year. The building, Cogwell says, will be used for Ranger businesses which will be operated by the eight Blackstone Rangers who are presently receiving training from the Chicago Small Businessmen's Association. Also, the Westinghouse Corporation has donated to the Rangers, through the University of Chicago's Firman House, fourteen washers and three dryers. The corporation will teach the Rangers how to operate them so they will be able to start their own laundromat. They have received two car-wash units from other sources, and have been given an interest in the Sammy Davis, Jr. Liquor Store, a pilot project owned by the famous entertainer and managed by the Rangers. The profits from the store go into a "slush fund" against

the time when the Rangers are prepared to set up other businesses. Finally, an unnamed manufacturer has supplied them with 20,000 "All Mighty Black P. Stone" sweat shirts with the phrase "black is beautiful" printed on their backs in every major language. Lamar Bell, a Ranger leader, wears one with the phrase written in Greek.

"We want the Stones to be able to know something when they go into business," Mickey Cogwell says. He is not pleased with his attempts to run the West Side operation, he notes, because of what he calls attempts of the G.I.U. to stop Ranger business development by finding violations of the building and zoning codes, and reporting them to city agencies. At one point, he says, the Rangers had \$800 worth of violations against them.

Mickey Cogwell claims that the Rangers made a genuine effort to keep the South Side cool during the April riots. "Jeff sent word out all over the Nation to keep peace," he says, "because King was killed and everybody was hurting. All the Main leaders went out into the streets to keep peace. Plus, the G.I.U. was out too, to provoke the Rangers into rioting. We feel that the city was out to get us to burn down our own community. But since we need the stores—our babies need milk—Jeff decided that all the stores in the area were part of the Ranger Nation."

I asked Mickey Cogwell if the Rangers would like to patrol their neighborhoods as a kind of community police force similar in some respects to the Black Panthers on the West Coast. "There is quite a difference between the power structure on the West Coast and the power structure in Chicago," he replied. "Mayor Daley is the most powerful man in America. He can tell the President what to do. On the Coast the Panthers can ride around in cars with guns, but not here. Mayor Daley is a powerful cat, very powerful. And dangerous, very dangerous."

While the Rangers can, in many instances, be considered a kind of spontaneous para-police force in their efforts to show the strength of their organization, there is another consideration to place in focus: are the police, specifically the members of the Gang Intelligence Unit, themselves a para-political force? This question is important in a very singular respect. It is evident that the Blackstone Ranger Nation is not interested in voluntarily *helping* the police: all of their activities which may be called helpful to the police seem to arise, unavoidably, from their efforts to keep the name of the Ranger organization safe from adverse publicity or else to demonstrate the tremendous power and community appeal, at least among the young, of the Blackstone Ranger Nation. In both of these

areas the activities of the Gang Intelligence Unit seem to contribute the necessary pressure or motivation. The relative ease with which its members operate within the police department and the co-operation they receive from the State's Attorney's Office and the Cook County Jail, the influence they seem to have in the courts, and the easy willingness of the press to publicize incidents about the Rangers all suggest that members of the Unit have more than ordinary police powers.

For example, in December of 1968 after Jeff Fort was found guilty of contempt of Congress and released on \$5000 bond, he was arrested by members of the G.I.U. on an old charge: failure to pay a \$50 fine for a previous disorderly conduct arrest. The arrest warrant was issued on March 17, 1967. The eight G.I.U. officers who arrested Fort arrived at his home carrying axes, prepared to break down the door. They had no search warrant, but they searched his apartment and found a .22 caliber gun. Fort was charged with failure to register the gun.

Marshall Patner, the white Chicago lawyer who walked out of Senator McClellan's investigation of Poverty Program funding of a Ranger project with his client Jeff Fort last summer, has been in a position which enabled him to observe the activities of the Gang Intelligence Unit firsthand. "The question is," he says, "whether the police run the whole show. The G.I.U. can say 'no bond' to the judges, and no bond is given. Judges listen to them. State's attorneys listen to them."

Patner is paid by the Kettering Foundation to provide legal counsel for Rangers in general and Jeff Fort in particular. A 1956 University of Chicago Law School graduate, he quit his job as head of the appellate and test case division of the Legal Aid Bureau of Chicago to help William W. Brackett, who served as counsel for the Reverend John Fry before the McClellan Committee. Fry is a white clergyman whose church, the First Presbyterian, housed one of the Rangers' training centers funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity through a local grass roots group, The Woodlawn Organization (T.W.O.). The church thought Fort should have a black lawyer, but Fort preferred Marshall Patner.

"As a lawyer," Patner says, "I don't see my function as looking over a client to see what he's doing. I see these people as needing defense because they are being picked on for offenses which other people wouldn't be charged with, and subject to high bond just because they are Rangers." Since the McClellan hearings, Marshall Patner has received angry letters and telephone calls suggesting that he should be put into a concentration camp.

In Ranger cases, according to Patner, the judges set very high bonds. In one arrest for aggravated assault, the night judge set bond at \$4000 and the morning judge reset bond at \$5000. For a fight in

the jail, Fort's bond was set at \$10,000, and for a charge of resisting arrest, Jeff Fort's bond was again set at \$10,000. He estimates that Fort has been picked up over one hundred and eighty times. Sometimes he will be arrested, processed, and released in a few minutes. Patner is bringing a suit in federal court for injunctive relief. The suit is against Mayor Daley, Captain Buckney, the State's Attorney, and certain judges, and is on behalf of Jeff Fort, Mickey Cogwell, and the Black P. Stone Nation.

Marshall Patner feels that the peacekeeping role of the Rangers is a "funny" one. "I would guess that as a matter of defiance and as a show of power the Rangers exert all the energy possible to see that police prophecies about them are not fulfilled. In contrast, they do this in areas where interests are common to their own. I believe that they keep a lot of ghetto kids out of trouble by giving them something with which they can identify."

The police are definitely out to get the Stones," Carl Banks, a Ranger teacher, tells me at the Black P. Stone Youth Center, "especially since Nixon got in. Every time a black gets arrested, if he's from this neighborhood he's treated like a Stone. His bond is hiked up, he's harassed." Banks's voice changes to anger. "They don't want the Stones to have anything." He crushes a cigarette butt with his foot. "They want to keep us right down here on the ground."

"Why do you think they're out to get you?" I ask him.

Banks lights up another cigarette. "Some people in the area are still scared of us. This neighborhood used to be terrible, especially for strangers. Now all that's changed."

"How has it changed?"

"Stone run it," he says. "There's less fighting now. Stones are keeping dope and faggots out of the neighborhood. We even try to keep prostitutes out."

I follow Carl Banks over to the stage where the drums are assembled. It is time for his practice session. "We want to represent to the kids that this is our neighborhood," he continues; "we love it, it's all we got. We want the kids to feel the same way. We try to instill some dignity and pride in them. That's what the P. stands for."

"Are the kids forced to join?" I ask.

Carl considers this. He beats out a roll on one of the drums before answering. "It might have been that way in the old days," he admits. "But there's no pressure now. That's why we're going slow now. The older brothers aren't as active as they should be, some of them are drifting away. Having the peewees with us is OK, but we really need the adults to get our program going good."

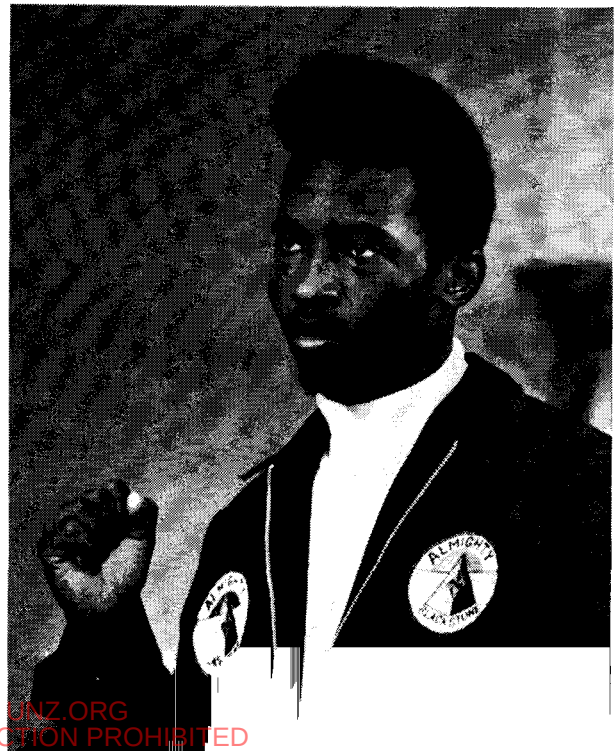
"How do you get the kids to join?" I ask.

"They just come in," Banks says. "This is the only place open at night for kids to attend. There's nothing else in the area that's open except the Y.M.C.A. on Seventy-first Street."

Black children, at least those from the Woodlawn area, do come to the Center. They wander in and out of the broken door from the time it is unlocked in the morning until after ten every night. Except for the percussion class, there are few organized activities available for them. For the most part, they stand around the office, expectantly, waiting for something to develop; or else they wander back into the main room and sit in the metal chairs against the walls, under the painted faces of Marcus Garvey, Harriet Tubman, Malcolm X, Muhammad Ali, Martin Luther King, and Frederick Douglass. All of the walls in the main room are painted black. And the historical faces are on the right wall. On the left wall, also against a black background, there is a skillfully drawn mural of cosmic forces, the universe in motion, flaming comets, and the overall suggestion of pure energy.

The wall has its symbolic significance, although the children seem to favor the right side of the room and the faces on its wall, behind the metal chairs where they sit. Young people are only barred from the back room when the older Rangers come in—Jeff Fort, Edward Bey, Mickey Cogwell, and other Main leaders—and secret meetings are held. At these times the children wait in the small office, under orders to remain silent, or else they go outside. And whenever they do leave the Center, many of them, especially the younger ones, are quick to call back to anyone still standing in the room: "Stone Run It!"

Jeff Fort before senators



Wide World Photos



Wide World Photos

Congressman Abner Mikva, a white reformer who has fought the Daley machine, was elected to his first term in Congress last November from the Second Congressional District of Chicago, which encompasses the Woodlawn part of the South Side. He is considered by many people in Chicago to be something of an expert on Ranger affairs. Over coffee in his home on South Kenwood Avenue, Mikva offers some of his impressions of the group.

"I'm not a pro-Ranger. If someone commits a crime in the area and if he is a kid, the victim will assume that he's a Ranger, but if the Rangers had committed all the crimes they have been charged with, there would probably have to be at least 100,000 of them, or they would have to be some of the most energetic criminals who ever lived," he says. "I don't think they are civic-minded young reformers. I think that many of them are so alienated that it will be a hard job trying to bring them back into the mainstream. But even if you could bust up the gang structure, it would cost more to keep these kids apart than it would cost to help them do something constructive."

Unlike most groups of young, organized blacks, the Rangers do not seem to be primarily racially oriented. If they believe in any form of black power at all, it's the physical energy which they are attempting to harness in the black community and the economic power which, they believe, will come through constructive uses of that energy. If they hold any political philosophy at all, it is truly a grass roots one: they want to wrest control of their community not so much from the power structure as from the control of an older generation of blacks. They have a large number of the young people; now they are attempting to expand their source of energy by moving into the black, middle-class neighborhoods. And it is in such areas that the limitations of the Ranger appeal are tested. It is within these areas that class lines become more apparent.

Abner Mikva admits the reality of these class

lines which contribute to polarization in the black community. "In other neighborhoods they really are recruiting, but these are different kinds of kids. They're middle-class, with two parents in the home—home-owning parents—not kids from broken families. The Rangers are scaring the day-lights out of them. And unfortunately, some of the white churchmen are helping them. I get violent mail, more from the black community than from the white, asking: 'What are you doing defending the Rangers?'"

"Some people in the South Woodlawn and Oakland areas would say that the police are too easy on the Rangers," he observes. "Some parents believe that they should crack some skulls. They're scared to death. And these are *black* people. This shows that it's not so much a color thing between the police and the Rangers. I can't recall any time over the last two years when I saw two white policemen alone in a car in the community. They're mostly black and white teams now. Or, if there are two white policemen, they don't respond to street calls. A good part of the G.I.U. is black, and some of these men have done community work in Woodlawn or with Operation Breadbasket. Some of them are militant, but they're against the Rangers because they're policemen and for obeying the law." Mikva feels, however, that the police do create a problem in the black community, in spite of the sameness of color. "The police insist on using direct, terrorist, violent methods and only succeed in polarizing people. They force people like myself to come out pro-Ranger because of their tactics. I come out saying more in defense of the Rangers than I would like to. Other people come out being more anti-Ranger than they would ordinarily be."

In spite of whatever constructive things they are attempting to do, Mikva says, the Rangers are unpredictable. He recognizes that the community has to deal with them, but, he says, "If they weren't here, I wouldn't invent them."

There was a birthday party given for Joyce Green at the Black P. Stone Youth Center one Saturday night in late November. The girls brought homemade cake and potato chips, a bowl of punch, balloons, some cookies, and a few records. Fifteen or so boys, ranging in age from nine to fourteen, sat on the metal chairs against the wall, under the pictures of Marcus Garvey, Malcolm X, Muhammad Ali, Martin Luther King, Du Bois, and the others, waiting for the party to start. They sat quietly, waiting for the girls to start the record player. And when the music finally began, the boys cut the lights out and proceeded to select dancing partners. Art Richardson, director of the Center, put the lights on. One of the boys cut them off again. "The lights have to stay on, little brother," Richardson told him.

"We want them out," some of the other boys said.

Richardson motioned for all the boys to come closer to him. "If it's not worth doing in the light," he said, "then it's not worth doing at all." Then he added: "That's what Stone is all about."

The boys considered this, and when Art left the room again one of them cut the lights off. Art came back into the room, put the lights on again, and stood next to the switch. All of the boys left the Center. And after gathering the cakes and the punch and the chips and records, and after breaking all the balloons, the girls followed them.

On Sunday morning before ten o'clock the boy who had made the last effort to darken the room leaned against the locked door of the Center, waiting for it to open. I waited with him.

"Art will be here in a while," I told him.

"I don't like Art," the boy said. "He's mean."

"Do you know what he was trying to tell you last night?" I asked him.

"Yeah," he said. "I know. But nobody wants to dance with girls with the lights on. If the other guys see it, they'll talk about you."

To get out of the wind, while we waited, we went across Sixty-seventh Street to a restaurant and played records and drank Cokes. The boy's name is Danny Jackson. He is in Carl Banks's percussion class. He is fourteen, an eighth-grader, has semi-processed hair, and he never smiles. He wants to be a musician because his father is a musician. He wants to finish high school and then work in a factory because his father works in a factory. He has never thought about college. He does not know much about what it means to be a Blackstone Ranger, but he knows that he is one because he is allowed to walk in and out of the Center whenever he wants. Asked why he likes being a Ranger and living in Woodlawn, he says, "Because Stone Run It!"

Youth Action, a Chicago youth organization funded by the Y.M.C.A. and the Chicago Boys' Club, opened the center on Sixty-seventh and Blackstone as an outpost early in 1968. There was a one-year lease taken on the building. Last September, according to Art Richardson, Youth Action abandoned the outpost. "In October," he says, "I just walked in the Center off the street, pulled the desks out of the basement, and got the Stones to clean up and paint the place. Then the kids started coming in."

Richardson believes that Youth Action abandoned the outpost because it could not reach the youth in the community. I asked Richardson why he thought the Center was more successful under his direction than it was under the administration of Youth Action.

"I'm a legitimate person from the community," he replied. "They were outsiders. The most important thing in this work is understanding the *needs*

of the community. I don't profess to be able to *teach*, but I do come from the community. I know the needs. If I had the resources, I would be able to get peoples who are capable of carrying out my program. I'll always welcome agency peoples to come in, and I'll always welcome their ideas, but *we* have to run it."

"How do you know you *can* run it?" I asked him.

Art nodded toward the mural of the solar system on the left side of the main room. "That's energy," he said. "It only responds to the right vibrations. It's that way in nature. An outsider comes in projecting an outside vibration, communicating over the heads of the younger, grass roots brothers. That's wrong. You have to relate to young brothers simply, give off simple vibrations. Otherwise, the little brothers will not respond energetically."

I asked him if any black, and not just Rangers, could produce the right vibrations.

"No," he said. "A lot of Afro brothers don't know how to respond on the street level. So a lot of the little brothers here don't relate to and don't respect some of the outside brothers."

When Art Richardson speaks of "universal vibrations," he seems to imply that the Ranger Nation is not necessarily organized along racial lines; and the fact that many black residents of areas in which they operate condemn their activities serves to support this assumption. Subtle, almost imperceptible class lines are slowly being drawn. And the Rangers seem to be aware of this. "The Chief [Jeff Fort] wants to have white Stones and Mexican Stones and any other kind of person who has the ability to be a Stone," Richardson told me. "He's already extended the invitation."

The directors of the Center have worked out a "Performing Arts Program," with a selected schedule of classes running from Monday through Saturday. Among the classes listed are history, job training, dancing, speeches by interested religious leaders, businessmen, teachers, and entertainers, a class in percussion, boxing, current events, and a class in the importance of education. All these classes are still on paper. So far only one class, the percussion class taught by Lamar Bell and Carl Banks, has started. The others are waiting, like the children who come in every evening, perhaps for financial backing, perhaps for the trust and the enthusiasm of the adult community to grow.

In the middle of November Art Richardson and Lamar Bell began to make plans for the Ranger Thanksgiving show, to draw the interest of the Woodlawn community to the Black P. Stone Youth Center. The floors were cleaned, spotlights were rented or borrowed, posters were distributed over the Woodlawn, Hyde Park, Oakland, and Kenwood areas. Then they went out into the black community to recruit talent.

On the Friday evening just before Thanksgiving the Blackstone Rangers presented their show. It was well attended, but the young people in the audience far outnumbered the adults. A fair contingent of whites from the university areas came, and a TV newsman also came to film the first part of the show. Some of them, the whites, looked puzzled as they tried to comprehend the significance of the mural on the left wall of the auditorium room.

All of those who had volunteered to perform kept their promise. Darlene Blackburn even put on a small fashion show of female African clothing. And although Youth Action provided the microphone and helped the Rangers transport chairs from the Saint Ambrose Church, the show, for the most part, was an independent Ranger accomplishment. Visitors to the Center were asked, but not required, to make a contribution. Raffle tickets for a Thanksgiving turkey were given in exchange for the contributions. The Rangers collected almost seventy dollars.

During the late afternoon and evening there was a steady flow of people in and out of the Center. The Rangers estimate that they had between 300 and 400 people in the Center during the event. The whites who came in the early evening left, almost in a group, when the major part of the show was over. Jeff Fort, Edward Bey, Mickey Cogwell, all in leather jackets, came with some of the other older Rangers, some of them new faces in the Center. They walked, almost nervously, back and forth between the office and the auditorium during most of the show, watching. Occasionally they conferred together at the back of the auditorium, and occasionally they called Art Richardson aside and whispered to him.

Late into the evening, the real Ranger show began.

"We want to present now some Stones who have been on nationwide television," the M. C. said. "They've been on the Smothers Brothers. And they're here, back with us now: The *Blackstone Singers!*"

There were cries of Stone! Stone! from the young people in the audience. Most of the adults had already left.

"We haven't appeared much this year," the spokesman for the group began, "because of what went on in Washington, D.C., and because of what's going on with the Gang Intelligence Unit and with Uncle Toms and Aunt Sallys. And because of what Stones are like in the newspapers and radio and TV. We have not appeared."

The young people, who had been noisy all through the performance of a progressive jazz group some five or six minutes before, were silent as the spokesman finished his introduction. Then there were again cries of "Stone! Stone! Stone Run It!" And after the voices had subsided, the spokesman for the Blackstone Singers made the observation

that: "*They're* in trouble, but we're together because Stone *is* going to run it!" Then he announced their first song, a variation of an old Temptations piece, rewritten by the Blackstone Singers. The song was called "You're In Trouble," and they asked everyone to sing along. Everyone did. The young people in the metal chairs, in the dark room, clapped their hands in time to the music and kept yelling "Stone! Stone!" or "Stone Run It!" during places in the song where they did not know the lyrics. The singing went on a long time.

When Jeff Fort moves around, people scatter to make connections with him. He is always moving. And when the word comes that he will eventually be at a certain place, a crowd of people—Rangers and non-Rangers alike—gather at that point to wait for him. He never arrives on time, but everyone waits. And when he does come, all activities and conversations and eyes stop moving and focus on him. Jeff Fort is a man completely aware of himself, and of what he represents. He is playful, full of laughter and good humor with his men. But there is a tenseness and a seriousness behind it all, and his men seem to guard their laughter and movements when he is about. It is obvious that each Ranger has great respect for him. Even the small boys, the "peewees," imitate his hair-style and the way he walks.

Fort may call a single man aside to converse in secret, but one is aware that, somehow, he is always conscious of the movements of everyone else in the room. He had been aware of me, of my movements in and out of the Center, for over four months. It was necessary to have his permission to talk with the Rangers. Then, when the talking was done and the Rangers who had spoken had read in type what they had said to me, I waited, patiently like the others in the Center, for Jeff to give me a few minutes of his time.

"What future plans have you made for the Nation?" I asked him when he walked close to me.

"Did you rap to him, Bop?" he said to Lamar Bell.

"Yeah, Chief," Bell said.

"How is it?"

"It's cool, Chief."

"You got everything I have to say," Jeff said to me.

Perhaps one of the few white men who can claim to have some close associations with the Blackstone Rangers is Charles Lapaglia, the youth worker whom McClellan called to testify to certain allegations made against him and the First Presbyterian Church where he is employed. He lives in Hyde Park and is planning to write a book about the Ranger Nation. Lapaglia is not an easy man to talk

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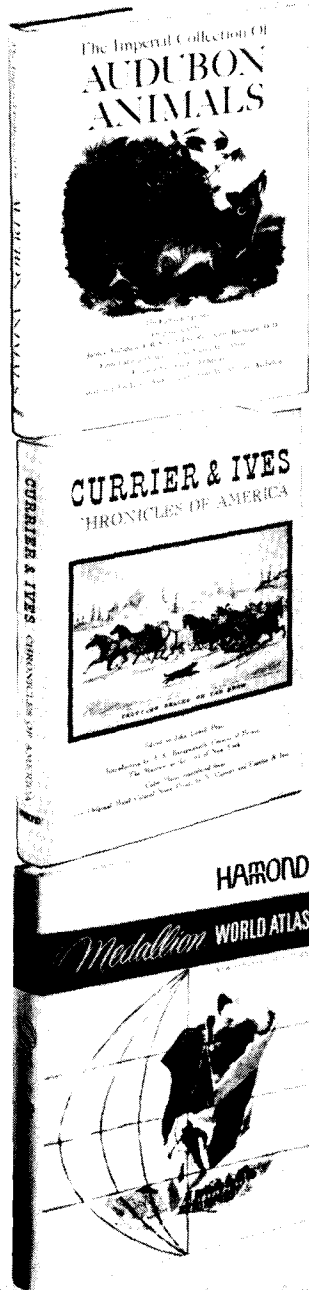
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to because, like Reverend Fry, he has been subjected to adverse publicity and is suspicious of people who take notes of what he says. But when he begins to talk, he can relate a wealth of detail about the Rangers.

On Christmas Eve, in his home on Kimbark Street, Charles Lapaglia begins to talk. He is frequently interrupted by telephone calls from merchants who have unsold Christmas trees they want the Rangers to distribute in the area. He allows me to read something about the Gang Intelligence Unit he has written. "For both black militants and police," the paper states,

the issue of who runs it [the black community] is both conscious and immediate. Traditionally, the black community has been controlled by white institutions who disguise the oppressive methods of control by their own institutional rhetoric. The black community has seen through the rhetoric and is attempting to escape oppression by those institutions by asserting their will to determine their own destiny. The order establishing the G.I.U. is the establishment's response to the black community's attempt to gain control of their own destiny. It gives the G.I.U. the direct authority to exercise political control in the black community. Its scope extends far beyond the generally accepted police functions of apprehending law violators. Nor is the intent primarily to control violence through aggressive police action. Its purpose is to maintain tight control over a potentially rebellious colony, and to eliminate all significant opposition. The order deals directly with who runs it. It gives the G.I.U. the power to determine what is good and bad for the community—what services should be subverted—what laws are to be enforced and what laws are to be ignored—what groups should exist and what groups should be destroyed.

Lapaglia claims that the alleged "raid" on the First Presbyterian Church and the firing of guns in the church vault by members of the G.I.U. were a publicity stunt. He maintains that the Treasury Department had asked the church to act as a repository for the Ranger weapons when it began its attempt, after the riots in the summer of 1966, to decrease the level of gun ownership in ghettos all over the country. "In that gun affair," he says, "we were actually a third party in gun-collection activities between the police and the Treasury Department and the Rangers."

A few of the older Rangers hang around the Black P. Stone Youth Center. There are no children. Lamar Bell is there. He is upset because, he says, since the first of December, just after the Thanksgiving show, policemen from the Gang Intelligence Unit have come into the Center at least six times. He says that they park in front of the building from time to time—four men in a car—or else they come in, searching for young

boys or for certain of the Main leaders. Bell is worried about the new pop machine which the Center has acquired since the Thanksgiving show, and he says that the policemen have questioned him about it. Bell wants to go to Syracuse, New York, during the Christmas holidays to work with a band there and earn money, but he is reluctant to leave Carl Banks, who is not a union musician and who therefore cannot work with him. Jeff Fort is at home with his wife and two children on Christmas Eve. Some of the other Rangers are said to be out delivering baskets to the poor.

"They are quiet passing out Christmas baskets now," Marshall Patner told me. "At one time it was a famous thing. They solicited funds last year with a card that said 'Please Give to the Christmas Fund: Blackstone Rangers.' Some of them were arrested on an 1890 ordinance saying you can't solicit funds without disclosing the name of the organization. Their lawyer argued that signing 'Blackstone Rangers' was sufficient. The case was dismissed.

"In some areas the Rangers don't even want to take credit for the good that they do," Patner said. "They worry that it may be turned back on them."

Perhaps James Houtsma, a white, former Gang Intelligence Unit detective who gave damaging testimony against the Blackstone Rangers in Washington, was close to accurate in his assessment of the present dilemma of the group. "A lot of confusion is in their minds," he observed, "because of pressures on them from their affiliation with other groups. Organizations use them as guinea pigs in experimental projects and just brought them along too fast. They started as kids, but with all the pressures, they don't even know themselves now."

But again, perhaps the Rangers are now beginning to understand what they are, or better, the potentially creative power which they represent. Early this year Jeff Fort was invited, it is said by certain Illinois politicians, to attend one of the Inaugural Balls given for President Nixon in Washington. Characteristically, Fort did not go himself, but sent two of the Main leaders to represent the Blackstone Ranger Nation. One of the two men who dressed in tails and who mingled with political dignitaries was Mickey Cogwell. While Cogwell was having "a lovely time" at the Ball (as he later told Chicago reporters), detectives from the G.I.U. came to his house in Chicago to arrest him. After returning to Chicago, Cogwell was asked why the Rangers had accepted an invitation to celebrate the election of Richard Nixon, a man, it has been said, who did not actively court the black voter.

"We elected Nixon," Cogwell stated.

"What do you mean?" he was asked. "Do you mean that your 'Don't Vote' campaign helped him to beat Humphrey in Illinois?"

"No," said Mickey Cogwell, who talks very fast. "We are the ones who put crime in the streets."

ARTS & LETTERS:

HARDBOUND VAUDEVILLE

by Melvin Maddocks

CRONOPIOS AND FAMAS
by Julio Cortázar
translated by Paul Blackburn
Pantheon, \$4.95

We are beginning to recognize the existence of Latin-American novelists, but that is about all. They are the latest blips on our cultural radar screen. It is their honor to have succeeded the French antinovelists at the top of that duty-reading list, fiction department, which we never quite get around to. We used not to read Alain Robbe-Grillet and Nathalie Sarraute; now we don't read Carlos Fuentes and Miguel Angel Asturias.

Reputations circulate instead of the books themselves. Often poorly translated—the Constance Garnetts of the world seem to have switched from Russian to Spanish—Latin-American novelists inhabit their nonreaders' minds as I.D. cards with space only for name, nationality, and one or two irrelevant facts:

Carlos Fuentes, Mexican. Friend of Norman Mailer's. Visa problems.

Miguel Angel Asturias, Guatemalan. Nobel Prize. Hates United Fruit.

Julio Cortázar, Argentine. Lives in Paris. Author of the short story from which *Blow-Up* was derived.

Actually, although Michelangelo Antonioni's film took all the usual liberties, the Cortázar-goes-with-*Blow-Up* association is a useful place to start. For one thing, Cortázar has more in common with film-makers than he does with most novelists. He is bored with hard-edged "reality." In his fiction "real" events get blurred into a kind of *Rashomon* multiple choice. "Real" places become confused with the landscape of dreams. "Real" time loses chronology as plots jump back and forth and sideways without signaling, and memories pass themselves off in the present tense. "Real" people wander away into a sort of trackless inner waste: Antonioni characters seldom truly look at one another; Cortázar characters seldom truly talk to one another.

Above all, both Antonioni and Cortázar see life as a game. Antonioni's image is chess. The title of Cortázar's most famous novel is *Hopscotch* (1963). *Hopscotch*, it may be remembered, moved ahead in a more or less straight line for fifty-six chapters, then performed a leapfrog to Chapter 73 before hopscotching all around. Cortázar might well paste above his writing table the dictum of Nietzsche: "To become mature is to recover that sense

of seriousness which one had as a child at play." It sums up exactly his sense of vocation.

Cronopios and Famas, published in Spanish in 1962, served rather as an exercise book for *Hopscotch*. It is one of those minor impromptu works that, like first drafts, can lay an author and his intentions bare, as more ambitious works rarely do. This miscellaneous collection of fables, fantasia, and general whimsy spells out Cortázar's credo of absurdity, his theology of the metaphysical joke. In his celebrated essay, *The Dehumanization of Art*, Ortega y Gasset wrote: "Art itself is jesting. . . . The new art ridicules art itself." *Cronopios and Famas* could not ask for a better description.

In Leslie Fiedler's phrase, *Cronopios and Famas* is "hardbound vaudeville"—a variety show of monologues, literary blackouts, and put-ons. The material cannot be described, it must be sampled, and if nothing is quite representative, that, Cortázar doubtless would say, is the idea. We can take for one brief instance a three-paragraph fragment called "Instructions on How to Cry." After giving a physiological description of crying ("a general contraction of the face and a spasmodic sound accompanied by tears and

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mucus"), Cortázar gets to the would-be tender heart of the matter: "In order to cry, steer the imagination toward yourself, and if this proves impossible . . . think of . . . those gulfs in the Straits of Magellan into which no one sails ever."

A nice flight of fancy, perhaps a bit overmanaged. Note: while Cortázar makes his little joke about pedantry, he too is a bit anxious to get his point across—modern man is out of touch with his feelings, and so forth. One notices early on about Cortázar and other artists-as-playboys that they are not quite the high-kickers that the high-unseriousness manifestos of Susan Sontag, for example, may suggest. Triflers they may be, but they want you to know that *they* know it. They are less likely to put that Nietzschean paradox above their writing tables than on their flyleaves. One does not find on their dust jackets, "I laughed till I thought I'd die," but compliments like: "A new vision of life as accident and variety" (one critic's comment on *Hopscotch*).

If Cortázar, then, is occasionally a piccolo player with the soul of a bassoonist, he suffers also from another sin of self-consciousness not known to Nietzsche's "child at play." He can fall into a disastrous coyness, which nothing brings out so much as bestiary-writing: "The cassowary is unlikable in the extreme and repulsive. Imagine an ostrich with a tea cosy of horn on his head, a bicycle smashed between two automobiles . . . a decal which has taken poorly in which a dirty violet and a sort of crackling predominate."

Even worse, Cortázar finger-exercises at black humor. As a translator for UNESCO, he is said to have spent two years on Edgar Allan Poe. Whenever the atmosphere in *Cronopios and Famas* takes on a certain glib lugubriousness, there croaks the raven. Readers are nothing these days if not connoisseurs of despair, and Cortázar simply is short of the real thing: "What a wonderful pursuit: cut the leg off a spider, put it in an envelope, write on it *Minister of Foreign Affairs*, add the address, run downstairs, and drop the letter into the mailbox at the corner." One hears nasty schoolboy giggles in the background.

These last two samplings show Cortázar at his poorest—the uptight fun guy. Cortázar at his best—and

his best is brilliant—can be found in the section which supplies the book with its title. He has invented three legendary species. The "famas" are respectable, successful, square ("the heads of philanthropic societies are all famas"). The "esperanzas" are those who would like to be famas but are found lacking ("esperanzas are blockheads"). Also cranky.

"Cronopios" are an indefinable elite. Naturally they like to play ("When the cronopios sing their favorite songs, they get so excited, and in such a way, that with frequency they get run over by trucks and cyclists . . . and lose what they're carrying in their pockets"). Not surprisingly the games the cronopios play resemble Cortázar's game: scramble the patterns; long live the non sequitur!

When a cronopio builds a house, he cements tiles in sequence on his porch. The first says:

WELCOME ALL
WHO ENTER THIS HOME

The second reads:

THE HOUSE IS SMALL
BUT THE HEART IS IMMENSE

The third announces:

THE PRESENCE OF A GUEST
IS AS SOFT AS REST

The fourth advises:

WE ARE POOR BUT STILL
WE HAVE GOOD WILL

The fifth and last concludes:

THIS ORDINANCE CANCELS
ALL PREVIOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS
BEAT IT!

Cortázar has been an admirer of Cocteau. Like the surrealists, he makes use of everything: Zen, jazz, Cocteau himself. He plays with culture as if it were a borrowed toy—"plays with" serving as antithesis to "becomes involved in." For with Cortázar play is a calculated act of substitution: games instead of life.

Is *Cronopios and Famas*, then, just a clever but precious revenge on actuality? At times, yes. But Cortázar can do better than that. Art-as-play has one "mission" (Ortega again): "to conjure up imaginary worlds." Cortázar comes close.

This, of course, is Don Quixote's game. How the Hispanic writers finally come back to Cervantes, that tragicomic grand master of play. In a superb sketch, "Travel," it becomes clear that the cronopio is Cortázar's version of Don Quixote—the absurd failure who succeeds by not recognizing his failure:

When famas go on a trip, when they pass the night in a city, their procedure is the following: one fama goes to the hotel and prudently checks the prices, the quality of the sheets, and the color of the carpets. The second repairs to the commissariat of police and there fills out a record of the real and transferable property of all three of them, as well as an inventory of the contents of their valises. The third fama goes to the hospital and copies the lists of the doctors on emergency and their specialties. . . .

When cronopios go on a trip, they find that the hotels are all filled up, the trains have already left, it is raining buckets and taxis don't want to pick them up. . . . The cronopios are not disheartened because they believe firmly that these things happen to everyone. When they manage, finally, to find a bed and are ready to go to sleep, they say to one another, "What a beautiful city, what a very beautiful city!" And all night long they dream that huge parties are being given in the city and that they are invited. The next day they arise very contented, and that's how cronopios travel.

Don Quixotes too. The last of the knights took life as he found it and made it what he wanted it to be—his creative plaything. In this respect Cortázar, the new-style tilter against reality, is his own Don Quixote. "In Latin America, fantasy is history," Fuentes has written in a defense of Cortázar, implying that only a Quixotic art can do justice to the madness of life itself. Cortázar's game, Fuentes submits, is an act of valor: "He is risking his all while playing: his roots, his culture, his language, even, finally, his own identity."

Fuentes has overstated his case. Cortázar is certainly a dazzling illusionist, all mirrors and no objects, but he lacks the authentic obsession of Don Quixote, or even Nietzsche's "child at play." With Cortázar the game too is an illusion, and that damaging loss is what makes him our contemporary.

We end as we began—with Antonioni and the final scene of *Blow-Up*, the mimed tennis game. For it also happens to be the final impression left by *Cronopios and Famas*: a game of mind-blowing ingenuity played without net, without boundaries, reduced in the end to the plop of unseen tennis balls.

DADDY STRIKES BACK

by Dan Wakefield

THE CONFLICT OF GENERATIONS
by Lewis S. Feuer
Basic Books, \$12.50

In the spring of 1968, through what may have been either a punishment for my past sins or the whimsical hostility of a harsh God, I found myself living in a tacky-modern apartment with built-in Muzak across the road from the Red Wheel Diner in Urbana, Illinois. I was teaching a journalism seminar at the University of Illinois, and since (with a very few happy exceptions) the only people I could talk to with any sense of ease or interest were students, I felt myself emotionally more on their side of the generation gap than on that of the faculty and administrators whom my six-over-thirty years placed me with chronologically.

This particular campus has hardly been noted for its political ferment, but the past year had seen the first stirrings of a small radical movement, with demonstrations and sit-ins protesting Dow Chemical recruitment and supporting certain local and national issues of civil rights. This had made some of the elders uneasy, and in fact the chancellor had put bars on his office window. I lunched one day with a leading administrator who had been a fifties liberal but now didn't know what was happening (we can call him Mr. Jones, as in the Dylan song), and he explained his difficulty in understanding the new generation by observing that "when I went to college I wanted to graduate, and then I assumed I would get a job, get married, have children, and eventually die. These kids seem to want something more than that."

Choking on my faculty club shrimp, I thought: *My God, I hope they get it.*

I am not sure that many of the students know what "it" is, yet they know a lot of things it is not—including most of the values and goals of my lunch-partner administrator—and that's at least a start. The latest report to reach me from the student battleground is that the white girls

at Barnard are demanding soul food in the college cafeteria, and I doubt that is "it" either (though it is bound to be an improvement over the sort of sludge that was served, for instance, at the Red Wheel Diner in Urbana, and which most Americans feed on). I would guess that most of the rage, intransigence, and "demands" that have increasingly marked the student movement derive in some part from the frustration of their attempts to find the mysterious "it," the "something more," the better way than most of us elders have shown them either by instruction or example; and I suspect that some of the adult hostility to the whole student rebellion is a fear that indeed the young people might find "it," might discover "something more" in their existence than a job, a family, and death; and that wouldn't be fair to those elders who had missed such meaning in their own lives.

Some such generational hostility seems involved in what is so far the weightiest (nearly three pounds on my bathroom scale) analysis of the student rebellion yet published, *The Conflict of Generations* by Lewis S. Feuer, who witnessed in horror the Berkeley student rebellion of 1964-1965 (he feels it led to the birth of the hippies, and even the Watts riots!) while teaching there in philosophy, and is now a professor of social science at the University of Toronto. The book is subtitled "The Character and Significance of Student Movements" but might more succinctly be described as "Daddy Strikes Back." In the guise of cool, "objective" scholarship, Feuer uses the cheapest kind of Freudian mumbo jumbo to seek to discredit almost everything about the student movement and to ignore what he can't discredit. (There is not a single reference to the student phenomenon in the McCarthy campaign, though the book goes chronologically as far as the Columbia uprising in the late spring of 1968.)

As in any movement, there is much in the student rebellion open to valid criticism and debate; there

June Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



James Alan McPherson, winner of an Atlantic Grant for his book *HUE AND CRY*, recently wrote us:

"It is my hope that this collection of stories can be read as a book about people, all kinds of people: old, young, lonely, homosexual, confused, used, discarded, wronged. As a matter of fact, certain of these people happen to be black, and certain of them happen to be white; but I have tried to keep the color part of most of them far in the background, where these things should rightly be kept.

"In the long story, 'Hue and Cry,' Margot might have been white instead of black, and the story would have been just as real and just as sad, because certain people, whether inadvertently or intentionally, have killed an essential capacity in another person. That is what the hue and cry is about. . . .

"If the stories are to stand for anything at all, they will have to be called attempted objective invasions, all dealing with people, black and white. I hope that what I have said above will not be taken as *ex post facto* generalization, and that there can be read into the book certain valid contrasts between characters. Otherwise, I am just stealing your money and coming very close to congratulating myself for absolutely no reason at all."

Mr. McPherson is not stealing our money. — Ed.

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Thus, in his foreword, Mr. Schlesinger states his purpose. The chapters that follow are, in his words, "a historian's contribution" — but he brings far more than historical perspective to consideration of the problems that confront us.

Writing with brilliant insight and the authority of a scholar who has been engaged in great affairs, Mr. Schlesinger discusses violence . . . the power of the intellectual . . . the origins of the cold war . . . the lessons of Vietnam . . . the attitudes of the current college generation . . . the shape of the Presidency for the future.

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are tactics and actions—such as shouting down speakers—that seem irrational, cruel, and sometimes just plain silly. But Professor Feuer psychoanalyzes away the most idealistic and sincere actions, seeing always neurosis instead of nobility, complexes rather than commitments. For Feuer, the white college students who went to Mississippi in the summer project of 1964 were not there because of their interest in aiding a downtrodden race in a desperate situation, but rather were in the grip of a neurotic death wish:

"The students became death-seekers. . . . The strange suicidal trait manifested itself with unprecedented strength in the new American student movement. . . ." As "proof" of this neuroticism, he reports that in the talk of the students that summer "masochistic imagery of crucifixion and Jesus came into evidence. . . ." As further "proof" he explains that "the movement's leaders emphasized that 'the summer project volunteers were repeatedly warned ahead of time of the dangers they would be facing,' as if the danger were no reality, as if failure to warn them would not have decreased their own safety. Mississippi red-neck racists filled with hate and violence are not the imaginings of neurotic minds, as we all learned from the murder of the three student volunteers; danger in such instances is not a fantasy, and by the same token courage and bravery are not a sickness. Feuer reduces human motivation to the dungheap of psychiatric jargon and dishonors the finest deeds of a generation.

It follows in such thinking that the young protesters against the war have no valid case, have not thought or studied or struggled in their minds and consciences about a course of action that can lead them, and has led some, to jail or exile, but their protest is merely a sick manifestation of Oedipal conflict: "The fathers favor a policy of war in Vietnam; therefore the rebellious sons are for peace."

Carrying this sort of two-bit analysis into personal cases is difficult. It turns out, for instance, that the Columbia rebel leader Mark Rudd gets along with his father, and his father seems to like and approve of the son, having said once that "we're glad he has time to spend on activities like politics." You can't find any

Oedipal stuff there, can you? Just let the professor explain the *real* motivation of Mark Rudd:

With no challenge of the material environment to call upon his efforts, the aggressive energies in this rebellious Jewish youngster sought their channel. Fortunately the university was at hand, the surrogate father, on whom the will to revolution could be vented.

The fiery rebel Mario Savio of Berkeley had what Feuer grudgingly admits was "apparent family equilibrium" (the father and son liked each other), *but*: "As with so many student activists, the university constituted a surrogate father against whom all the emotions of generational revolt could be channelled."

Not only the student rebels are psyched out in this kind of parlor-analysis, but also those elders who sympathize with any of their causes or problems. Since elder supporters of student movements are not going through an Oedipal phase, their motives have to be explained in some other way, and Feuer slinks to his lowest kind of gutter-analysis in putting down Paul Goodman's role as a writer and speaker sympathetic to the students and their rebellion. Rather than engaging the serious, incisive arguments of Goodman's book *Growing Up Absurd*, Feuer attributes Goodman's social criticism to that author's self-acknowledged homosexuality:

Seeking desperately for recognition, he projects his bitterness as an "absurd" homosexual into a presumed "absurdity" of the American student, the American youth.

Goodman's courage in speaking of his own private life and problems is of course something Professor Feuer himself shies from in his pursuit of a presumed scholarly method. He mentions, without further explication, that he was active in the U.S. student movement in the thirties. Is he a disillusioned Communist? A turncoat Trotskyite? How did his father feel about it? Did his own political experience leave scars that might explain some of the bitterness with which he attempts to discredit contemporary student activists? Was he one of those thirties converts from Marx to Freud, laying his radicalism to rest on the analyst's couch? He doesn't tell us, though he claims to be writing this tome to "reduce the unconscious guilt" of

the student movement! His feelings and attitudes are more accurately revealed in his own definition of what is "normal," by which he means good, right, and healthy:

Generational struggle is the pre-occupation of student activists but not of the majority of students who find in their everyday studies and advance to independence a more normal path to emotional autonomy.

In a sense, Professor Feuer's book gave me a better understanding of what the students are rebelling against. When they complain of the irrelevance of their studies, of the dry and stodgy and complacent kind of academicism that is principally a prop to the status quo, a rational-

ization of war abroad and poverty at home, they sometimes sound shrill and excessive. But their most extreme charges seem justified after reading this book that was written by one of their teachers.

Rebellion against the whole view of life and behavior that the book represents seems to me not only a defensible, but an honorable, endeavor. To accept and "learn" the attitudes it presents is to be an accomplice to the murder of the spirit and the death of one's own humanity. To the extent that the students are rebelling against such "instruction," they deserve the support of all of us who have not yet buried our own best dreams.

DON JUAN OUT OF HELL

by Charles Nicol

ADA OR ARDOR:

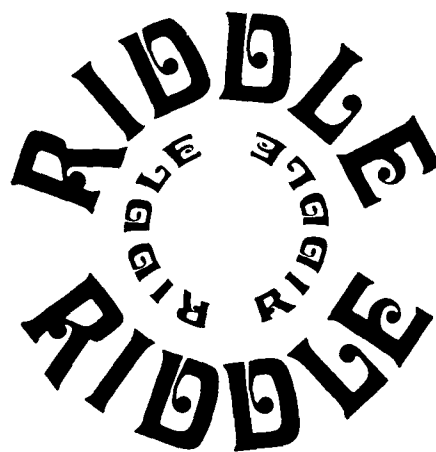
A FAMILY CHRONICLE IN FIVE PARTS
by Vladimir Nabokov
McGraw-Hill, \$8.95

Two suicides, Hart Crane and Ernest Hemingway, were born on the same day in 1899. Two other authors, far more similar to each other, were also born that year: Jorge Luis Borges and Vladimir Nabokov. Like that of the Argentinian writer Borges, the fame of Nabokov has grown slowly, but to enormous proportions: today he is unquestionably our senior novelist in craft as well as age; and although he seems in many ways a young man himself because most of his works reached us so recently, he is conventionally designated as "the old master," or in Updike's appropriate chess epithet, the grand master.

Attending a chess tournament in Kalamazoo in 1966, I heard Susan Sontag lecturing on the campus circuit. Responding to my suggestion from the floor that *Pale Fire* was an experimental, avant-garde novel, Miss Sontag, while admiring Nabokov's work, could only find it a wave from the past. Neither of us realized then that in the personality of Charles Kinbote, *Pale Fire's* homosexual narrator, Nabokov had anticipated almost point for point Miss Sontag's justly famous "Notes on Camp." Original art makes itself

contemporary, whatever the current fashion. Mary McCarthy found *Pale Fire* one of the greatest works of art of our age; *Ada*, Nabokov's new and much longer work, will probably not have such imposing claims made for it, but one can safely report that, in accordance with one of the anagram series that goes into the novel's makeup, sore/rose/eros, there are pleasantly few sores, ample roses, abundant eroses—and no erosions.

Nabokov once claimed that two themes were taboo to American publishers: "a Negro-White marriage which is a complete and glorious success resulting in lots of children and grandchildren; and the total atheist who lives a happy and useful life, and dies in his sleep at the age of 106." *Ada* has a similarly "impossible" subject (impossible, that is, because of the happy ending): an incestuous love affair that prospers and continues until the lovers are in their nineties. The lovers, Ada and Van, appear to be both first and second cousins (their mothers were twins, their fathers were first cousins). If we read with care, we find that they actually have the same father (Demon) and mother (Marina: her child born out of wedlock was substituted for her mad sister's miscarriage—at least one book club has already misunderstood these relationships); so they are brother and sister. Perhaps Na-

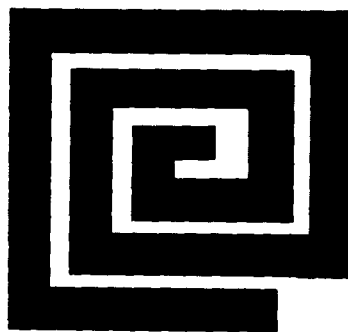


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bokov's ideal reader will find a continuation of this trend toward proximity with the siblings suddenly ceasing to exist as separate personalities.

Nabokov's novels are vivid and sensual, but incest does not outrage. Society is not flouted, it is ignored. Nabokov's characters carry their morality internally, as private property, and follow or violate norms indifferently, while sex is another part of the friendly universe that Nabokov tells us in his autobiography "was made on a Sunday." The one scene that is intended to shock us does so because it shocks Ada's sister, and will continue to have its effect when all the four-letter words of other novels taste like leftover chip-dip.

Van and Ada's affair begins in early adolescence, in an idyllic northern Eden at Ardis (almost Paradise). But while Ada's name is three fourths of Adam's, and is a three-letter palindrome like Eve (in Spanish the feminine form of the word for feminine is another palindrome, *adamada*), it also means "hell" in the Russian phrase *iz ada* ("out of hell"). This incest supposedly takes place not on Earth, but on a sister planet called Antiterra, or Demonia (read Dementia), or perhaps on Venus, that also resembles Shaw's hell in *Man and Superman* as a fine place for sensual gratification (Shaw's Don Juan rejects it, being an intellectual). On Antiterra, history and chronology, as we know them, are hopelessly askew: cars and discussions of Proust abound in the 1880s; Russia is an insignificant, impotent Tartary, particularly after a second Crimean War, but Russian is spoken in Alaska and parts of Canada, both of which are part of a United States that embraces all of North and South America. Only the hopelessly insane, safely locked in their asylums, have visions of the "real" world, which they think of as heaven. But as Van and Ada grow old, this world begins to impinge on the world of the novel, and we realize that, compared with Nabokov's characters, we are the ones in hell: safe in their obsession for each other, they have all the fruits of the twentieth century but the bloodshed—and curiously, electricity.

Antiterra provides splendid comic relief, particularly in its dorophones—water-powered telephones that

frenzy the plumbing when a call comes through. But Nabokov has also invented Antiterra to tell us something about the nature of time. In "The Garden of Forking Paths," a story with a similar subject, Borges might be speaking of Nabokov:

He believed in an infinite series of time, in a growing, dizzying net of divergent, convergent and parallel times. This network of times which approached one another, forked, broke off, or were unaware of one another for centuries, embraces all possibilities of time.

Nabokov's own metaphor is of two chess games with the same opening and the same end game, but with a divergent middle game. Time forked when on Antiterra a committee abolished electricity in the 1860s; on Terra, our world, electricity was developed. Eventually the paths of the two worlds converge again. Our reality (their delusion) slowly overcomes their reality. Telephones appear, and Antiterra fades away, leaving only the novel as evidence.

In interviews, Nabokov has praised the works of Borges, and in *Ada* he seems to pay Borges the supreme compliment of attributing his own writings to the mysterious novelist "Osberg." Some of Borges' themes have always been Nabokov's own, as in "Time and Ebb," a story printed in the *Atlantic* in 1945, which seems to prefigure *Ada*:

Our [twenty-first century] denominations of time would have seemed to them [the twentieth century] "telephone" numbers. They played with electricity in various ways without having the slightest notion of what it really was—and no wonder the chance revelation of its true nature came as a most hideous surprise. . . .

And Borges is only a marvelous speculative writer (not what Nabokov despises, a "novelist of ideas"—the difference is between a dreamer and a dogmatist). Nabokov is more: a speculative, psychological, comic, and sensual stylist—at his best, the supreme novelist.

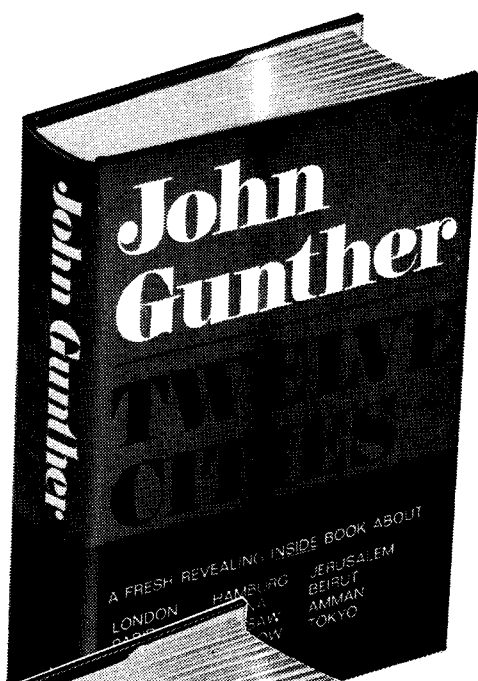
Though Van is physically Marina's son, spiritually he is the son of her twin sister, Aqua, his "water-mother," whatever Nabokov intends that concept to mean. Van draws his dreams about the real world from Aqua's delusions. The situation is analogous to that in *Pnin*, where Pnin is spiritually Victor's father, and stems from the "metempsychosis" of *Ulysses*,

where Bloom is the father of Stephen. Like Joyce, Nabokov enjoys using myths and literature for ironic and comic effects. In *Ada*, the servant girl Blanche is clearly and continually designated as Cinderella, but she acquires venereal diseases and eventually a doltish husband named Fartukov. Early in their affair, Van and Ada avidly read Chateaubriand's tentative stories of adolescent incest. Their governess is Maupassant reincarnate. Several Chekhov plays get confused, and his harmless candid photographer becomes a blackmailer. Someone pronounces Van's name "wann," Van becomes a professor in England, and when he is about to take a new mistress, Nabokov—going a long way for a joke—has him see a film, *Don Juan's Last Fling*.

While working on this novel several years ago, Nabokov called it *The Texture of Time*, and it was to be an essay on time, illuminated by metaphors which would gradually take on a life of their own, become a novel, and eventually subside back into the essay. Obviously, Nabokov's plans changed, but that essay still exists under its old title and is delivered by Van. Considering its former prominence, the essay's content is disappointing: past time is accumulation, present time is duration (up to several seconds), future time does not exist. Throughout the novel brief disquisitions—on Chateaubriand's mosquito, for instance, or on the rise and fall of a worldwide chain of elegant brothels—provide other pleasant excursions.

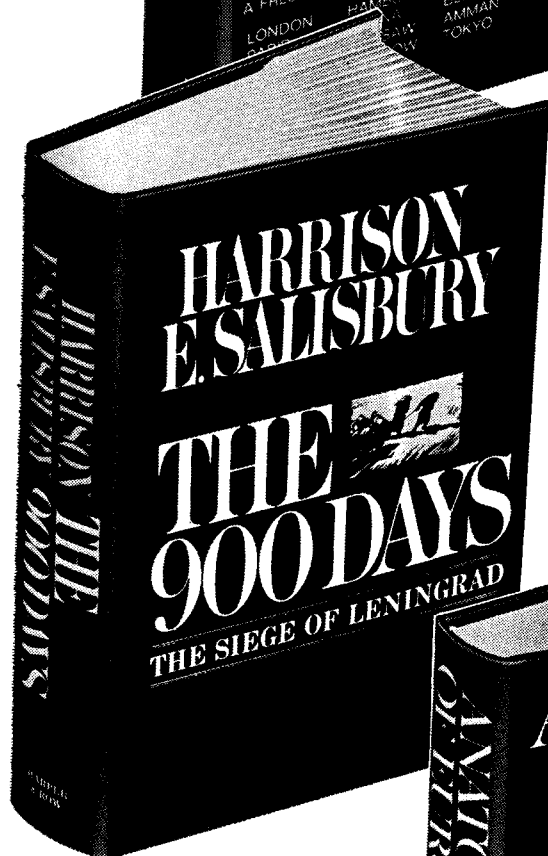
Ada may be described as a dream in anagrams, and the most extended anagram is scient/insect/nicest/incest. *Ada* is indeed scient about insects, and her incest is the nicest imaginable. Lepidopterists may be able to follow Nabokov's games with butterflies and orchids, and natural history apparently provides the book's "real" chronology. Nabokov's dreams are not quite like our own.

Nabokov demands that we keep the whole novel in mind at all times—an impossible duty on first reading. But his reader finds special rewards, the unveiling of allusions, the solutions to elegant minor puzzles, on every page. This new work is more arcane than ever, and the successful reader pursues its dazzling structures in the glorious illusion that he, not Nabokov, has invented the art of the novel.



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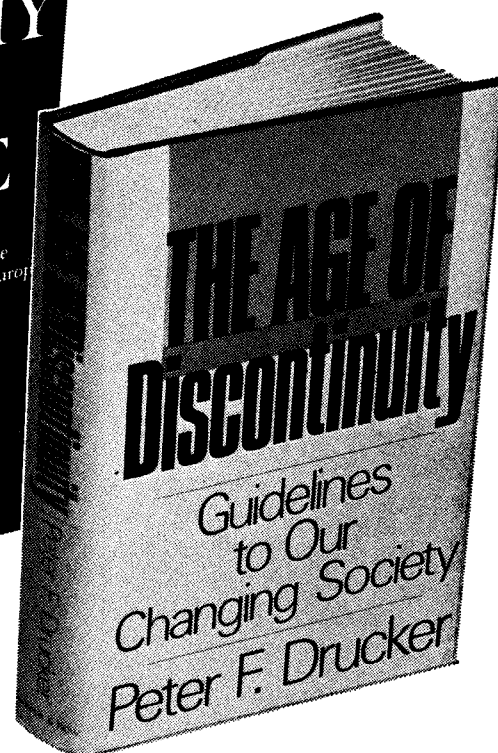
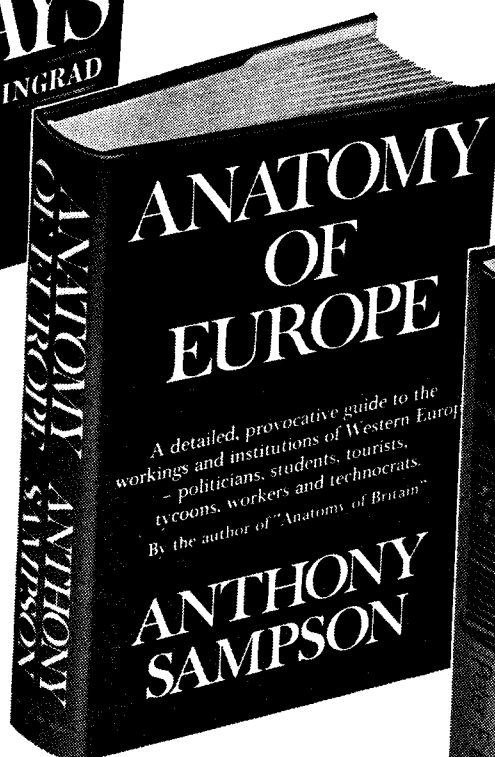
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THE NORMAN VINCENT PEALE OF THE LEFT

by Marshall Cohen

AN ESSAY ON LIBERATION
by Herbert Marcuse
Beacon Press, \$5.95;
Paper, \$1.95

In *One-Dimensional Man*, first published in 1964, Marcuse offered an analysis of advanced industrial society that was unrelieved in its disgust and pessimism. He saw in the United States, the most advanced, and therefore the most typical, manifestation of this society, a Welfare and Warfare State that was the very embodiment of Unfreedom and Irrationality. Worse yet, it had stabilized itself to an unprecedented degree. All the historical agents of change had been contained, and the contradictions that Marx discerned in the capitalist system were "suspended."

It might be objected that this stability indicated that the system satisfied the needs of the overwhelming majority, who displayed their satisfaction in the freely given consent on which democracy rests. But, in Marcuse's view, any such argument would be hopelessly naive: in reality, the system is managed by totalitarian controls and sustained by obscene violence. To prevent the contradictions of capitalism from reasserting themselves, it is necessary for the media to create a desire for the waste products of affluence and for the government to manage a war economy that can generate adequate levels of demand. The manipulative powers of advertising and of the media by which the required desires and beliefs are instilled in the population are as totalitarian as, and perhaps more effective than, the terroristic methods of the police state. And the domestic prosperity that the war economy makes possible rests on the kind of furious violence and mass murder that are exhibited in the Vietnam atrocity.

It is because this violent, wicked, and unnatural society has lost all power to transcend itself that Mar-

cuse describes it as one-dimensional. In Marcuse's Hegelian terminology, it has lost the dialectical "power of negation." In sphere after sphere of human activity, those agents, faculties, and resources that provide a critical perspective, or a revolutionary impulse, have been repressed. (Marcuse's use of the term "repressed" in this very general sense reflects the ambition he shares with Theodor Adorno, Max Horkheimer, and other thinkers associated with the Frankfurt Institut für Sozialforschung to synthesize the insights of Marx and Freud.) Most conspicuously, the industrial working class, which Marx identified as the "absolute negation" of capitalism, and which he described as "the gravedigger of capitalism," has lost any impulse to transform the established order. Indeed, enslaved as it is by society's ability to satisfy its false needs, the laboring class may be counted among its fiercest defenders.

If society exploits the false needs of the masses, it also represses the true ones. To be sure, as Freud argued in *Civilization and Its Discontents*, the price of civilization is the repression of man's instinctual nature. But, Marcuse argues, the repression required by the vested interests of contemporary society is far greater than anything the maintenance of society justifies. Much of the repression that contemporary society exacts is, to adapt a term of Marx's, "surplus" repression. Furthermore, instead of permitting erotic sublimation, a form of genuine transcendence, society "desublimates" the erotic impulse, permits it only a genital expression, and exploits it for its own purposes. The permissiveness of contemporary society is, therefore, actually a form of domination.

This repression of man's erotic nature can also be observed in the decline of high art and culture. The transcending, oppositional art of pretechnological society was alienated from that society. Its sublimat-

ed images made visible a "return of the repressed" (sublimation is a form of Hegelian "sublation" that preserves what it negates) and kept alive that *promesse de bonheur* of which Stendhal spoke. In advanced industrial society these images are "desublimated" and incorporated into the established order. The classics are read as commercials and lose what Brecht called their "alienation" effect. Mass culture is, of course, conformist by its very nature.

Finally, the disastrous consequences of advanced industrial society may be discerned in the realm of language itself. For advanced industrial society deprives words of their transcending connotations, and concepts of their universal implications. This closure of meaning, visible in the operationalism of contemporary physics, the behaviorism of academic social science, and the positivism of contemporary philosophy, makes social criticism impossible and renders speech increasingly Orwellian. For instance, the reigning empiricism deprives the word Freedom of its expansive historical connotations—connotations that were preserved in classical philosophy up through Hegel and Marx—and confines its meaning to the empirically "given," that is, to the institutions of the "Free" World. But for Marcuse, who is at least as Orwellian as his opponents, this freedom is plainly slavery.

Given this diagnosis of contemporary society, it is plain that democratic government, as now practiced, is a farce. Its apparently neutral liberties in fact permit the media, and "the interests," to determine opinion and manipulate needs. The right to vote, when practiced by men who believe what they are told to believe and want what they are made to want, can only result in a more perfect, because biologically rooted, tyranny. No more self-perpetuating system of government has existed in human history. Only after men have been educated to the truth, only after they have rediscovered their true needs, will democratic "forms" produce true Democracy and true Freedom. Until then they form an illusion, and a vicious one.

In 1965, in an essay called "Repressive Tolerance" that has been much admired on the authoritarian left, Marcuse consequently called

for the suppression of "false words" and "wrong deeds." He plainly had no doubts about the source of these "radical evils," for the Liberating Tolerance that he proposed would mean intolerance against movements of the Right and toleration of movements of the Left." It was impossible to guess from reading his essay just who Marcuse expected to exercise this "educational dictatorship." And the analysis offered in *One-Dimensional Man* was so pessimistic about the prospects for social change that it was difficult to see just who he thought might impose it.

In his new book, *An Essay on Liberation*, the gloom of *One-Dimensional Man* lifts slightly, and Marcuse acknowledges the existence of some definite historical possibilities. They are revealed principally in the revolt of the middle-class intelligentsia. This group played a crucial role in the opposition to the Vietnam War, and in the rebellion of the French students in May and June, 1968, an event which Marcuse thinks may possibly constitute a turning point in the development of contemporary societies. The present situation is, however, at best a pre-revolutionary one, for any genuine revolution is impossible so long as counterrevolution is biologically rooted in the working classes. The confrontation politics, the sporadic violence, and the extraparliamentary activities of the student movements may nevertheless mark the beginning of a period of enlightenment, and they did, in fact, spark a memory of the barricades and of the general strike among the French working classes. One surmises that the student movement may constitute a preliminary phase of the "educational dictatorship" that will be necessary to liberate the working classes from themselves.

The prospects for transcendence that Marcuse now discerns are by no means exclusively political. The commercialization of classic art is rejected in the surrealistic slogans of the French students, as the debasement of the public language is rejected in the paradoxes of the Negroes and the hippies. To say "black is beautiful" or to speak of "flower power" is to express sentiments that cannot be expressed in the received, one-dimensional language. All these phenomena suggest

to Marcuse the development of a "new sensibility," and he takes it to reflect a vital, biological need that advanced industrial society cannot satisfy. Revolution, too, has at last sent down tender, biological roots.

In contrast to the claustrophobic metaphysical atmosphere of *One-Dimensional Man*, the ambience of *An Essay on Liberation* is almost empirical and open. But Marcuse's assumption that the powers of negation are only now emerging, and that they are borne exclusively by those who exhibit the "new sensibility," a sensibility at once surrealistic and utopian, psychedelic and antinomian, is not convincing. Change is significant even when it is not "qualitative," and society at large is far less one-dimensional than Marcuse continues to suppose. For instance, Marcuse offers no satisfactory explanation of the fact that the working classes actually supported the French student rebels. And in general, he is all too ready to suppose that the working classes harbor no grievances. The fact is, however, that they are far from enjoying the possible benefits of a welfare state and unlikely to enjoy them without serious political conflict and change. Marcuse's unsatisfactory interpretation of the working classes is undoubtedly related to his contempt for their achievements and aspirations.

Even aside from the working classes, however, it is plain that there are, and have been, significant movements and forces in opposition to the status quo. Indeed, the "new sensibility" is often no more than the latest phase of these movements, or a reflection of these forces. The sexual "revolution" provides a case in point. For the sexual freedom that one associates with the new sensibility (and which Marcuse fails to discuss) is plainly the culmination of a significant historical progress. Marcuse has always disparaged this progress because it has not liberated men from their "desublimated" genital sexuality and allowed them to enjoy a polymorphously perverse eroticism. But Marcuse's attitude is typical of the distortion that occurs when historical progress is judged by utopian, and in this case by dubious utopian, standards.

The modernist tradition in the arts has also, and consistently, opposed the status quo. The surrealis-

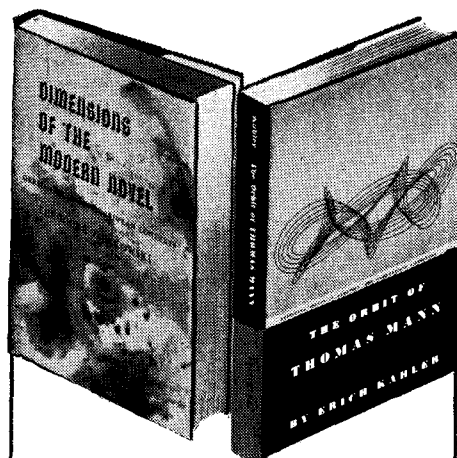
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tic slogans of the French students do not show that they are bearers of a new sensibility, but that commercial appropriation and exploitation have not prevented this remarkable movement from communicating itself to significant sections of the public. One of the custodians (although all too often, embalmers) of this tradition is the liberal university. It is, I believe, no accident that much of the significant criticism of the Vietnam War was mounted in these institutions, and it is possible to believe that this sustained intellectual criticism had more to do with altering public opinion than the sporadic violence of Marcuse's admirers in the SDS. Marcuse has not chosen to explain how the universities, which characteristically express themselves in "behavioristic" social science and

"positivistic" philosophy, managed to produce this criticism, nor has he explained how the alteration of public opinion was possible, given the totalitarian nature of the media.

All of this suggests that the forces at play are more varied, and the possibilities of change more significant, than Marcuse's analysis allows. It is to be hoped that as his imagination ceases to oscillate between the concentration camps of the recent past, and the aesthetic forms and erotic possibilities of the future, Marcuse will focus his forceful intelligence and moral sensibilities on the complex realities of the present. This new essay suggests that such a development is not out of the question. For too long now, Marcuse has sounded like the Norman Vincent Peale of negative thinking.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A LIFE STORY
by Carlos Baker
Scribner's, \$10.00

Shortly after its publication I remember discussing *A Farewell to Arms* with a famous obstetrician. "How did you like it?" I asked. "Great," he said, "I thought it was great. But I couldn't bear to read about Catherine Barkley's death. It was too near the real thing."

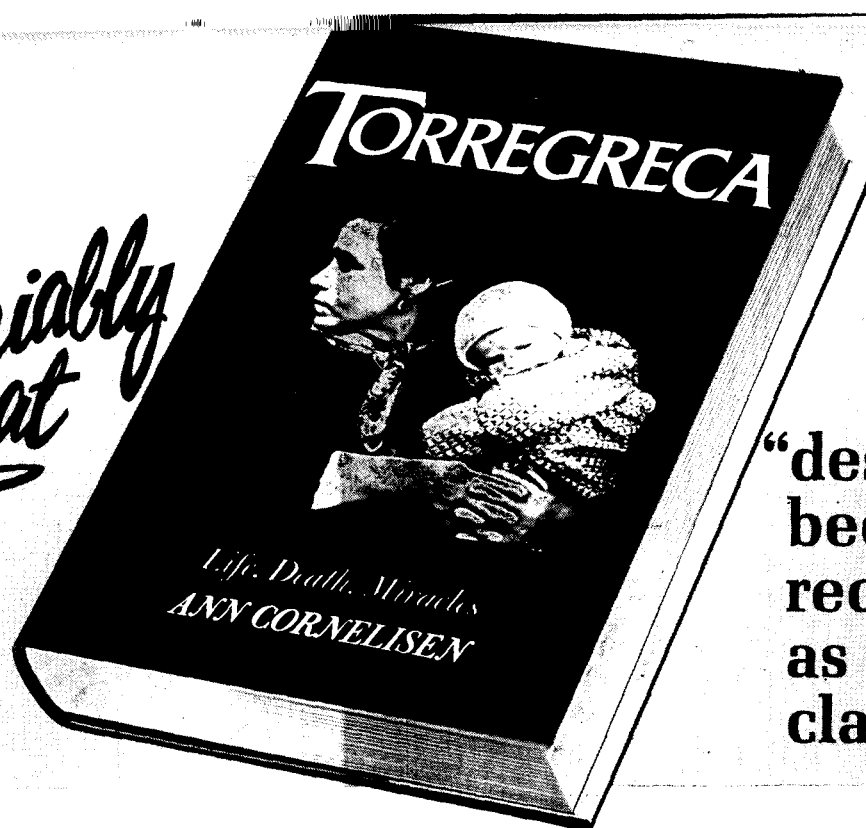
That criticism by one professional of another expresses what many of my generation felt about Ernest Hemingway: he did bring us so dangerously close to the real thing. Pete Wellington, who bossed him as a young reporter on the *Kansas City Star*, said that Ernest "wanted always to go where the action was," and a year later while convalescing from his serious wounds in Italy, Hemingway made a statement, in a letter to his father, which could be called his working credo: "It does give you an awfully satisfactory feeling to be wounded," he wrote. "There are no heroes in this war. . . . All the heroes are dead. . . . Dying is a very simple thing. I've looked at death and really I know. If I should have died, it would have been . . . quite the easiest thing I ever did. . . . And how much better

to die in all the happy period of undisillusioned youth, to go out in a blaze of light, than to have your body worn out and old and illusions shattered." In a way that accounts for his bravado and the tall tales he loved to invent about himself. It also accounts for the strength and authority of his writing.

There were three Hemingways for the biographer to consider: Ernest as he was, Ernest as he wanted people to think he was, and, less personal, Ernest as the author of some of the finest writing in this century. Carlos Baker, a professor of English at Princeton, has concentrated on the first two in his vital, unsparing, and absorbing book *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story*. The panorama of the career is familiar; what are not familiar are the intimacies of this combative spirit, the recital of which, once begun, will possess the reader until it is finished.

To show Hemingway's development through the sixty years which he lived with such gusto, the biographer has interwoven the things he said, often impetuously and sometimes not true, with those passages from his letters which tend to be less impulsive and more accurate. Mr. Baker is a shrewd judge of Hemingway's actions; when he tries

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to judge the writing he is clumsy; the insight he provides is in the selection of material, and he draws the line more surely than Mr. Hotchner did between what is real and what is brag.

The early struggle in Paris is most appealing, when Ernest was living on the tiny inheritance of his first wife, Hadley, plus the little he earned from the *Toronto Star*, and when his friendships with Ezra Pound ("He's teaching me to write, and I'm teaching him to box"), Scott Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, Gertrude Stein, and the Archibald MacLeishes were uncontaminated. This period is studded with memorable remarks: "All you have to do," he kept reminding himself, "is to write one true sentence," and the six which he wrote and rewrote and finally copied in his blue notebook headed *Paris 1922* are, as Baker says, a brilliant distillation of what he had seen in five months in the Latin Quarter. Disillusion with Mussolini's Italy came quickly: "I've buried Italy and why dig it up while there is a chance it still stinks"; a night on the town is invariably followed by "gastric remorse"; and it is Hemingway the perfectionist who admits that he always had to ease off on making love when he was working hard because the two things were run by the same motor. His love for Spain, for the sea, and for trout streams, his passionate determination to be with the American infantry in the liberation of Europe, were among his nobilities. His compulsion to compete with everyone and the fact that he was a bad loser are less praiseworthy. His loyalty to his father is counterbalanced by the streak of cruelty with which he turned and rent friend after friend.

There are some inadvertent lapses in details, as is to be expected in a work of this scope. None of us in the ambulance service took seriously the honorary rank of "Sub-lieutenant," as Ernest is said to have done; his alleged "conversion" to Catholicism in 1918 was merely a pretext for his marriage to Pauline, as Ada MacLeish rightly perceived; Harry Crosby, whose death Ernest deplored, killed himself not in Paris but in New York; in 1929 the sale of *All Quiet on the Western Front* was five times that of *A Farewell to Arms*; and for the *Atlantic's* centennial issue, Ernest wrote not one short

story, but two. But these are trivia. Ezra Pound once drew Hadley aside with this advice: "Never try to change Hem," he said. "Most wives try to change their husbands." Mr. Baker has followed those words scrupulously. This is the true Hemingway; here are the sources from which he worked, his loves and his enmities, the friends who felt abused in what he wrote and the inner few like Pound, Hadley, Mary, and Gary Cooper who saw him more truly and put up with the indignities because of what they loved. The concluding passage when Hemingway has lost his strength and self-control is a Samson-picture written with pity and dignity.

THE FIRE-DWELLERS

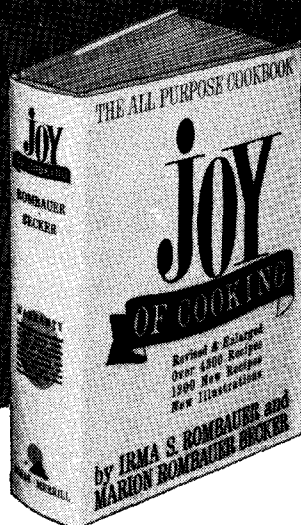
by Margaret Laurence
Knopf, \$5.95

A Canadian writer born in Manitoba in 1926, Margaret Laurence went with her civil engineer husband to live first in Somaliland and then in Ghana, and the best of her early books, *The Tomorrow-Tamer*, was a notable collection of short stories of West Africa at that difficult time of transition when the white authority was moving out and the natives were left with the task of administration. Her more recent books have been placed in the vicinity of Vancouver: in *A Jest of God* (from which came the movie *Rachel, Rachel*) she told of the thawing out of a lonely spinster, and now in the sequel, *The Fire-Dwellers*, she tells the story of Rachel's sister, Stacey MacAindra, who at thirty-nine is an overworked, nettlesome housewife, the mother of four, bound by long loyalty to her suspicious and uncommunicative husband, a traveling salesman. There are all the elements here for a dreary setup, and what saves it from being so is Stacey's indomitable wrath.

The sexy prettiness which she had at nineteen when she ran away from her feuding parents has all but vanished. She is sensitively aware of her big hips and her tired clothes, and even more troubled by her inability, in her pell-mell day, to get through to her children: Katie, the eldest daughter, who has her mother's prettiness and rebelliousness; Ian, who persecutes his younger brother, Duncan; and Jen, who at two is still speechless and who Stacey suspects

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is retarded. With Mac she has lost confidence; he is on the road so much that what they seem to share most readily is their mutual snappish fatigue. Stacey's weapons are her forthright tongue and her intelligence that cuts through sham. She can be scathing with herself, and when warmed up with gin and tonic, murderously indiscreet—which never fails to embarrass her husband. She is hungry for love, she knows how tenuous is their security, and during her daily exposure to television her gorge rises at the destruction in Vietnam. "I said to Jake one evening two three years ago that I had this feeling like the fall of Rome. . . ." But for all her self-dissatisfaction and exasperation she never gives up trying. She has a quick temper, and her anger is something to watch.

Miss Laurence writes in the continuous present, and Stacey's state of mind is revealed in a swift-flowing stream of dialogue, reaction, reproach, and nostalgia. Her feud with Mac has its lighter moments in an amusing satire of his salesmanship; her abduction by Buckle, the foul-mouthed truck driver, is a real chiller; and the fling she has with young Luke Venturi when her husband's suspicions have driven her in a fury from her home is an adventure worthy of her steel. Miss Laurence is the best fiction writer in the Dominion and one of the best in the hemisphere.

OPEN HORIZONS
by Sigurd F. Olson
Knopf, \$5.95

If we appointed a Dean of Forests as the British appoint a Poet Laureate, the choice would fall on Sigurd F. Olson, president of the Wilderness Society, past president of

the National Parks Association, and valued consultant to several Secretaries of the Interior. He has been exposed to the Northern wilderness since his boyhood in Wisconsin, and today is the beloved authority on the lake country of Quetico-Superior.

Open Horizons, his new volume, is, like his first and best-read book, *The Singing Wilderness*, a paean to the all-engulfing silence of wilderness, to the glory of the stars, and to the sheer delight of making one's way by canoe and portage through new and unmapped country. There is a lively characterization of the older guides who taught him how to handle an ax, how to cook, paddle, and travel light. They were men of all breeds, French-Canadians and Crees predominantly, and like the Sherpas of the Himalayas, capable of carrying with a tumpline a load of up to 450 pounds. When he told a guide in the Hudson Bay country that he had seen a Cree heft 500 pounds, the guide said, "I can carry that too, and the Indian on top."

In addition, Olson seems to have a sixth sense, a kind of clairvoyance which has stamped certain scenes indelibly in his memory, and one in particular when as a guide he had lost a boy on a canoe trip through dense wilderness, and no amount of searching or trailing had produced a clue. "The youngster would starve, he recalled, "if we did not find him. . . . I remember vividly the end of the long search when everyone had given up hope how I sat on a windfall wondering what to do. I had covered the country for miles around, crossed and recrossed it time and again, trying to figure out what the boy might have done in his wanderings. I prayed then, long and silently." At that point a calm came over him, what he calls the "acceptance of a power beyond me"; he made a fresh start, and within three miles over bogs and rugged hills, found the boy sitting on the bank of a beaver flowage. "I was not surprised," he said. "I looked at him for a long time, and the Pipes were playing softly as they always do when a man has listened to their music and followed it to its source."

Mr. Olson's awareness, his rejuvenation when in the woods, his belittlement of all hazards, insects included, testify to his dedication.

John Kenneth Galbraith



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YOUNGEST AMBASSADOR

by Herbert Kupferberg

The town of Westerville, Ohio (population: 7011), previously unknown to musical fame, can henceforth claim one modest distinction. Earlier this year it was the site of the American debut of an exciting young Russian pianist named Grigory Sokolov. Sokolov, who was only eighteen at the time (he has since attained his nineteenth birthday), appeared on the campus of Otterbein College as part of that institution's concert series. He was warmly received by the audience and enthu-

siastically reviewed in the newspapers of Columbus, the largest nearby city. Within a few weeks he was receiving similar acclaim in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities on his tour schedule, and it seemed evident that a new pianist of international stature had arrived on the scene.

The Westerville debut was no accident; it was carefully arranged by the impresario S. Hurok, who wanted the young man to get the feel of things in America before playing in a major center. "We don't like to bring a new artist cold to New York, especially a youngster like that," explained one of the Hurok spokesmen. "We like them to warm up a bit."

In Sokolov's case, the precaution seems hardly necessary. For although Sokolov is the youngest musical emissary ever sent forth by Gosskonzert, the official Soviet concert agency, and although technically he still is a student at the Leningrad Conservatory, he is a thoroughly poised performer on the stage, a natural-born expert at parrying interview questions, and a young man apparently untroubled by pressures of any kind.

Sokolov is a sturdily built youth of average height, with large hands, a strong jaw, a shock of dark brown hair, and something of a baby face. Born in Leningrad in 1950, he has been a big man in Soviet musical circles since 1966 when he won first piano prize in the third International Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow—the contest that sent Van Cliburn into orbit in 1958 (Cliburn was twenty-four at the time—practically an old man by Sokolovian standards). Sokolov's main competition at the Tchaikovsky event came from the twenty-year-old American Mischa Dichter; for a time the judges considered dividing the prize between them. But they finally decided that splitting the award would vitiate its effect, and voted to give it to Sokolov. Mr. Hurok, after hearing Sokolov and

Dichter play, cannily took *both* under his managerial wing; and by the time Sokolov had completed his tour this spring, Hurok had arranged to bring him back for a second visit next season.

Sokolov impressed most of those who heard him during his tour with his combination of prodigious technique and youthful romantic fervor. He isn't the world's most accurate pianist, but even his mistakes have a certain grandeur about them. "His clinkers sound like Rubinstein's," is the way one listener put it. He plays the piano with obvious delight in its sheer sound and scope and probably works as hard at his art as any pianist in the business. By his own admission he practices six hours every day, and sometimes he goes at it even longer. At his final appearance in New York last March, he played Beethoven's *Emperor* Concerto with the Moscow State Symphony Orchestra (also visiting the United States at the time) at a Carnegie Hall Sunday matinee. He began practicing the *Emperor* in a hotel studio at 8 A.M. Sunday, knocked off for lunch at noon, went to Carnegie Hall at 1 P.M., and resumed practicing there until just before the concert started at 2:30. "The more we practice, the better it comes out," he says. "If you enjoy a job, you get pleasure out of working at it."

His repertory is exceptionally large for a young man. When you ask him who his favorite composers are, he reels off a list: Bach, Rameau, Couperin, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Chopin, Saint-Saëns, Ravel, Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, Prokofiev. It's hard to tell if he's being systematic or diplomatic, but there is no doubt that he plays them all. His major piece at the Tchaikovsky Competition was the Saint-Saëns G Minor Concerto (which has just been released here in a Melodiya-Angel recording); his debut appearance in Westerville included the Schubert Sonata in A Minor, Op. 142, the Chopin B-Minor Sonata, Op. 58, and the Prokofiev Sonata No. 7 in B-flat, Op. 83.

For all the enthusiasm and impetuosity that go into his playing, young Grisha Sokolov is politely restrained, not to say cryptic, in his conversation. We talked in the S. Hurok office with the help of Peter Vares, an interpreter sent from the

THE WRITERS

Melvin Maddocks is the literary editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Dan Wakefield is a journalist and the author of *Supernation at Peace and War*.

Charles Nicol is on the English faculty of Indiana State University at Terre Haute.

Marshall Cohen teaches philosophy at Rockefeller University.

Edward Weeks, formerly editor of this journal, is a senior editor of the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Herbert Kupferberg's book about the Philadelphia Orchestra, *Those Fabulous Philadelphians*, will be published by Scribner's in the fall.

Phoebe Adams contributes a monthly column to the *Atlantic*.

George Starbuck (p. 61) is the author of a book of poems, *White Paper*, published by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

Yehuda Amichai (p. 41) is an Israeli poet, playwright, and teacher, and the author of a book of poems soon to be published by Harper & Row.

Soviet Union to accompany the young pianist on his tour.

Sokolov did not appear to have spent any of his spare time here either sight-seeing or investigating the American musical scene. "Practicing and art museums" was the way he described his two major pre-occupations during his two months here. He had attended concerts, yes, but they had all been those of the Moscow State Symphony, whose tour coincided with his. Aside from Horowitz, whom he greatly admires, he professed no opinions on any other American pianists, young or old. Asked about Dichter, he said he hadn't heard him (Moscow competitors don't get to listen to one another), but that he had heard he was a good pianist. He wasn't much more communicative about Soviet pianists, singling out only Emil Gilels and Vladimir Sofronitzky, who died in 1961 at the age of fifty-nine. Sofronitzky never came to America, and Sokolov himself only heard him on records, but he regards him as one of the greatest pianists who ever lived.

Sokolov said he had liked American audiences and hadn't noticed any particular difference between their reaction to his playing and that of Soviet audiences. He had felt a certain warmth, he said, toward the college audiences, who had seemed especially responsive and crowded around him afterward to offer congratulations and ask questions. Young listeners in the Soviet Union did the same thing, he said. Did he prefer playing solos or concertos? He preferred both. Did he like playing in the classical or romantic repertoire? He liked both. Did he know yet what the exact dates of his 1970 return to the United States would be? That was up to Gosskonzert and Mr. Hurok.

There was a pause in the conversation, and Mr. Vares, the interpreter, urged: "Ask him some more questions." So I inquired how he had started playing the piano. Sokolov said there had been a piano in his home in Leningrad (his father was an engineer with an interest in music), and he had just started playing it. He must have played it well, because at the age of seven he was already studying with L. N. Zelikman of the Leningrad State Conservatory, who is still his teacher. Sokolov has four years to go before

he gets his diploma from the Conservatory, and he also mentioned the possibility of postgraduate work there. "For the sake of argument," I asked, "what would happen if you left the Conservatory now and just decided to go on concertizing?" "It would be detrimental to my career not to continue at the Conservatory," he said. "Besides, as it is, I do both. I continue my studies, and I concertize."

As extensive as his repertoire is, Sokolov does not probe very deeply into contemporary music. Prokofiev

and Shostakovich marked the limits he reached on his American tour, though he says he also plays some Stravinsky. Asked whether he had come into contact with electronic music, he replied gravely: "I've heard about it, but I haven't heard it." He didn't seem in any hurry, either.

After the interview Sokolov, who was to leave for Russia the next day, went around the Hurok office saying his good-byes, summoning up a few words of English (he has acquired a good accent, if not yet a large

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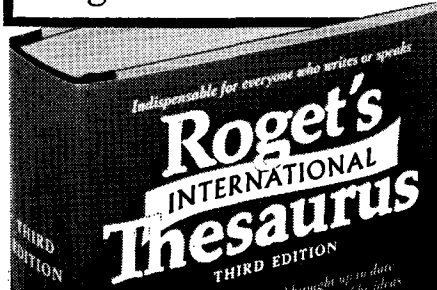
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vocabulary) to do so. Then he rummaged around in a storeroom, looking for a poster advertising his concerts to take home with him as a souvenir. He found one and emerged with a triumphant smile, looking for the first time like a teenage boy.

Although Sokolov himself won't be back until next year, Angel has so far released two recordings by him made in Russia by its Soviet affiliate, Melodiya. One couples the Saint-Saëns Concerto No. 2 in G Minor with Schumann's *Carnaval* (SR-40047); the other is devoted to the Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 1 in B-flat Minor (SR-40016). Even the record jackets afford evidence of Sokolov's rise in the musical world, for while the Tchaikovsky, the earlier of the two releases, has a picture of the composer on the cover, a drawing of Sokolov adorns the Saint-Saëns-Schumann record.

The latter also is somewhat more revelatory of the pianist's talents. For while the Tchaikovsky amply discloses the young man's abundance of temperament, it is recorded with a muddiness of sound that obscures much of the detail, and the orchestral accompaniment by Neimye Yarve and the U.S.S.R. Symphony Orchestra seems like a hash at times.

Things go much better in the Saint-Saëns, though the orchestra and conductor are the same. The concerto is far less hackneyed, and Sokolov seems to find greater freedom in it. He wanders through it with sure fingers and a fine poetic feeling; obviously he knew what he was about when he played it at the competition. Schumann's *Carnaval* also comes through with a blend of brilliance and expressivity, with a feeling of youthfulness pervading all, and the piece is for once set forth with a sense of unity and climax, rather than as a section-by-section operation.

Sometimes in both of these records Sokolov gives the impression of playing with too much volume and velocity for his own good; there are occasional attempts to tone things down a bit, but they seem to be made only reluctantly. Perhaps by the time he returns in the 1970-1971 season he will have begun to master the art of playing softly. After all, at the age of nineteen you have to have something left to learn.

**SHORT REVIEWS:
BOOKS**

by Phoebe Adams

THE SAME ONLY DIFFERENT by Margaret Webster. Knopf, \$7.95. The history of her own family is Margaret Webster's good excuse for writing what amounts to a history of British theater since 1818, when the first Ben Webster came dancing out of Bath to speak the first line uttered on the stage of the new Coburg Theater, later and better known as the Old Vic. The book is utterly delightful—full of odd backstage information, knowledgeable comment on acting and directing (Miss Webster has done both), and re-creations of long-gone performers and playwrights. Perhaps because she regrets the ephemeral quality inherent in stage work, perhaps because she secretly thinks of her subjects as though she were directing an impersonation of them, Miss Webster is a wizard at describing players as both players and people. Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Pat Campbell, all the Barrymores, and a host of other actors whirl vividly through her pages. There is no name-dropping involved. Every one of these personages provides some item of information about the theater. Most of them wrote deliciously funny letters.

RATMAN'S NOTEBOOKS by Stephen Gilbert. Viking, \$4.95. Mr. Gilbert deftly entices the reader's faith from the mildly unusual to the highly improbable to the wildly outlandish and then, as so often happens with these malevolent Gothic whimsies, decays into a piously proper ending. But while it lasts, the rat ride is entertaining.

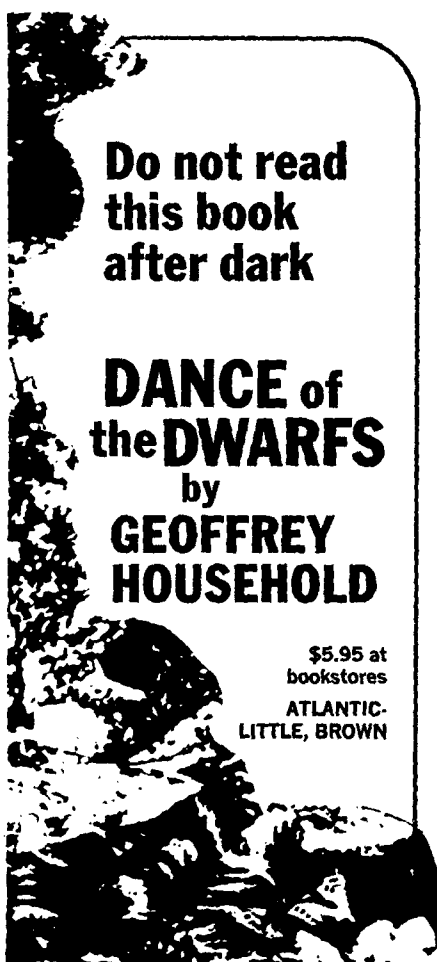
THE THROWAWAY CHILDREN by Lisa Aversa Richette. Lippincott, \$6.95. This soft-voiced diatribe is based on the author's experience as a lawyer working with juvenile court cases in Philadelphia, where conditions are presumably no worse than anywhere else—meaning that the whole system is an outrage against decency. Miss Richette's point, reiterated and backed with examples, is that the law, under the pretext of helping children abused by cruel or irre-

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sponsible adults, treats those children like criminals. Although necessarily dwelling on official stupidity and stinginess, with excursions into unofficial perversion, the book is not all denunciation; it includes a rather encouraging account of volunteer countermeasures developed in Pennsylvania.

THE CHILD SAVERS by Anthony M. Platt. University of Chicago, \$8.50. Mr. Platt has assembled the facts for a history of the founding of the juvenile court system and of social work with delinquent youth, but has swamped his perfectly good material in pedantry. Everything repeated four times. He also has a hang-up concerning middle-class female do-gooders, but fails to make much of it because, at the period he is considering, nobody else was doing anything.

RONALD FIRBANK by Miriam J. Benkovitz. Knopf, \$6.95. If Firbank had any personal life, in the sense of actions or emotions apart from those directly concerned with the writing of his highly individual, erratically brilliant books, Miss Benkovitz has either not been able to discover it (unlikely, since she appears to combine the best talents of beaver and bloodhound) or is restrained by the libel laws from discussing it. It is distressing to have a biographer lavish so much conscientious toil on a subject who lingers resolutely in shadow.

THE WAY TO RAINY MOUNTAIN by N. Scott Momaday. University of New Mexico, \$4.95. Mr. Momaday retells the Kiowa myths that he learned from his grandmother, speculates on the actual history they may symbolize, and describes, with infectious nostalgia, the Indian life he knew as a child. There are distinctive illustrations by the author's father, Al Momaday. The whole book is most attractive—beautifully written, full of gentleness and dignity. But it nags eloquently at the white conscience.

COSIMA WAGNER by Alice Hunt Sokoloff. Dodd, Mead, \$7.50. Cosima was the illegitimate daughter of Franz Liszt and the wife (after scandalous uproar) of Richard Wagner. Her story is a temptation to sentimental melodrama which Mrs. Sokoloff does not always resist, al-

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though the general tone of the book indicates that she has tried to avoid excess in this line. The trouble is, Cosima, Wagner, and their circle rarely avoided excess, and readers without sympathy for nineteenth-century high bohemia may find this biography as trying as it is informative.

THE BLACK DEATH by Philip Ziegler. John Day, \$6.95. A formidable assemblage of information which ought to satisfy anyone curious about this grisly disaster.

YVETTE GUILBERT by Gustave Geffroy, illustrated by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. Translation by Barbara Sessions. Walker, \$20.00. In its day, Geffroy's remarks about Parisian cabaret shows, with Lautrec's sketches of a famous cabaret artiste, were liberal as social comment and very avant-garde indeed as bookmaking. The facsimile edition, produced by the department of printing and graphic arts at Harvard, reveals that while Geffroy's ideas have dimmed with time, the drawings are still wonderful, and the construction remains a black discredit to conventional methods of book design.

MIDPOINT AND OTHER POEMS by John Updike. Knopf, \$4.50. Even the most serious of Mr. Updike's poems contain a flicker of deprecatory humor, and his humorous poems go off like a string of firecrackers.

COLLECTED ESSAYS by Graham Greene. Viking, \$7.95. Most of these essays are, or derive from, book reviews, and they reveal, in addition to the good judgment one would expect, a remarkable and enlivening catholicity of appreciation. Mr. Greene's admiration for Henry James is foreseeable, but who would predict three cheers for Rider Haggard, or a respectful analysis of the contrasting characters of Peter Rabbit and Benjamin Bunny?

THELWELL'S BOOK OF LEISURE by Norman Thelwell. Dutton, \$3.95. This is really a terribly subversive book. All these cartoons of suffering yachtsmen, horsemen, trippers, and car drivers are likely to drive the unwary to work. After they get through laughing, of course.

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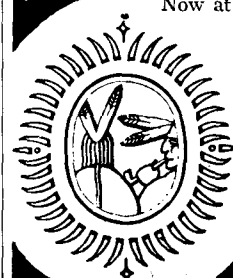
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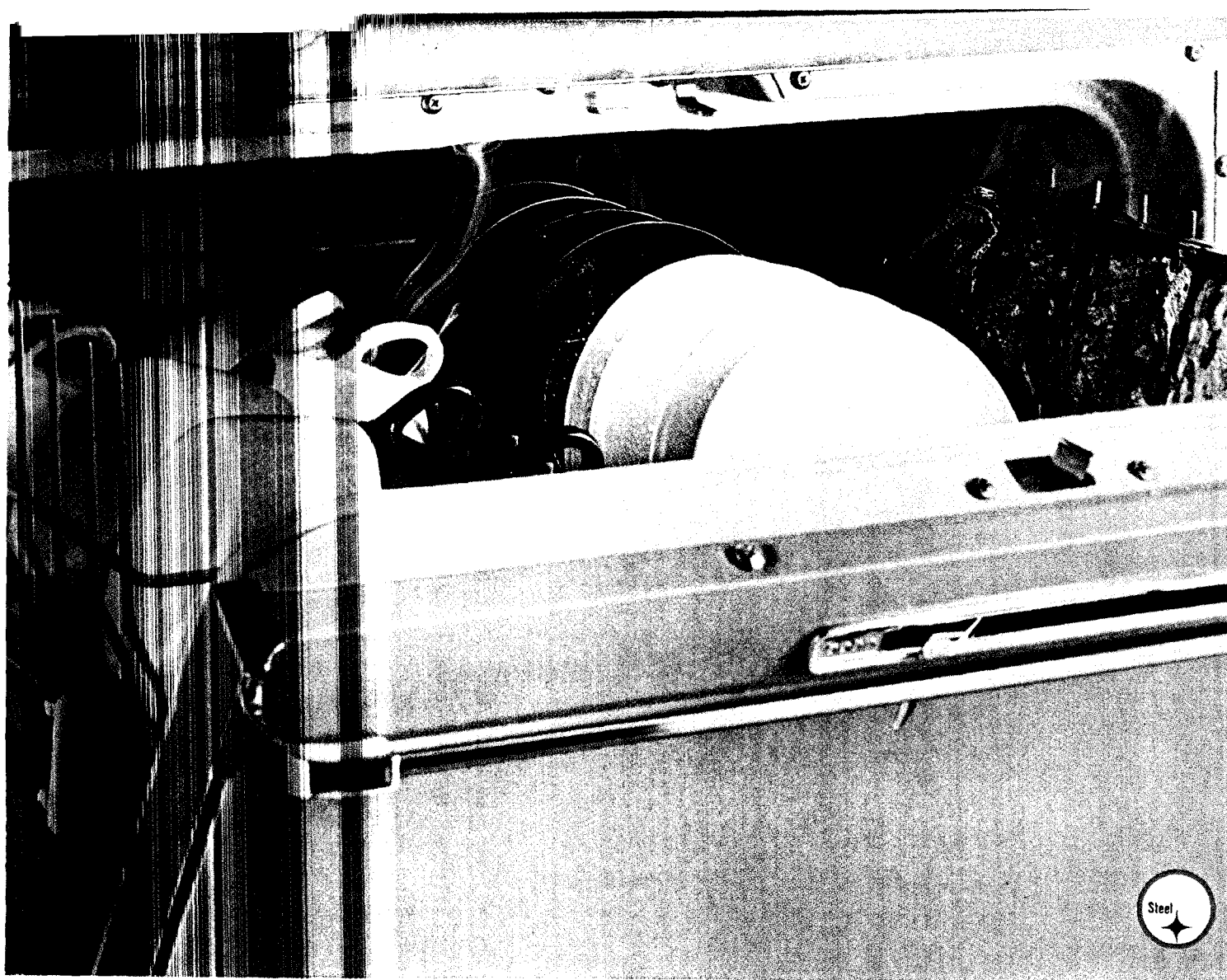
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